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TWO HUNDRED AND NINE DAYS;

OR,

THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER

ON THE

CONTINENT.

VOL. I.

Whitin g, Printer, Beaufort-house, Strand.

TWO HUNDRED AND NINE DAYS;

OR,

THE JOURNAL

OF A

TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

BY

THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.; BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

Whiting and Branston, Printers, Beaufort-house, Strand.

TO

HENRY BROUGHAM, Esq. M.P.

IN TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM,

AND OF GRATITUDE

FOR HIS SINGULAR ZEAL IN THE GREAT CAUSE OF THE

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE,

THESE VOLUMES ARE

INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Books of voyages and travels are so agreeable to me, that I do not feel any compunction in increasing the number; especially, as I would willingly peruse the narrative of a voyage from London to Hull, or of a journey overland to Liverpool—if I could not find a volume describing a visit to the Polar Bason, or to Central Africa, that would beguile a leisure hour, and make it appear but a leisure moment. The usual reproof, "How can you think of publishing another book of travels, when there are already so many?" would, therefore, be entirely thrown away upon me; I should coldly answer, "The more the better;" and I would perhaps add, "So long as the volumes

can be piled up in such a manner as to leave a sufficient portion of the surface of the earth clear for the pasture of cattle, and for the cultivation of corn and wine, there can never be too many." I do not believe that an individual, however humble, ever existed, whose life, written by himself with candour and simplicity, would not be interesting, and in some points even instructive: the Journal of a Traveller is his life during the period of his travels; it is consequently amusing, not only on account of the countries of which he treats, but as a piece of autobiography.

The more dignified critics are frequently offended at the minute observations that abound in diaries; but the more particular the details, the more engaging is the author, at least, in my opinion; having sympathized all the morning in his toils, my imagination is fully prepared to sympathize also at sunset in his supper and bed; I think him a churlish fellow, if he refuse to the reader his share of the refreshment and repose as well as of the fatigues and labours.

Reflections during a Ramble in Germany;" the author, from p. 117 to p. 165 of his work, relates our common journey with his accustomed felicity and delicacy of observation: he commands esteem and regard by his warmth of feeling and kindness of heart, and possesses the rare merit of being equally agreeable in society and in print.

JOURNAL, &c.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1825.—In the capital of the most intolerant country in the world, (which is, nevertheless, the least intolerant place in that country,) he who would do any thing, whether great or small, in any respect differently from the rest of the inhabitants, is considered as excommunicate, and is put out of the pale of society. He who would breakfast before eight o'clock, must have old bread and old milk, or no bread and no milk; and be he contented or discontented therewith, he will be esteemed a monster, who had rather eat at an uncanonical hour, than starve.

On this fine morning, the trepidation of packing, the melancholy of parting, and an anxiety to arrive in good time, had placed me above, or below, all care for my breakfast; I had, however, performed some of the accustomed rites, such as making tea, allowing it to stand the usual time and pouring it out, when at seven o'clock I was disturbed in my meditation by a kind friend, who

came to speak a few good words at parting. At half-past seven I committed myself in a boat to the calm and misty Thamés, and wondered, with a certain feeling of distrust, which days and years strengthen, how blind fortune would treat the various objects of interest that I left behind: I estimated the average mischief of six months, and said to myself: "If it is not worse than that, or that, or even that, I shall get off easily." Thus, in barbarous ages, have men been led to make vows and sacrifices, and to drive a bargain with malicious destiny—in such an age I might perhaps have said, "I am going away for half-a-year; if, O fate! you will let every thing else alone, and more especially will spare that, I promise, when I return, to shoot my horse and dogs, to throw my gun and watch into the river, to burn my clothes, and even, if you will have it so, my books: all which things will put me to great inconvenience, and will therefore be a high gratification to you." With these thoughts I was fast approaching London Bridge: a little fact can always banish a great speculation. The waterman proposed to me to get into a larger boat; to accommodate him, I complied with his proposal, and paid him his fare; he complained thereupon that he was not paid enough, because, if he had gone below the bridge, he would have been obliged to wait a long time. I was so much amused by the demand of this comical fellow to be

paid for waiting, because he had not waited, that I could think of nothing but this new kind of obligation. If you had lived in my house one year, 100*l.* would have been a reasonable rent; but you have never entered it, therefore pay me 100*l.* To reasoning so strictly logical, nothing but pathos was wanting to make the eloquence perfect; and as my smile induced passion in the man of oars—I was indulged with a burst, which made my thoughts as merry as they had hitherto been sad. I had been warned against a steam-packet called the Talbot; but as I was desirous to go to Ostend, I determined to take my chance; I was, however, glad to find the Earl of Liverpool had been substituted for that vessel, which judges of these matters had praised as much as they had censured the other.

I got on board the packet at eight o'clock, and amused myself for half an hour before we sailed, in observing my fellow-passengers, and the attendant friends who came to see them on board. I was entertained by one group, consisting of an anxious father, his sons, and a tutor; the tutor was quite a different creature the father being present and the father being absent. The anxiety of the father urged him to be instructing the instructor of his sons—to do this, not that; to omit this, not to omit that. Whilst the father remained, he was bowed down, like a donkey by enormous sacks of coals on his back; when the father

had gone on shore, he was like the same animal relieved of his burden. At an early hour the people crowded down into the cabin to dinner; I dined, as men dine in ships, on the deck, with an honest German, who ate huge masses of meat, and gave vent to his joy in clumsy jokes after the German style, such as—"it is a pity that man is so much the slave of his senses—but we must eat," &c. It was delightful in a vessel, where usually all is discomfort, to find such real mirth, and such real appetite. I was not a little entertained by observing a person entirely occupied with one idea; he was an old man, and having watched a long time for a place next to a female, as soon as it was vacant, running with awkward gallantry to take it, he pitched the contents of his glass into her lap, and sat down upon her plate, which was by her side: in this case the possession of the object of desire did not produce the expected happiness, for the lady almost immediately got up, and went away. We ran swiftly down the Thames, passing every thing, whether by impelled wind, or by vapour, ordinary and extraordinary; among the latter may be placed the steam-packet which had sailed the day before for Calcutta. On the deck I observed several persons, whom I looked at with sincere compassion: even if they have a safe and favourable voyage, which I heartily wish, they are objects of pity. In my case,

the packet was a good sailer, the accommodation good, the people civil, the passage remarkably short, the day fine, the wind fair, the sea, although not calm, by no means rough, and I was not sick: yet, under all these favourable circumstances, it was most disagreeable. At sea the motion is annoying, in the river unpleasant: besides the heat and noise, the constant trembling; such as one feels in a mill, is harassing: it is like being on board a great cockchafer, which buzzes and spins continually: to a nervous person it must be most distressing. Yet the certainty of result is an immense advantage; and to know that at the appointed hour you will jump from the infirm plank to the firm pier, with nearly the same accuracy as you predict the time of descending from the box of a stage-coach, is consolatory, even to the sea-sick.

At half-past eight in the evening we lost sight of the North Foreland, and of England. The wind aiding our paddles, blew us over so soon, that we waited for nearly an hour, until the shallow harbour was sufficiently filled with water to receive us. It was dark and rainy, and we were glad to see the light, which announced that our discomfort was at an end: we presently ran alongside the pier, and landed amongst many Custom-house officers. The smell was the smell of fish, and the appearance and sounds were as though we had arrived in some sea-port in Wales: the uncouth

noise which the people made was like the antediluvian tongue, and the aspect of the men who received us was Cambrian: perhaps a barbarous dialect, and the inordinate use of beer, give men the same appearance in all countries. One set of men took possession of our passports, another of our baggage: we were then permitted to retire to a quiet old inn, half foreign, half English, where plenty of tea and of civility, at about two o'clock in the morning, restored the balance of animal and mental power.

Ostend, like other easily accessible ports, is infested by bands of English, who are by no means calculated to give strangers a favourable opinion of the national character: a band of these barbarians invaded the room whilst we were at tea, and kept up a conversation in a tone that made me blush for my countrymen. Where do such persons hide themselves in England? I have only met with them in foreign countries. A man of common feeling is often tempted to say to his foreign friend: "I cannot ask of you to judge of us from the best specimens, but pray do not judge from the worst." In this instance I ate my soul and drank my tea in silence, and resolved that to-morrow's, or rather that day's sun, should not set, me being in Ostend. I was glad to ascend a good bed, in a room of which the floor afforded a sample of the mixed nature of the inn: upon one of the rosy-fingered floors

of France was spread an English carpet, of the same pattern as that in the apartment of a cherished person. There is more individuality in patterns, whether of carpets, of china, of gowns, of furniture, or of any other domestic matter, than in any thing else. Nothing recalls in such a vivid manner to the memory, a person or an event, as the sameness of pattern. It is easy to talk of great minds, and of little minds, and of gigantic minds; but it would be difficult to persuade us, that Locke, or Newton, or any other much vaunted person, would have seen a gown of the same pattern as that in which his grandmother first whipped him, without thinking of rods and of tears.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4.—Having obtained my passport and baggage in good time, I paid the several officers, for the same reason that all governors are paid—because they have already given some trouble, and that they may not give more. We visited a church which was large and handsome; it pleased some young Englishmen, who had not seen before one of the decorated temples of the Church of Rome. After admiring it some time, they remembered to say, that they thought a plain church was much better than an ornamental church; to which I acceded, and felt grateful for such a new and original remark. There were many women at their devotions; they all

wore the ancient black cloak, which, with a white cap and a deep lace, is universal in this country, and not unbecoming. We met a priest in a strange grotesque gown, which amused the boys: I do not recollect that they made any objection to him. The old costumes are of no use, but they are amusing: to children they must be delightful: as one must be somewhere, it is as well to be in a pleasant place; as one must see something, it is as well to see what amuses. People say, it is of no use; but what is use? what is of use? In some senses, perhaps, nothing is really of use, except baptism and repentance.

The aspect and the smell of Ostend, although the latter is by no means bad for a fishing-town, and the former (the streets and squares being straight and wide, the houses good, well-built, cheerful, and well-windowed) is not unpleasant, made me nevertheless rejoice, rather than regret, that most likely I should never enter its walls or sand-banks again. The houses were closely shut: it would have been pleasant to have seen the inside of one: the windows were defended against prying eyes by muslin curtains and by Holland blinds. To live in a great house, if unblessed by taxes, assessments, and rates, is not expensive; if it was originally well-built, the expense of repairs is not great; but to furnish well, and to keep well furnished, a large house, is expensive; it was to see how this was

effected that I wished to enter. One of the largest houses was inscribed with a name, and the addition of notary and land-surveyor; as the owner, it may be presumed, in the former capacity most probably resembles an attorney; it must be a comfort to all good men to reflect, that the trade flourishes, even here—and no wise man can suppose that the notary has the least difficulty in furnishing his house, or in feathering his nest, however it may be with his neighbours. The churches contain the usual wax-work figures in the costume of the present days—I speak of Flanders; and the blessed Virgin is represented at the door of a church, in a glass case, attired in a modern dress—I say modern also in the sense of the Netherlands; and it is strictly so, as the style is not older than the period of our great-grandmothers in England. Every Englishman who visits Flanders must unlearn that reverence for ancestors which is accounted so great a part of wisdom; for here he will find, in daily use, strange articles of the furniture of former days. When in our boyhood we saw a spoon, of which the carved handle was no handle, but an apostle—a glass of uncouth form, or some other preposterous vessel, we felt unbounded reverence for the ancestor who took his broth with such spoon apostolical out of such preposterous vessel; we felt awe-struck at the thoughts of him and of his wisdom, which we esteemed as vastly

greater than our own; but when we travel in the Netherlands, and perceive that the inhabitants hourly handle, with familiarity, such utensils as our forefathers left in the inmost recesses of our cupboards, the hallowed memorials of themselves, and that the Flemings are not wiser than we are, the reverence fades away, and the truth is forced upon our minds, that it is possible to be quaint, or even uncouth, perhaps preposterous, without being wise.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, I embarked in the barge for Bruges; it was large and commodious, and was drawn by three horses, at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. A wag observed justly, and much to his own satisfaction, that the team-boat was pleasanter than the steam-boat. The country is perfectly flat on all sides, apparently lower than the level of the canal. There are no trees near Ostend, but they gradually show themselves, and at last the country becomes almost woody, with plenty of pollard-willows, oak, elm, and ash, but all of a small size. The land was mostly arable—the corn was ripe, and they were beginning to cut it, but very leisurely, at the rate of two women to a field of twenty acres. The farm-houses, stacks, and villages, continually reminded the eye of Cuyp's pictures, and of the etchings of similar scenery. Some flax in various places, either steeping, or spread out to dry,

tainted the air. We sat under a sort of canopy on the deck: a young English lady talked to me of Sir Walter Scott's novels, if he be indeed the author of those works, and the person who has so long been ashamed of being so grievously overpaid for such productions. She spoke of the Crusaders, and how she had read that work—that she liked the Talisman, that it was about Richard III. and Saladin—that it was better than the rest, because there was less swearing in it, a habit into which the author had unhappily gotten—but that it was a dangerous kind of reading, at best; tending to Frenchify the nation, and to introduce a French frivolity. Happy England! she need not fear frivolity, so long as her daughters can make such remarks as these. It had been showery all day, and it had rained almost all the way. We arrived at Bruges, and landed amongst clamorous porters.

We walked a long way through streets of splendid houses: the aspect of the Flemish cities is gloomy; the rain and the cloudy sky, joined with my own regrets for the absence of friends, made me melancholy. We just crept out of the inn to the great square: the Hotel de Ville, with its fine tower, is a noble edifice. We supped well at the table d'hôte, and I slept away my fatigue in a dull little room on the ground-floor.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5.—I breakfasted in the public room. It is a great luxury to the imagination to have breakfast served in French china—it has the appearance of cleanness: the skin is so white and smooth, that it is like being waited upon by ladies, and not by ordinary maid-servants; which, supposing it were no crime to be waited upon by ladies, and supposing also, whatever is necessary to be supposed, would likewise be a great luxury. After breakfast I reported my proceedings to my friends in England, by means of ink contained in a gallipot, where currant jelly or raspberry jam had formerly dwelt. At a sea-port in the North of England, I once saw a girl making a pork-pie in a vessel that loves seclusion; it was standing in the open kitchen, in the full light, and seemed to blush for its ungrateful mistress, in whose service it had lost a handle, and at being thus drawn from its natural retirement.

At hotels people are required to pay for a private room: it would be more just to make them pay for liberty to sit in the public room—besides being better served, and the advantages of society, in public a single man can less reproach himself; and the conscience of a married man, that is to say, his wife—for the wife is the conscience of the husband, however unconscionable she may be—is less able to upbraid him in public. "A good consience is the greatest of all

blessings, so is a good wife—as all who have found such an one will testify." I made this remark to a person, who answered: "Yes, that is most admirable by day—but by night—but by night—why is there not a public room for the night? I once saw a monastery," he added, "where was a dormitory with forty beds for the monks, but they were all single men—why have they no dormitories for married men, to save their souls from nightly fears? My wife is anxious to appear amiable to all persons, exactly in proportion as it does not concern them that she should really be so; if there were thirty-nine beds in our room filled with strangers, I should have such charming nights; there would be none of those curtain lectures. But I doubt about a wife being properly called a conscience," he continued, "we have a good conscience and a bad conscience, a good wife and a bad wife; but, who ever had an applauding conscience, an approving conscience—I mean an approving wife?" A lady, to whose judgment I submitted this matter, said—"Oh! it is because no man behaves to his wife as he ought; what husband ever acts so that his wife can approve of him? Why did you not tell the fellow this—I would have soon told him so." I could only answer, with indescribable confusion, "that I certainly thought something of the kind, but I wanted her power of expressing it."

Having finished my letters, I walked quietly about the quiet, large, and handsome city. The smell of the canals at this season is most distressing, odious, overwhelming, and oppressive; persons residing here must either pine away and vanish, or become used to it, so as not to perceive it. As a Christian, I am bound to be tolerant towards my erring brethren, who may not have the same lights that I have, therefore I would forgive the Church of Rome one half of her errors, great as our divines say they are, if her children would give up the use of salt fish, with the poisonous odour of which all living and all dead things are defiled. I sat down on one of the drawbridges over one of the canals in the city of Bruges (for being a stranger I was not bound not to be unusual) to write down this and some other thoughts that struck me: this act attracted the notice of the Flemings; men, and chiefly women, crowded to the windows to see what I was doing: they looked curious, but not intolerant, nor as if they thought, that because I did not as they did, I ought to be thrown into the canal.

In the course of my walk I went into some churches: they were full of pictures and figures of the Virgin. In one church I saw many little waxen figures hanging upon an iron circle like that used for roasting larks, —they were like legs and wings; other little waxen things were like livers and gizzards: to the eye of a

cold calculating person they were ridiculous; to the eye of faith, no doubt, most edifying. We had a handsome young Flemish lady at dinner, but with such a strange fixedness of countenance, that after looking at her fifty times, it became painful to look any longer; and the thought of always looking at such a face, intolerable. I also observed some handsome women in the streets, but with a very peculiar expression in the eyes and mouth, and a certain projection of the upper lip, which, to those who are used to it, may be agreeable. I was told by persons who professed to speak not merely from hearsay, that the ladies of this city are not cruel; but on this subject it is equally difficult to believe and not to believe.

An English gentleman told me that he had lodged and boarded with a man of family in Bruges, (I think he called him a baron,) in a comfortable style, for twenty francs a month. I was also informed, that another Englishman had married a Flemish lady: first before a magistrate only, which is a good marriage in law, but is not considered respectable: that a second marriage in the church being therefore deemed expedient, in order to celebrate the second marriage, in the case of a foreigner, a dispensation from the Pope was necessary. That he told the curé he would not pay any expenses: the curé wrote to Rome and obtained permission to marry on payment of postage,

amounting to thirty francs, which were accordingly paid, and the second marriage solemnized. The postage and a certain familiarity with the pope seem apocryphal; but the story, if it be mere gossip, is instructive, as showing the tone of public feeling on these subjects. I was also informed at Ghent, that the clergy had obtained from the government, that their permission should be procured previously to a marriage before a civil magistrate; and that permission might be refused; but, as I understood, not without cause—such as the parties being within the prohibited degrees; but this is a considerable step. These holy men, who do not marry themselves, wish still to preside over the marriages of others; they are not content with being the priests of the true God, but desire also to be the priests of the pagan deities, Hymen and Juno pronuba.

I visited, immediately after dinner, the church of St. Salvador, which is a handsome building, in the company of a fine, full-grown, full-fed English parson. I was surprised at his ignorance of the subjects of most of the pictures, but I suppose he did not choose to blot the fine hot-pressed paper of his mind with superfluous knowledge. Not being much read in the breviary myself, I was yet able to explain some of them to him; in each instance, after a most appalling grunt, he exclaimed, "That's not Scripture!" At last we came

to a painting of the baptism in the river Jordan: I remarked, that for that, at least, there was some little authority of scripture. He stared at it, and with the slow pace of an elephant, the sagacious animal marched off. The Flemish painters affect principally a strong relief, and try to make the picture stand out of the frame: the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Virgin, in the church of St. Salvador, is very remarkable on this account; some steps are painted at the bottom of the picture, on which an open book is lying; the relief is most powerful. It is said that Napoleon sent this work to Paris, but that it had been restored. I visited the academy and an exhibition of a small number of pictures, perhaps thirty; there was nothing of any great merit. I observed the same attempts to give a strong relief in the productions of the last year, as in the older works. I also visited the English convent, consisting of thirty-six nuns, many of whom are said to be young and beautiful: the chapel is neat and pretty; the altar, which is formed of small pieces of marble of various colours, skilfully joined, is extremely handsome. We likewise examined the Jerusalem, a copy of the church of the holy sepulchre in that city: it is most probably very exact, for it is a dark ugly hole. The most manifest falsehoods in support of the faith are openly asserted with solemn gravity; a painting, which represents a father

giving his daughter to a butcher to be killed like a calf, because she would not become a convert to Protestantism, exhibits an event, which they told us happened eight hundred years ago. They said likewise, that the church called Jerusalem had been built four hundred years, in the presence of the monument of the founder, one Adurnes, which testified that he was buried in 1600.

I apprehend that the sign of the wheat-flower, or wheat-blossom, is peculiar to this city: *l'Hotel de la Fleur de Blè, semel occurrit;* the Crown, the Red Lion, &c. *passim.*

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6.—At nine o'clock this morning I embarked for Ghent, in a barge much larger than the last boat, and drawn by six horses. They were not all tied to one rope, as is usual with the barges on the Thames; but there were three ropes diverging from the top of the mast, and two horses fastened to each rope. I placed myself near a priest, who was seated on the deck, and was mumbling over his breviary. After he had pocketed the sacred volume, and had taken some snuff, we conversed together. What would not the Catholic clergy be, but for the use of snuff, which they scatter copiously over themselves, as we powder stuffed birds with pepper and alum, to hinder them from dropping to pieces. He

was a strange, sullen, heavy, dull, unwashed, uncombed, unshaven, tallow-faced being; of ill look and of worse omen: his broad visage was an exaggeration and caricature of that of the sourest quaker; and long flaxen locks hung afound it in disorder, like rays; so that the whole resembled the sign of the sun, or of the full moon, as I have seen it daubed in white upon a black board, for the sign of an inn, where no one seemed to enter; for his innate sense of astrology would deter every man from tempting such a solar or lunar aspect, if he had not lost all reverence for bad fare, damp beds, and uncivil treatment. On this accasion I felt grateful to fortune for having given me an opportunity of conversing with such a personage.

Having contemplated him fully, and taken his bearings, whilst he was reading to himself the service of the day, some time after the leaden eyes had followed the filthy thumb to the end of the morning's task, I ventured to ask him a few questions. He told me that he was a native of Bruges, but resided at Ghent, and said, with an air of the tenderest melancholy, that there are no tithes now in Flanders, but that the clergy are paid by the government; that five hundred francs a year was the lowest sum two thousand the highest, besides what they got by masses, marriages, &c. I could not learn how much this might be. There are only three bishopricks; the rest of the country is go-

verned by vicars-general, who, in case any scandal shall occur amongst the clergy, which we both agreed is impossible, have power to punish it. He heard with pleasure that there are still tithes in England, and listened with surprise and delight to my account of the revenues and patronage of the Protestant bishop of Durham, and of the arduous and laborious duties by which they are earned; and he remarked, that in all countries the Protestant clergy are well paid, and it is fit they should be, as they are required to marry and to enjoy life; that in Flanders people are strictly enjoined to fast on Friday and Saturday, but could not be punished for neglecting this duty; that ther was plenty of good fish to be had. He anxiously inquired whether the use of butter in Lent was not forbidden amongst the English Catholics? I am sorry that my knowledge of divine things was not sufficiently extensive to enable me to give him an answer. I told him that the English clergy generally wear round hats; at this he seemed much scandalized and shocked: he mounted a first-rate shovel, with all its tackle, apparel, and rigging. Soon afterwards, in turning the corner of the canal, the wind suddenly caught his hat, and blew it off his head: some women who were sitting behind were much amused; they laughed aloud, and caught the hat, which, but for their timely interference, would have gone into the water. When he had

regained the majestic felt, and felt what he had regained, and after he had gravely superimposed it upon his awful head, I ventured to observe, "that though it might be less consistent with Christian perfection, yet, in stormy times, the round hat of the Protestant minister was the most secure." He smiled quietly at this sacrilegious jest, and said, "that for ease, the Protestant ministry was certainly the best."

I saw many goats tethered on the banks of the canal; and indeed, wherever there is a green spot as large as a sheet of paper, a goat is at anchor near it: all ranks use the milk, but the flesh of the kids is eaten by the common people only. The priest said he had never eaten it; it cannot, therefore, be desirable food. There were many trees by the side of the canal, but all of a small size. We dined most comfortably in the cabin in a party of twelve: the dinner consisted chiefly of fish, but not entirely, although it was Friday, and there was a priest at table; there was not literally any flesh, but there were fowls and pigeons. Some foreigners, who had lately been in England, made bitter complaints of the gloom of our Sundays: the fanatic English would suffer no amusement, except, perhaps, a walk in the park; no diversion—nothing but psalm-singing; even all the public-houses were shut up, as if thirst were essential to true piety, and beer and devotion incongruous. They had been much struck

also, and not a little amused, by the ridiculous dress of the footmen in London. Immediately after dinner the priest relapsed into his breviary: at half-past three o'clock our voyage ended, and we arrived at Ghent.

Our first visit was to the botanical garden: but as we had been delayed in making calls, it was somewhat dark; I could, however, see that it was good, especially the *arboretum*. There was also a large collection of greenhouse and stove plants, and many busts and statues of Flemish botanists. As the institution had only subsisted a few years, the gardener had not had sufficient time to suffer all the plants to die off, except perhaps a few hollyhocks and marygolds, which, with some pertinacious wall-flowers, are usually the surviving tenants of a botanical garden. It is a public promenade; and if it is less extensive than the garden at Kew, it has the great advantage of being open at all times, to all persons,—men, women, and children. It is only in England that such places are permitted to be locked up, to flatter the indolence or the cupidity of some pompous curator. In England, because our government is monarchical, an institution is called royal, that is to say, public; it is soon, however, said to be the private property of his Majesty; but I apprehend that the private property of a king of England, in England, is, both in nature and value, much like the private property which every man brings into

the world with him, and takes away with him when he quits it. We visited the literary society: the rooms are handsome; they consist of the ground-floor of one of the noble houses in the *Place d'Armes*. We did not see the library: the collection of newspapers was meagre; the only English paper was The St. James's Chronicle.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7.—This morning we passed some hours in a private collection of books; they were partly arranged in a fine room, one hundred feet in length, with a painted ceiling, which had formed part of a monastery of Augustines, and partly scattered about on the marble floor. It is an immense collection for a private person, and contains, besides many useful books, a large proportion of tall copies and uncut copies, and first editions, and uniques; and of all the various instances of that contemptible and mischievous spirit of quackery, which would put buying books into the place of reading them; and would make the margin, the binding, and the type, and even the colour of the ink, of more importance than the text, the contents, and the matter. This is a powerful diversion in favour of ignorance, and therefore cannot be too highly censured. We then proceeded to the Museum, which contains a good collection of plaster casts, to a school of drawing and of architecture, and

to a gallery of old Flemish pictures. One by Rubens represents St. Francis receiving the stigmata; they are all five bleeding most violently. The Flemish painters are too prodigal of blood; they imagine that it is pathetic—it is only filthy: one little look of patient suffering is more affecting than an ocean of gore.

We dined at the table d'hôte, at one, the usual dinner hour in this country. One of the company, a stout jolly fellow, was an *avocat;* he carved the meat, and seemed to think himself, and to be thought by others, the chief person at table. The conversation took a legal turn, about a majority of seven to five in the jury, and about the game-laws; they proceeded to argue in the usual way, by citing some cases, and by supposing others; and, as usual, all seemed to be more willing to talk than to listen. After the desire of food, of wine, and of law, had been taken away from our minds, we sallied forth to see the city and the churches.

The city is a medium between Bruges and Antwerp—less neat than the former, less rough and Spanish than the latter; it is a very large place: the population is said to be sixty-seven thousand. The priest in the barge yesterday told me that it was five thousand: such is the ignorance of a fellow who reads nothing but his breviary! * In a church that I had entered before dinner, filled with people, with pictures,

marbles, and orange-trees, they were in the middle of the service. I stood for a moment near an Irishman, of a low class, and read in his wild eye and aspect the same ferocity that we observe in the Irish labourers slinking about the dirty chapels in London. I then went near the altar; a fine girl, well dressed, was kneeling upon a chair, with a most devout appearance; I crept quietly up to her, and peeping over her shoulder into her book, found that she was reading, near the end, something entitled "*Des natures diverses de l'Amour*," as a young Protestant girl might be reading the marriage ceremony in our prayer-book; when she perceived that I was looking over her, she slily and quietly changed the place, by means of her left thumb, to the *Credo*, which was then going on. After dinner we visited several other churches; they were performing the evening service in all of them, in a remarkably loud, strong voice, and making, in fact, a most hideous noise; both priests and choristers appeared careless and inattentive; their eyes continually wandering about, and their hands engaged in some occupation; one was winding up his watch, another buttoning his waistcoat, another searching for something in his pockets. The small tonsure on their dirty heads is exactly like the knee of a pious horse, that, through frequent genuflections, has rubbed all the hair off, but without breaking the skin. In the church of St.

Bavan, which is the cathedral, we saw the first oil-painting; the discovery of this art, like most others, is said to have been made by accident by the painter Van Eyk. The subject is the adoration of the lamb in the apocalypse; it exhibits a number of persons in the midst of a very green meadow adoring the lamb, and is certainly extremely curious. There are plenty of marbles, altars, and pictures; and a good Rubens, which represents the reception of St. Bavan, the tutelary saint of the cathedral and of the city, into a convent: he is distributing his goods to the poor, and is leaving his wife, a fine, fat, buxom dame, to go to the devil in her own way. A priest, who was in the chapel in which the picture hangs, politely explained it to us; but with a certain air of unction, as if he hoped that such an example might be not wholly without edification: especially when he said, "and he leaves his wife," and pointed to the plump, comely lady at the bottom of the picture. His manner seemed to add: "and thus he gets rid of that carnal mischief, which is the chiefest of Satan's snares." The air of the lady in the painting, who turns quietly away, appears, however, as if she thought, "what a fool have I got for a husband; but as hitherto I have often done well without him, so, from henceforth, I trust that I always shall." We saw also the church of St. Peter, which is of a strange style of archi-

tecture without, but handsome within: we agreed that it would make an admirable library. In our ramble through the town, we met with many interesting houses, many curious streets, a most picturesque market-place, and an immense cannon or mortar, that had been used by some Duke of Burgundy to throw stones from; it was formed within of bars or staves of iron welded together; and of hoops of iron on the outside, joined together in the same manner. The streets resounded almost all the night of this Sunday with noisy rejoicings.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8.—It is said to be the intention of the government to found a *Collegium Philosophicum*, which is a strange name for the kind of thing that it is meant to be, viz. a university for candidates for the priesthood: but governors are attempting in many places to obtain credit for philosophy, and to make it serve for a cheat and a false pretence, under which to pass their forged and counterfeit wares. The government is also said to be desirous to get a monopoly of education, under the pretence that they wish (for every thing must be done under some pretence) to keep it out of the hands of the Jesuits; but that the clergy are somewhat difficult.

We went to see the public library, which contains a fine collection of books, formed from the libraries of

the various monasteries that were suppressed or destroyed: it is open almost all the day to all persons without difficulty or restraint. We afterwards went to the university to hear a young man keep his act in medicine: the subject was the chronic dropsy, on which he had written and printed a Latin dissertation, containing his notions respecting that disorder. He maintained them for about an hour, as well as several miscellaneous medical theses, against all objections, tolerably well, in barbarous Batavian Latin. The young man must have been sufficiently well informed, unless the thing had been previously got up and arranged, which I, being of a suspicious disposition, suspected, and ventured to suggest to several of the professors, who assured me that the scene was *ex improviso*. The museum and cabinets of natural history are handsome rooms and galleries: they contain many shells, minerals, and fossils, and many skeletons of various animals, extremely well prepared by a person connected with the establishment. The university was formerly a Jesuit's college; it has been much enlarged and improved, and when finished will be a noble edifice. I greatly coveted it for the new London University, to which all men, who have not an interest in the ignorance of their fellows, must heartily wish success. I saw the theses proposed for disputation by the university of Louvaine fixed against the wall in the usual

manner; they were such as might have suited any other royal university in the world. A prize had been given that day for the best essay on a subject, the nature of which teaches admirably how useful and important is the kind of instruction that may be expected in such places: it was "What part did Flanders take in the Crusades?" This was called teaching the students the history of their own country, and encouraging patriotism; that is, a notion, that in all ages the government of the country has been perfectly wise and perfectly good, even in the matter of the Crusades, which were dictated and directed by perfect wisdom and goodness. Some of the professors are knights of the order of the Belgic Lion; the consequences to the knight are, that he is permitted to wear a shred tied to one of his button-holes, which looks as if it had been torn from a sailor's check shirt or from a ticking mattress, and that the sentinels present arms to him; to the government it must have the pleasant effect of keeping the rest of the professors smooth, in the hope of obtaining this enviable distinction. I heard complaints that the philosophical class was small, and that the Flemish head was not well suited for the ready reception of philosophy, which I easily believed. I was shown a book on general law, written by Haus, the professor of law, which is said to be good. I was asked if much was written in England on general law,

to which I gave a general answer. I doubted whether they would have continued to admire our law as much as before, if I had told them how we make it, like good housewives, a little at a time, as we want it; that we darn the old as long as it will hold together, and only make new law when forced by absolute necessity, or to serve a turn. I was told that it was not easy to have a general notion of law, *e.g.* to have a general notion of marriage; to say what it is in itself. This kind of metaphysics may be very useful, but the *how* is not evident. The under-church, or subterranean church under the cathedral, of which they make a great wonder, is nothing but an ordinary crypt. There is a fine panorama from the tower of the cathedral; the country is well wooded and well cultivated. Bruges may be seen plainly, but neither Brussels nor Antwerp, because higher ground intervenes. The public walks by the side of the canal are pleasant enough: the trees are but small.

The Flemings speak most detestable French, which it is not easy to understand, because they do not articulate; the Flemish language is said to be difficult to learn, and almost impossible; which foolish persons mention as something wonderful, and as showing a peculiar merit or delicacy in the language. I have heard the same notion respecting the Irish and Welsh, and I suppose it is the case with every other

barbarous and vulgar jargon; what is imperfectly uttered cannot be perfectly heard or remembered, or imitated; and a language which is not generally written is not fixed. Of persons who cannot spell, no two are exactly agreed as to any single word; it is a certain noise resembling a certain common sound, but it is not exactly defined, and is always fluctuating between two extremes. The Flemings think much more of the price of a picture than of its beauty; and concerning a book, they say that it was bought so cheap or so dear, and might be sold for so much: but not a single word about the contents. It seems to be the custom at table first to help the priest, and afterwards the ladies; I fear that an Englishman would live a long time in Flanders before he would learn to comply with this custom; nothing but the restoration of the inquisition, and some actual burnings, would reconcile him to this Romish error. One meets many women in Flanders with good figures, who, without being positively graceful, hold themselves well, and show fine, straight, flat backs, &c. These occurrences would make it difficult to give a decided preference to the gaunt and grim priests, who stalk about the streets with an air of shy impudence.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9.—After breakfast we went to the house of the civil governor, to procure a ticket to

see the celebrated prison or house of correction, called the *Maison de Force*. It was granted immediately, and we proceeded thither. It is a large building; five courts have been completed for some years, and they are now adding three others. There are many prisoners, both male and female; the building is good, the courts large and airy, and the whole arrangement appears to be excellent. The prisoners are employed in weaving coarse linen cloth, or rather in manufacturing it, as they perform all the previous operations. The cloth is used for the shirts, drawers, pantaloons, and gaiters of the army: it is said that the institution thus maintains itself. The prisoners are allowed to receive one half of their earnings, which they may spend in prison; the other half is given to them when they are discharged. In a list of the articles that may be bought in the prison, with the prices annexed, which was hung up in the court, I observed that brandy, hollands, and wine, were included. They are supplied with bread in the morning, meat-soup at noon, and mashed potatoes at night. I saw the soup; it was composed chiefly of Dutch peas: I did not admire it; but as I am unacquainted with the diet of the common people here, I cannot pretend to judge of it. In like manner the cells seemed less clean than we should have them in England, but I had not the means of comparing them with the habitations of the poorer classes in

this country. The prisoners sleep two in a cell, like Jesuits; perhaps more or less than two would be better for felons: for Jesuits it matters not. The principal part of the prisoners had been convicted of theft. Persons before trial are confined in a separate place, and are not required to work. There is also a yard for boys; there were only two; one was fourteen years of age, and was committed for a month for cutting down a tree. Where fuel is scarce, it may be necessary to punish severely an offence which is easily committed, and to which the temptation is great. The turnkeys are all soldiers, the governor a major or colonel, which startled us. In like manner our guide told us that the people here would not endure the introduction of the tread-mill, against which great prejudice exists; but that the bodies of all persons executed are given to the surgeons for dissection, as well as of all who die in the hospitals and are not claimed by their friends; that the hospitals are nevertheless filled with sick, and that anatomical subjects are cheap and plentiful. There were no persons under sentence of death at that time.

I paid a hasty visit to a noble collection of pictures belonging to Mr. Skamp; there are three fine pictures by Rubens, of himself and his two wives, and several others by that master, by Vandyck, Wouvermans, Berghem, &c. I regretted that I could not spare

more than twenty minutes to cast a hasty glance over so valuable a collection, but I had remained much longer than I had intended at Ghent; partly because I felt at my ease, partly because I met with so many interesting objects, but chiefly because I found myself in agreeable society. I had at last, however, taken my place for Brussels, and I was obliged to hurry away to pack up my few indispensables and to dine; for without his dinner, as Counsellor Ulysses wisely says, the courage of the most courageous man will flag:—

Ου γαρ ανηρ προπαν ἡμαρ ες ηελιον καταδυντα
Ακμηνος σιτοίο δυνησεται αντα μαχεσθαι·
Ειπερ γαρ θυμῷ γε μενοιναα πολεμιζειν,
Αλλα γε λαθρη γυῖα βαρυνεται, ηδε κιχανει
Διψα τε και λιμος, βλαβεται δε τι γουνατ' ιοντι.

"Strength is derived from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by gen'rous wine and food;
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declined,
The drooping body will desert the mind;
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untamed he tires a war."

After I had eaten a dinner that would have satisfied Ulysses himself, my companion politely accompanied me to the coach. At two o'clock in the afternoon I mounted the *coupée*, or cabriolet, (it contained six, the

inside of the carriage six more,) and quitted Ghent. Go to a gallery of the pictures of P. P. Rubens and choose three of his horses of the brightest colours—a warm chesnut; a cream coloured, with a black line down his back, as distinct as in a squirrel; and a kind of mottled horse, which I cannot describe: let them have the same flowing manes, the same, not absolutely long tails, but long switch tails, the same fall in the back, the same free, independent air, and the same gait and action, yoke them loosely, three abreast, without bearing reins, and you will have our gallant team. Go next to the title-page of an old book of reports, and take the frontispiece—the portrait of Sir Edward Coke, of Sir Creswell Levinz, or of Master Edmund Plowden—take him with his black skull-cap or coif, with his flowing locks issuing therefrom, with his bands and cassock, and with his hard liney face, and you will have the man on whose right hand I sat. Was it not an awful thing to sit side-by-side with Sir Creswell Levinz, some time one of the Justices of the Common Bank, but now newly risen from the grave and the dead, under a strange canopy, a sort of moving hermit's cave, and to be drawn, rumbling along the paved road, by three horses that descended from a picture like certain persons in the Castle of Otranto? After my awe had somewhat abated, I naturally wished to address Sir Creswell; I

therefore said something very common-place, and very remote from what I desired to come to at last. After a long silence, he answered, *O-u-i!* so loud, with so strange an accent, and so drawled forth, that had the horses been English, and not of the country of Rubens, they would certainly have stopped. After some time I again addressed the coifed being, calmly and meekly; again the like pause, and the like *Oui!* Being discouraged by some more fruitless attempts, I produced a Latin thesis, with which I had been presented at Ghent, and began to read it to myself; when I had almost finished it, and after a silence of two hours, these words, uttered in a loud voice, in the broadest manner, and with the strongest guttural, struck my astonished ear: "*An fuit hic liber impressus Hhandæ?*" (*Gandæ.*) While I was turning to the title-page to answer this question, it was followed by "*Apud quem?*" in precisely the same tone. Afterwards, the awful pleasing being pointed out some convents that had been destroyed, and said it was a great pity. His ideas were nearly the same as would have been those of the before-mentioned learned persons, had they been extracted alive from their tombs; the world had lived in vain for him. Perhaps the very chancellor of Richard Cœur de Lion, who had played at marbles before the time of legal memory, was not less improved, or a less improvable creature. We reached

Brussels at half-past seven. I was handed out of the carriage by an officer of police, and I repaid his politeness by showing him my passport.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10.—The market before the *Hôtel de Ville* was quite amazonian—a hundred women to one man. The museum, or picture gallery, has nothing but saints and saintesses: these, shown in Flemish pictures, are cruelly uninteresting. Humour is a much finer thing than wit; and of two stories, both respecting the same person, who is not less famous for his dirt and voracity, than for his theological attainments, the former displays wit—the latter, which is the best, humour. The first is a saying of his son, a petulant controversialist, but concerning whom let no ill be said, because he is dead, and because we owe a story to him. He was asked how his father came to have such dirty hands? "Because," he replied, "he is always rubbing them on his face." The second, or humorous story, is this:—The father usually illustrates a small distance, as, for instance, three-fourths of an inch, by saying: "It is as broad as the black of my nail." The Flemish carry their humour further; for in the picture of the gods seated on Olympus, which may be seen in the public gallery, Venus is painted with nails that might serve to illustrate, in the same manner, the same space as those of

the doctor. I entered several large and handsome churches; (the cathedral is shut nearly as closely as if it were in the keeping of one of our deans;) they had pictures, statues, and altars, in plenty. In France, women only are to be found in the churches; here, although there is a great majority of the fair sex, yet there are some men, and even a few well-dressed men, or at least men who may be so considered here. It is remarkable, that whilst even the indifferent Protestant, in walking about their churches to look at the paintings, treads as lightly as he can; the men and women, who are employed in bringing and taking away the chairs, make as much noise as they can; they being, nevertheless, good Catholics. In one church, in a side chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, a priest was saying mass. That I might see the thing perfectly, and thus be able to judge for myself, I stood as near to him as I could; the good man seemed to be annoyed at this; but as I had as much right, under the present state of things, to stand as he had to kneel, I did not care, that, for one kind look he gave his holy tackle, he gave me five cross looks, and I kept my place. A fine little girl, seven or eight years of age, who was kneeling at the rails, kept looking at me with great curiosity; her eyes seemed to say, "How his bones will crack in the fire for this." As far as one can judge from looks, which

are very deceitful, they at least seemed to say also, "It is a pity; I wish some one would teach him to kneel, and to do as we do."

There is a considerable hill in the city of Brussels, which is a pleasing change after the flat country in which Bruges and Ghent are situated. It is a difficult place for a stranger to find his way in; the traveller perceives a great difference in this respect in different cities.

The poor Flemings are very unlucky; they try to resemble the French, who laugh at them, and with reason. They are joined to the Dutch; they pay a part of their debt, and they are subjected to the inconvenience of the Dutch currency and government, and the Dutch hate them for their pains. I conversed at dinner with a Dutchman, who was sunk deep in the sulks; he said that Amsterdam is a much finer city than this; that the houses there are built, not of gloomy stone, but of nice cheerful brick, the streets paved with smooth clinkers, and so on. I could not agree with him; but he seemed so much annoyed at my dissent, that I was obliged to back out, and to say that I only differed from him for the sake of conversation. To please him, I assented also to his notion, that we make no good cheese in England; but import Dutch cheese, because our Cheshire and Stilton are unpalatable. He complained over and over again of the

streets and of the floors, and said that the sand on the floor made him quite sick, and took away his appetite. This at first seems unaccountable; but great is the force of habit, and by analogy it may be understood. The English make a great point of personal cleanliness. To us, Venus herself would not be Venus, if she had dirty hands; the Dutchman would not care if the goddess of beauty should illustrate short distances by the black of her nails; but if there was a single speck of dirt on the step before the door, or a little sand on the floor of the room in which she sat, his love would be turned into disgust.

They show many reliques in the churches here, but none that are of great curiosity or interest. I was told that at Cologne they have the first animal that drew blood, and thus broke the general peace, viz. the flea that bit Eve the night after her fall, and to her great dismay; for it is said to be nearly as large as a well-grown prawn. I cannot say that I believe this entirely; yet as I have seen so many wonderful things, I cannot say that I disbelieve it. The unusual size of the creature is in favour of the truth of the story, and of the antediluvian origin of the insect, for there were giants in those days, and men reached a prodigious age; but since the deluge, both ourselves and our fleas are a stunted, short-lived, aguish race. The upper part of this city is as clean as the lower part is

dirty. England is, perhaps, the only country in Europe where a man will splash you if he can; in all other places he will not splash you if he can avoid it. In other regions he will slacken his pace, stop, or cross the street, that he may not incommode you; especially to spare a lady, there is nothing he will not do; but an Englishman will risk his neck, and will go a mile out of his way, to bespatter a lady from head to foot. I have heard that in some parts of Germany, gratuitous brutality may be found as well as in England; at present I am unable to judge: whenever I shall be, I will not fail to remark it. In Flanders, persons engaged in navigation are particularly attentive so to use their vehicles, as not to injure foot passengers.

The walls of this city have been pulled down, and many houses built, as well as boulevards planted all round, at least in the plan; they are indeed finished in some parts, and are a considerable improvement. Although the walls are pulled down, an immense ditch has been dug; and in the middle of the ditch is a high wall, like Carnot's detached escarpment; that the paternal monarch may keep his free subjects within the city, and when they go out, may ask for their passports. All the vermin dependant on the government pretend, that they hardly know the coin when they see a franc; the bankers, who are independent

people, try to tempt your purse to join the Dutch interest, by displaying the bright new coinage. The same coins will not suit a dear and a cheap country —Holland and Flanders.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11.—I found the cathedral open, and the interior handsome, with good painted glass, pictures, and statues, and a grotesque and gorgeous magnificence. A representation of the Virgin in wax-work, coloured to the life, attired in brocade and lace, and in a regular court-dress, is surely in a bad taste. Not only the Virgin, but other more awful persons are represented in wax-work. I remember, that some years ago, in 1816, on a Sunday, when this cathedral was very full, I was surprised and pleased to see, as I then supposed, a great special-pleader of those days. I certainly did not expect to find him in Brussels; but at that time the Scripture ("I became a stranger amongst my mother's children") was fulfilled in the English nation. The English crowded abroad in such swarms, that although I was in a strange country, armed with a passport, and consequently a stranger, yet I ought not to have been astonished, if I had seen, on turning the corner of a street, my sister, or my brother, or all my mother's children. I accordingly believed my eyes, and ran up to shake hands with him; but, to

my utter amazement, I found that it was not a man, nor even the image of a man. Protestants must naturally be shocked to see the Supreme Being represented in the most perfect human shape. The special-pleader, whom all loved and respected, had no form or comeliness. To borrow his appearance, therefore, for such a purpose, was less pardonable.

I was never so much struck by the absurdity of the duty of a sentinel, as during my stay in Brussels; my hotel was opposite the Mint, where morning, noon, and night, an unhappy creature was walking up and down. A very ample porter was, no doubt, within the gates, and was quite sufficient for all the purposes of the place; and this brave fellow might have been employed more creditably, and more agreeably, in driving a plough or thrashing in a barn.

We dined at two. A German cut his finger, and bled like a pig. A beautiful Flemish lady was at table, tall, with a fine figure, and clear complexion, black eyes and hair; but she looked stiff and stupid. Women in these countries do not seem as if they could make love. I suppose they increase and multiply, and look sulky all the time. I walked round part of the boulevards, which are handsome—and of the old walls, from which the view of Brussels is good. The place has been wonderfully altered and improved. I had observed in all the cities which I

had visited, that the brewers dwell in good houses brewing is a good trade at all times and in all places. And I remarked here that a great many masons live in handsome messuages; I presume in consequence of the prevailing rage for building. I saw stuck up on the door of a church, amongst other ecclesiastical puffs and advertisements, the notice of a Dogmatical and Moral Catechism, by an ex-Jesuit. It must be a valuable work, especially the moral part of it. The old women in the churches, who hold communion with the world of spirits in grunts and groans, looked at me with the calm anger of justice, whilst I walked quietly about to view the paintings, as at a crooked billet saved only for burning, or at a leg of mutton that, sooner or later, will be roasted.

The streets of Brussels were full of *schismatics*— not of the kind which splits religion into sects; these split wood into faggots. From their mode of dealing with the subject matter, they seemed to promise to cleave the heads of passengers; but I cannot say that I ever saw these promises realized. I was joined by an agreeable friend, whom I had left at Ghent; we passed the evening not unpleasantly in discoursing of beer and universities. That a professor at Ghent should put his doctor's gown over a short grey shooting-jacket, as he did, seemed odd, and as if a gamekeeper were made a doctor; but it is not irrational

on mature reflection; it is only to do in practice what was done at Oxford in theory and figuratively; they made General Blucher an LL.D. and thus virtually put the doctor's robes over his regimental small-clothes. They drink here prodigious quantities of beer. I tasted that of Louvaine, which is most esteemed; (they have thirty or forty sorts of beer;) it was very bitter, but not unpleasant. To those who are used to it, this bitterness may give it a relish. It should seem that universities are always the seats of celebrated beer. Louvaine, it is well known, is renowned as an university. Our Oxford and Cambridge are severally famed for their several ales, as well as Edinburgh. Let us hope that the London University will succeed, and greatly prosper, if it be only to improve the breed of malt liquor in the metropolis.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12.—An important date; a fine day for grouse-shooting. I rose at five, and left Brussels at six in the morning; we drove through the forest to Waterloo, where we took a hasty, rude, and cheap breakfast, at eight o'clock. As we drove past the field, no one mentioned or alluded to the victory. Possibly all thought it had been bought somewhat dearly, and were unwilling to talk about a bad bargain. Waterloo is still a poor place; one may see, however, a little improvement in the houses, caused by the

money which the hosts of visitors have left behind them; but the common people are barelegged and poor; and they have not improved their breed of pigs, which still look like greyhounds. I observed on the right an immense mound, with a spiral ascent like the tower of Babel; many workmen were employed upon it. On the top will be placed a colossal lion, in commemoration of the victory. The mound is formed like the rest of the country, of sand. Will it not settle, and gradually sink? and will not the rain wash it away?

The *conducteur*, or guard of the diligence, had his wife with him; he amused himself and the rest of the party, by pretending to offer her for sale, at a chimerically extravagant price—4,000 francs, about 160*l*. For some time all were amused, the lady as well as the rest, and she disputed about and violently; at last she got into a real rage, and became silent and sulky, and remained quiet for two hours. At the end of which time she said to me, with tears in her eyes—(I had sat in attentive silence during all the dispute)—"The world is so malicious." I answered, "Yes; but nobody believes what the world says." She was not quite satisfied with this reply, but said; "There are many women so wicked, that all that people can say against them is not enough; but there are others who are correct and prudent." She evi-

dently did not wish that the supply of good women should equal the demand, lest 160*l.* apiece should become a still more extravagant price than it then appeared. In time, however, she recovered her spirits, and entered into another loud and violent dispute, about the superiority of the Walloons (of whom she was one) over the Flemish women in cleanliness and chastity, and continually repeated the proverb: "It takes twelve Flemings and one pig to make thirteen swine." She had the voice of a boatswain, and was a broad, brown, little barbarian, but not ill-looking.

I arrived at half-past one at Namur, at the *Hôtel d'Harscamp*, which is a good house. After dinner I walked about the city; a small place in a pretty valley, fortified, and full of soldiers and their women. As these good people have nothing to do, and have had nothing to do for these ten years—I speak of the soldiers only—they seem to think that they are obliged to make a prodigious noise, that they may at least have the appearance of being busy; they accordingly kept up an immense din, day and night, with drums and trumpets. The cathedral is a handsome Roman church, with a dome, and plenty of statues and pictures. They were singing, and making the most frightful noise I think I ever heard in any church or chapel, which is saying a great deal. I observed a bull or two of the late, and one of the present, Pope; they

were handsomely framed and glazed, and duly accepted by the Bishop of Namur, whose portrait figures in the print-shops. They were written in a canting style; I forget what they were about. There was a box with an inscription, enjoining all persons who eat milk, butter, or cheese, *laitage*, during lent, to put their contributions into it. I thought that the description of person applied very well to myself, but I did not contribute. In another church I saw a painted figure of St. Fiacre, the tutelary deity of hackney-coaches, or Jarvies; he was clad in the robes of a bishop, and held a book in his hand—I suppose the *editio princeps* of the Book of Fares, as published by the commissioners of hackney-coaches. I thought that there was a strong family likeness; I have seen many of the children who resembled the father. I was glad to have an opportunity to return thanks to this divine personage for all favours, and to pray for a continuance of them. It is not easy to say what countryman the saint was: he gave this account of himself to St. Pharon, bishop of Meaux, his patron. "My fader and my moder engendred or begate me in an yle of Scotlonde named Hyrlonde." The acts that he did, and the life that he led, as a hermit in a wood near Meaux, may be read at length in "the legende, named in Latyn Legenda Aurea, that is to say in Englysshe the Golden Legende. For

lyke as golde passeth all other metals, so this boke excedeth all other bokes: Imprynted at London by Wynkyn de Worde." That this Scotch Irishman was a favourite of heaven, at all points, and in every part, is manifest from the following golden anecdote: "He sate on a stone moche thoughtfull and wroth, wherfore yf our Lord had before shewed grete myracles by hym, yet greter and more mervaylous myracle was made for hym, for the stone wheron he sate by the wyll of God wexed and became softe as a pylowe, to the ende that sholde be more able and ease for hym to syt on, and it was caved somewhat as a pyt there as he sate on. And for testyfycacyon and prefe of this myracle, the sayd stone is as yet kipte within his chirche, and many seke folke have been and are dayly heled there of dyverse sekenesses onely to touche, and to have touched the sayd stone." The citadel is seated on a rock, lofty, steep, and defended on one side by the Meuse, on the other by the Sambre, and behind by rocks. It seems as if it would be very difficult to get into such a place; but brave men can go any where, and defend any place; and unless men be brave, all fortifications are useless. There must be a fine view from the top; it would have been a pleasant thing to have climbed up. I supposed that the governor of the place either would or would not have given permission to see it; and I heard in the morning that he would, and that some travellers had

seen it; but the being passed about with much absurd form, from one guard to another, and all the military boastings about the strength of the place, would have made the ascent a tiresome bore. The battlements, or parapet of the bridge, are upon a good plan, which I do not remember to have seen in any other place; they are, in fact, two steps; upon the lowest, you can sit conveniently, and lay your arm upon the highest, and look over it; and it is not so high as to obstruct the view of walkers. Many persons were sitting in this manner; a bridge is for various reasons a nice lounging place. I went to bed early, and rose at four.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.—We took coffee, went on board the barge at six, and started about half-past. I found the barge tolerably convenient. The banks of the Meuse are beautiful; there are fine rocks on both sides; trees, villages, pleasant seats, and chateaus. The river swarms with fish; their sudden and quiet dartings were visible through the clear water; some were of a good size. The stream was with us, but the river was very low; the bottom of the barge scraped in many places against the gravel. We were towed by one horse; when the wind sprung up we took him on board, and put up a small sail. About half way to Huy we saw and welcomed the first vineyards; they are on the

left bank, and continue all the way to Liege. We reached Huy at eleven; its citadel stands on a lofty rock; the surrounding country is beautiful. We had a dinner of cold meat, fish, and excellent fruit. Namur and Liege are said to be fine fruit countries. There was a large lump of butter on the table, stamped with the cross and the letters IHS. This is carrying superstitious trifling to the utmost, and could only be surpassed by making butter-prints of the Pope's bulls. The town is small, ancient, and neat. The loss of any tooth, but especially of the sweet tooth, is a real loss. My companions still retained that valuable little bone: they were delighted to see a good pastrycook's shop; they stood and admired it, and pointed out some cakes peculiar to this country, called *galette;* they were square and pierced with square holes: I was in great haste, and had none of the small money of the country, or I would have purchased one. It is a happiness to like any thing, even a cake; they are the happiest who have the most likes and the fewest dislikes. At noon we went on board another boat; it was much larger than the first, but less neat and less commodious. It was crammed with goods of all sorts; and, besides the passengers from Namur, there were a great many countrywomen and children; it seemed in short to be the great medium of carriage and communication: boats were continually coming alongside to

take away, or to supply, passengers and goods. There were four horses on board, but we did not use them; they were intended, I presume, to draw the barge back again against the stream: we had only a little sail; and as the wind died away, our course was slow and tedious. The banks are not so high, and the river is wider, but the whole distance is nearly as beautiful as that which we made before dinner. There are iron mines; they were washing the ore in many places on the left bank: there are also lime-kilns and coal-pits, but they do not make the country so detestable as in our coal counties: here they are not blessed with steam-engines; and an audacious contempt for public convenience is only to be found in England, where the government sets the example, and individuals follow it with great spirit. It began to rain, and we arrived at Liege in the wet. The children were busy with branches of trees, and were preparing for a religious procession that was to take place the next week. I had heard from many persons that the people of this city are uncivil and stupid: a fellow carried my bags through the rain in a most barbarous manner, and let them fall two or three times; he grumbled exceedingly at what was given him, and was extremely dissatisfied, although it was the usual and fit sum. Soon after I had reached the inn, I was crossing the yard by the frequented path, when a mastiff, that was chained up in a corner where no one

could see him, (and being a Walloon he did not give notice by barking,) flew upon me, and seized me by the right knee; with my left foot I gave him such a hearty, sincere, undisguised kick in the belly, that the dog had the sense to take it as it was meant. He tore my pantaloons a good deal, but only bruised my knee a little, without breaking the skin, so that I was none the worse; and I felt more pleasure at having got off so well, than displeasure at the cynic, who possibly thought that pain, at least in another, is no evil. Our supper was in the rough; the wine execrable. My bed-room stunk, and the windows could not be opened. They neglected to call me in the morning, although particularly desired—a gross breach of social faith; and no attendance could be procured either by bell or voice. They had besides two great criteria of the savage which I had observed in Ireland, and have heard may be found in the highlands of Scotland—first, the better sort of people take infinite pains to persuade you that it is not a barbarous place, but very civilized; second, you can get nothing done for you, except through the mediation and intercession of a person of the country; and then, with a great show of alacrity, it is exceedingly ill done. On the other hand, people who have lived at Liege say that the inhabitants are kind, friendly, and neighbourly: the defects which I observed might be peculiar to the inn where I lodged;

although I had been told, perhaps by an interested party, that it was the best in the town. There is a certain frankness in the people which pleases; the master and mistress dined at table with the guests in a familiar manner; and the landlord shook hands heartily at parting, and wished me a safe and pleasant journey. There were twin-sisters, daughters of the house, as the phrase is, fourteen years of age, remarkably alike: a pleasant sight to persons who are fond of children—that is, I presume, to all persons; yet neither gods nor mortal men can like a dirty bed-room; and in bed I thought of the proverb so often quoted by the wife of the *conducteur*, and that she had quoted it wrong; I could not help thinking that I had heard it thus:—It takes twelve Flemings and a pig to make one Walloon.

The Liege newspaper is called *Mathieu Laensbergh*. I was told that Matthew was formerly a celebrated maker of almanacks. I suppose that his name is used as Dr. Franklin makes use of the name "Poor Richard." I heard frequently in the evening a deep-toned bell; it was, I think, the finest and deepest tone I had ever heard. I could not learn any thing about it of the people then present.

I was much amused with a person I met with in the barge; he was, or had been, an iron-merchant, and had travelled a great deal, probably in the way of his trade: he

was a singular man, and seemed to be a worthy fellow. He was on the point of being married; and the childish joy, and the childish communicativeness he displayed, were the most amusing parts of his character. Every thing that an Englishman would have concealed most studiously, he as studiously strove to make manifest. I never saw a person so truly happy, and so entirely engrossed by any object. We do all in our power to subdue this kind of feeling: but, if love makes a person so happy, it would be much wiser to cultivate habits of love. It may be urged, the mischief is, that the illusion is so very liable to be suddenly dispersed; but is it not because habits contrary to this passion are formed? Would it not be otherwise if youth were carefully trained in a different manner? Be this as it may, he was the happiest of men. The lady was of a certain age, the widow of a French officer; her father was a German, her mother an Italian; she was therefore born to be musical, and had cultivated music: according to her lover's account she was a great proficient. She had been ten years a widow, and had a child, a boy, twelve years of age. It was four years since her intended had first seen her; and he assured me that he was captivated by the sensible and judicious manner in which she educated her son. If he was a competent judge, this was no small merit, for herein ladies in her situation most commonly fail. The only son of a

widow seldom turns out well, or even the sons of a widow, as women have rarely firmness enough to manage the turbulent spirit of a boy. The betrothed man was forty or forty-five years old, and in delicate health, and a poor-looking fellow. Being joked with a little about a certain probable event, he bore quizzing well, but he frequently recurred to that subject of his own accord: he hoped it would not be so—his wife was a woman of too much sense—her mind was not unoccupied. To be sure, she was fond of dress; but it became her; and she went to mass every morning. At all events, women have so much art, that, if it must happen, it will be kept snug; he would never know it. "And if I do, I hope I shall bear it like a philosopher. I have always lived like a philosopher: I have endeavoured to live according to the law of nature; I hate all other laws: and this would be according to the law of nature. But it is impossible. I wish you knew my wife; I am sure you would think so. I call her my wife because she will be in a fortnight." In this course ran the stream of his thoughts; and he often expressed them thus, with a certain anxiety, but without alarm.

Throughout Flanders the people seemed to take a most lively interest in the cause of the Greeks, and spoke warmly on the subject, and with much more zeal, I am sorry to say, than my countrymen; even

persons in a rank of life where such enthusiasm would not be looked for.

I read in Matthew Laensbergh, that five curés at Ghent, in their different parish churches, preached violently on the same Sunday against the editor of a Ghent newspaper by name, and that the next morning his printers came to him and said that they would no longer work for such an impious wretch. How would the editors of our London newspapers, morning and evening, like this kind of persecution? They would think, most justly, that for such a wicked conspiracy to injure an individual, the reverend offenders ought respectively to have a year's imprisonment, preceded and followed by one hour of the pillory. These consecrated persons wisely enjoin a repose from secular labours on the Sabbath, but are unable to rest even one day in seven from the eternal obligations of malice and hatred, which they have imposed upon themselves.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14.—It had rained all the evening, and I had not seen any thing of the town; my kind friend, the lover, walked with me through two of the principal churches. They were, as usual, handsome, with pictures, statues, and altars: in both the vaulted roofs were painted with arabesques, which had a pleasing effect. In one church a man was preaching in bad French, which is the language of the country.

There were many people present; I had therefore an opportunity of observing the Walloons; they are not sallow and swarthy like the Flemings, but fair and light-haired like the English. From the coarse quality of the wine of the first vineyards which we met with, I was led to suppose, that if the schemes for making wine from grapes grown in England should succeed, the wine would be of little value. But perhaps there may be something in the manner of preparing it, for the wine in the North of France is by no means unpleasant. I left the city of hardware, the Sheffield of the Netherlands, amongst good wishes of a pleasant journey from the Walloons, which somewhat softened my heart towards them.

The country as far as Aix la Chapelle is beautiful, divided by hedges, with hedge-rows, with woods, field-paths, stiles, and villages, like the best and inland parts of England. The people were dressed in their best; I saw a great number turn out of a church: the men wore blue frocks, reaching down to the knee, like the Flemings and our butchers, and caps instead of hats, which distinguished them from our country-folks; but the women were exactly like our villagers, somewhat plain in their dress, but still their appearance was the same. I remarked that, like our women, most of them carried a prayer-book, bound, as with us, in red or black, the edges of the leaves smeared with brim-

stone, a rude and cheap mode of gilding; and that the book was folded in a clean pocket-handkerchief, which is never used, but merely produced to show that the fair owner has such an article of superfluous luxury, and it is carefully laid by to be produced again in the like manner on the next Sunday. We had four horses, harnessed in pairs in the English fashion, but without bearing reins. On this road, as on all the others, there were plenty of beggars; the people gave to them liberally. It is a great bore to be tormented by them, and it is a great bore to pay the poor-rates. It may be a question, whether the exercise of actual almsgiving be not salutary to the giver. If I were obliged to live amongst bigots, (which would be a great evil,) I had rather live amongst bigots who hold good works in repute, than amongst bigots who despise them, and stand entirely upon faith.

We arrived at Aix la Chapelle at half-past six in the evening; at the custom-house they examined our baggage civilly, yet with sufficient strictness. I found that the hotel at which I had aimed was full; I went therefore to another inn. As I was going there I met many women walking in the streets with a smart French air; and I took it into my head, I knew not why, that it was a very sinful place. Soon after my arrival it began to rain furiously, so that I could not see any thing; I contrived, however, to get into one church,

where my conjectures that it was a sinful place were fully verified.

In this church, which was but a small one, there were no less than five or six boxes, each of which had a priest in it, and two women, one on each side of him, confessing alternately. As there were several other men in the church, I determined to wait and to see a little of what I had heard and read so much about. I accordingly drew near one box, and observed how things were going on, to the great annoyance of the priest, no doubt. The box for confession, as all the world knows, is like three watch-boxes abreast; in the middle box is a seat, on which the priest sits in the attitude of a Charley, or a temporal watchman, and there is a hatch in front of him; in each of the side boxes is a stool to kneel upon, and a woman in each confesses through a little grate, to which the priest applies his ear, first on one side, then on the other: he appears like a man in an uneasy sleep, who rolls first to the right and then to the left. It is said the priest does not know the person who confesses to him. In some churches I have seen boxes where, to appearance at least, this may be true; but in this church it was not so, the boxes were in a line, and he could see the women as they went away, and they did not seem to seek to be concealed; he held a sort of napkin over his nose all the time, but there was a candle before him, and when a cloth is held close

to the face, in the light, it is easy to see through it. Some of the women were done in a moment, others confessed a long time. It would, however, be rash to suppose that those were the most innocent who finished the soonest; they might only be the least scrupulous. Besides, a long confession may be made up of little matters—such as, "I eat butter in lent," or, "I thought of my children during the sermon." And in one moment a confession may be made like this: "I have been sinning away like a very devil for these thirty years; I have not repented of my sins, nor do I intend it." I thought I discovered one sin, that I am confident not one of the most scrupulous would confess, and yet it was as great a sin as can well be committed. The women were kneeling in long rows; as soon as one had finished, another took the vacant place; and under pretence of being ready, and not to keep the priest waiting, the female whose turn was next, (the tempter had been very successful in getting so many young girls to fall into his snare,) sometimes sneaked up so close, that she could not fail to hear what the penitent was saying to the priest; yet I am persuaded that not one of them ever confessed this enormous sacrilege. Thus a fatal curiosity in our general mother caused all our woe; and a like curiosity would render the sacrament of confession, in many instances, not only unavailing, but mischievous.

The ladies and gentlemen were gone to the play, which is in German. We waited supper until nearly ten. I had not dined. When I talked to the waiter about eating, he told me that there would be plenty of ladies at supper. The imagination, of course, conjured up every thing that is lovely and enchanting; to wait till ten without dinner, became a pleasure; and as is too often the case, the waiting for the pleasure was the only pleasure. Supper at last came, and with it three dreadful Dutch women; moreover, the old ladies could not eat their suppers in peace, but seemed resolved to close a well-spent life, and, as I trust, a well-spent sabbath, with a profusion of Batavian playfulness. We had a young Fleming, who wished to pass for a Parisian dandy; it was, as may be supposed, a complete failure: a Fleming can be nothing but a Fleming, not even a dandy. By treating him with respectful admiration, he was induced to come forth to public view; but it was a solitary, as well as a spiteful amusement, to mislead the poor man. Humanity, and a knowledge of the necessity of rising at five the next morning, conspired to recommend a retreat to bed. In the vicinity of Aix la Chapelle I saw an immense number of cabbages; I afterwards learned that the inhabitants are nicknamed cabbage-boors, from the great cultivation and consumption of this vegetable. I was told that there are few English here, that they were

gone to Spa, which they generally prefer, as being more romantic. I regretted that I had not time to pay a short visit to a place of so much celebrity.

There had been a great concourse of people at Aix during the exhibition of the reliques, which had taken place a short time since; they are exhibited once only in seven years. In this ancient city of Charlemagne, they show reliques of great antiquity; not only the girdle of the Blessed Virgin, and the baby-linen which she used, and which she made herself with sinless fingers, (for these are comparatively modern gewgaws,) but also some manna from the wilderness, and a bit of Aaron's rod; small remnants of the Jewish theocracy, which I would gladly have seen; but I would that they were identified by some Jews also: the concurring testimony of these persecuted theocrats would be a great proof of their authenticity. This place is civilized, but, like our watering-places, it is full of spunging, cheating persons, with whom it is an odious thing to wrangle; but it is not usual to submit quietly to their exactions. Whether it be worth while to dispute with them may be a question; it is said that it is right for the sake of the public, and that one cannot tell how far they will go if not resisted. Schreiber, an honest, puzzle-headed German, complains bitterly of this propensity in his confused Guide to the Rhine: "Ceux des habitans que l'état et les affaires familiarisent avec les

étrangers, ont une certaine souplesse contre laquelle il faut se mettre en garde. Ils ont l'art de faire vider la bourse à l'étranger qui ne sait comme il a pu sitôt occasionner ce grand vide. Ici l'étranger n'acquiert de la considération qu'á proportion de sa dépense. En général le bourgeois est léger, gai, plein d'ostentation, et il a un talent particulier pour ce qu'il appelle *killen*, ce qui n'est autre chose que l'art de railler et depouiller les gens, ce qu'on appelle *mystifier*." The aulic counsellor and historiographer of his royal highness the Grand Duke of Baden brought with him to Aix, we may presume, a bag tolerably well filled with the silver money of the Grand Duchy, and was suddenly astonished at the great void; being unable to account for the change, and completely mystified, he carried it back again to Carlsruhe, as light as the bourgeois of this place.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15.—I left Aix la Chapelle at seven in the morning. His majesty the King of Prussia has a monopoly of the diligences; he is at once king and coach-proprietor, monarch and common carrier. The king being entirely a military ruler, the whole thing is accordingly managed in the military way. It is most amusing to see the White Horse Cellar, or the Bull and Mouth, converted into a citadel. You must take your place at a particular hour; the fare is of course high;

when you have paid it into the exchequer, you are presented with a long receipt, which contains, on the back, the whole code of travelling in the German tongue, and you must understand it at your peril, and are presumed to know it, as every Englishman is presumed to know the law of his country, both common and statute; the code is almost as long as the Articles of War and the Mutiny Act. As the king is coachman paramount, the breach of the least of the laws is either high-treason, or a great mis-prision: you must attend at a certain hour; your luggage must weigh thirty pounds; if more, it is presumed that the passenger will be flogged and picketted—if one ounce less, it is presumed that he will be shot. The postillions are in full uniform; and if they had cuirasses, would be as strange figures as the horse-guards in London. The conducteur, or guard, is a sort of governor of a fortress; he lets you in and out of his coach on sight of your receipt, as into a garrison with a passport. In England, every man's house is his castle; in the Prussian dominions, every stage-coach is a royal castle. Every movement is military; the postillion does not crack his whip—he makes it ready, presents, and then fires it.

Nothing can be more ludicrous to a stranger than all this. Let us conceive, for a moment, that on one of our coaches the guard should say to the coachman: "Come, Dick, let us play a bit at being soldiers; you

shall be Julius Cæsar—I, sitting amongst the luggage, am Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage—the horse-keepers are all heroes and demigods—and Bill the ostler shall be Scipio Africanus:" let us suppose that they were to take the high tragic tone, and were to proceed accordingly.

But why should one trade be more military than another? Why may not one be legal? Let the man who steers a vessel be a chief justice, with a portcullis chain round his neck; or at least a judge, in a long wig and scarlet robes: they who row such vessels as the city barges ought to be king's counsel, in the golden waistcoats and flowered gowns of the first day of term. Serjeants-at-law alone should be permitted to practise in punts, so that Serjeant Punter and Serjeant Counter would be synonymous; and if the practice were found to be a little tedious, it might be enlivened by a joke, or by an occasional squabble. From a slight acquaintance with some distinguished members of that branch of the profession, I am led to believe, that if the conveyancers could be taught to steal poultry, they would make excellent bargees. If a great real-property lawyer were to attend the chambers of a professional gentleman in the stern of a barge for three years, and were to spend these years as assiduously in plucking stolen fowls as they are usually spent in copying precedents, it is impossible to doubt, that at the end of

that term, he would be able to make a good title to the inhabitants of a hen-roost against all the world.

Why may not the art of healing extend its branches? Why shall not the waggons be so many hospitals, and the art of driving them become a part of the medical profession? Why should not a waggoner, before he is permitted to put on a smock-frock, be examined a little in Hippocrates? And why should not some eloquent waggoner, on Galen's birth-day in every year, compliment Harvey in a Latin Oration, for discovering the circulation of the blood? And how long will it be before men, who are not regular accoucheurs, will be tired of wearying the patience of the public by the delivery of parcels?

It cannot be denied that his majesty's diligences are an improvement upon the former carriages; they travel a little faster, and are a little less heavy; but upon paved roads, a vehicle like a heavy six-inside coach is too light; the ponderous old diligences resist the shaking, which in the lighter coaches is intolerable: to the people of the country they appear elegant; in the eyes of an Englishman they want the picturesque aspect of a diligence, and are but clumsy stage-coaches.

The execution of Sir Walter Raleigh will always be viewed as a stain on our history; and the savage speech of the attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke, on his trial, as barbarous and disgraceful, if considered as only ap-

plying to the treason of which he was found guilty; but if we look upon him as the discoverer of tobacco, the aspect of things, to those who do not use it, will be totally different. "Oh damnable atheist!" says the learned commentator on Littleton, "I will prove you the *notoriousest* traitor that ever came to the bar. Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. There never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou. Go to, I will lay thee upon thy back for the confidentest traitor that ever came to a bar. See the most horrible practices that ever came out of the bottomless pit of the lowest hell." To our offended and fumigated noses, these phrases appear to be only the language of mild expostulation. In this country the pipe is never out of the mouth: at all times and in all places they unceasingly and unrelentingly smoke. It must be pernicious to the performers, who look more like cegars than men. It is cruel indeed for the unhappy stranger who has not destroyed his taste and his smell. It is for him turning land into sea; a journey is always a voyage—he feels continually the same half sickness, the same half headache, that is felt by a sojourner in that abode of misery, a ship.

That amusing traveller, the late Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, who is not the least amusing when he is making a mole-hill into a mountain, observed in Sweden one of those wells which are common near London, and

in all other places, in which a tree is poised upon a post, and at the thin end, or top of the tree, a bucket is suspended by a chain; he gives an engraving of the well in his Travels, and a dissertation about the Teutones, and calls it a Teutonic well, and with reason, for it is highly probable that the Teutones, like all other nations, hit upon this simple mode of drawing water. He might safely call water a Teutonic fluid; for we have every reason to believe, that this nation was not entirely unacquainted with it. In the Prussian dominions there are Teutonic turnpikes; the trunk of a tree is placed across the road, and is so placed, that it is necessary to fasten down the thin end, or top, to a post with a chain; when the chain is loosed, the thin end rises, and you may pass on one side of the road with safety if riding on a cameleopard—but on the other, if riding a donkey, there will be some risk of breaking your head.

The country between Aix and Cologne is not interesting; it is open, with some woods, and resembles the field of Waterloo. We passed through Juliers; the fortifications are planted with trees; which, inasmuch as they hide what is ugly, are good; for what is called a beautiful fortification is an ugly thing; but the effect is somewhat the same as hanging a gibbet with ribands would be, or decorating a slaughter-house with flowers. We dined at noon in a small inn, in a small place called Bergheim. I sat next an Englishman at dinner, who

kept saying to me, in the true English spirit of getting on: "You may get on to-night to Bonn.—Don't stop at Cologne: never mind.—I would not stop at Cologne." When he had drunk a little more wine, he told me I might get on further: "Don't stop at Bonn, there is nothing to be seen—it will be late, but you may get on to Coblentz." We were summoned to the coach, or I am confident we should have got on to Rome, without stopping or sleeping; without closing the eyes once, but without seeing any thing.

At three in the afternoon we arrived at Cologne; and from the window of my bed-room, at the Rheinberg, I beheld for the first time the Rhine, the lovely Rhine, gliding majestically under the long bridge of boats. No part of the surface of the earth is so ill-paved as the streets of Cologne. It was some festival of the church—*Kermes*—I could not catch the right word: all the town was to be at *Deutz*, certain gardens, as we should call them tea-gardens, on the other side of the river. I did not go there, but walked about the town to see the churches. *Kirchmesse*, or *Kirchweihe*, I have been informed, is a festival kept on the anniversary of the dedication of the church. It is observed in many parts of Germany, Protestant as well as Catholic; in most places it is at present only a feast, like those which are still kept in many English villages.

I entered first a small church near the cathedral; they

were playing and singing well:—then the cathedral, the whole of the lower part of it, that is, as far as the capitals of the pillars, is built; the nave is roofed with planks only; the choir is, I think, complete; and about one half of one of the western towers. The crane for drawing up the stones still stands upon it, and is a distinguishing feature in views of this city. The service was going on as if all had been completed: this had a striking effect upon the mind, and carried the imagination back four hundred years, to the time when it was usual to find cathedrals in progress. As most cathedrals were built at different times, by different benefactors, and as the funds would permit, few of them are even now finished, strictly speaking; but in this instance, the crane, and the temporary planked roof of the nave, and indeed the whole aspect of the place, appear as if it were in actual progress. The interior is rich in altars, pictures, and reliques; and I remarked a curious old painting in one of the chapels. The tomb of the magi, behind the great altar, is well known; it is said to be still rich in gold and jewels: these two lines direct the stranger to the spot:—

> Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna magorum;
> Ex his sublatum nihil est, alibive locatum.

The inscription imports that—"beware of counterfeits, none are genuine, except," &c. are not modern cautions, or to be confined to medical quackery only,

and that the inventors of these inestimable relics had reason to dread impostors, and were afraid lest the magi should prove an *alibi*. In England the magi were never held in much honour; their names—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, are by no means unfrequent on the Continent; but I never met with a single Englishman who bore any one of them: had they ever been given in honour of the magi, it is impossible to doubt that they would have continued in honour of fathers, grandfathers, and uncles, as is the case with many other Christian names, which having been thus handed down, are still in use, although the original reason for imposing them has long ceased and is now forgotten.

There was a great procession in the church of the Jesuits; they were carrying a figure of the Virgin round the church on a hand-barrow: the crowd was so great, that it was not easy to stir; they were singing, playing, drumming, crying, and praying; standing, sitting, or kneeling. I saw some pretty girls here and elsewhere. It is said that the people of Cologne are so much alike, that it is easy to know an *Agrippinensis* anywhere. I thought that I saw a great many girls who were much alike; they had a certain peculiar face, neither pretty nor ugly, yet rather pretty: the men may be as much alike, but I did not observe them so curiously. The streets are narrow and dark; in wet weather they must be most filthy. In one church a man was preaching in

German: he was dressed in handsome robes, and had on his head a black cap shaped like a night-cap. He exerted himself much, spoke fluently, and took off his night-cap, from time to time, to wipe his face: his hearers evidently enjoyed the thing much, and paid him great attention. The sound was most disagreeable and monotonous. The German language is not adapted for public speaking; a large majority of the words are dissyllables, and are accented on the first syllable; and many are compounded of two words, each being of two syllables, and accented in the like manner, so that they form nothing but trochees; the same mean sound is continually repeated. In another church were an immense number of bones of all sorts and sizes: in another was a figure of St. Catharine of wax, or of wood, as large as life, and coloured naturally; she was gaily dressed in a sky-blue mantle, edged with a deep lace, and a good gown of mulberry silk, figured, and trimmed, and spread out like a hoop: she stood upon a sort of bracket. A sufficiently grave-looking boy, ten or eleven years of age, was contemplating the figure; and when he thought that no one was looking, with incredible audacity, the young sinner peeped up St. Catherine's petticoats: this was certainly prying a little too much into holy things.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16.—I visited a church which is said to be a copy of that of Loretto; and another, where I saw the cases that contain the bones of the eleven thousand virgins—it is an amiable weakness to be a virgin; and the botanical garden, which does not contain any thing—it cannot be denied that this is a defect in a botanical garden. There is a public library in this city, formed, as at Ghent, out of the libraries of suppressed convents.

The new courts of justice are large and handsome; they afford room for the public: juries are now in use. An advocate remarked to me, that his profession in England and France is a good one; but that in Germany it is neither honourable nor profitable, although the law expenses are greater than in any other country, because of the enormous stamp duties and the fees of officers: he said that there were some eloquent pleaders at Cologne, and complained of the confused state of the law with some asperity, and with mildness of the treatment of Napoleon in St. Helena. He told me that he had been a member of the committee for suppressing convents; that they were not refused admittance, except at one monastery; that the soldiers broke the doors, and the monks then quietly submitted. He thought it was bad policy in the French to pay the priests so small a pension; if they had been well paid, they would not have written or preached against the

government; they would, on the contrary, have been glad to have got rid of troublesome duties, and would gradually have died off, and their craft with them. He added, that Cologne was much improved since the suppression of convents; the houses were now freehold, and were kept in repair; formerly they belonged to the religious; and as neither landlord nor tenant would repair, they were in a dilapidated state. He wound up his discourse with a bottle of red Rhenish wine from his vineyards near Bonn, which was excellent. A young lady complained that there is no public walk, and that the city is dull, as the inhabitants like nothing but the mass and prayers. In travels published at least a hundred years since, we read the same complaint—"that though Cologne is one of the greatest cities, it is one of the most melancholy in all Europe; there being nothing to be seen but priests, friars, and students, many of whom beg alms with a song; and nothing to be heard but the ringing of bells: that there are very few families of quality, and that the vulgar are very clownish." I found here the same little superstition as to the letter in the candle which we have in England.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17.—I had not time to visit the celebrated Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Rubens; or to look for the tomb of that renowned Scotchman,

if Scotchman he was, the subtle Doctor Duns Scotus; a person who, at the end of the thirteenth century, in a short life of thirty-four years, rendered himself illustrious; who was able to draw thirty thousand students to hear his lectures; (let any thirty professors now collect the like number;) who was able to prove the immaculate conception of the Virgin so clearly, that no one, who would not believe it, might be admitted to a degree; (let any thirty doctors disprove it, if they can;) and who, after his death, was able to turn himself in his coffin, which perhaps was the most surprising feat of all. For these, and for many other objects, I had not a moment's time.

I left Cologne at six in the morning by a private diligence. His majesty treats the passenger too much in the military style, and therefore by no means civilly; besides, the subject takes him to Bonn for half a rix-dollar; his majesty, for the same service, is graciously pleased to accept the lion's share—both halves. We arrived at Bonn at half-past nine: there is nothing remarkable on the road. In the cathedral, or minster, which is distinguished by no rarities, I saw a bronze statue of the Empress Helena, and some bones in a glass case decorated with stars of gilt and coloured paper, like confectionary at a ball. The buildings of the university are large and handsome, the professors and students are numerous. The museum of natural

history, at the Poppelsdorf, is on an extensive scale and well furnished; but it is perhaps somewhat locked up. It may be open to all the world at other times; it was not so to-day; whether it is or is not, it ought to be, without delay, or tip: the botanical garden is a large piece of ground, and was in a commendable condition. I thought that some of the students were good-looking and gentleman-like, but all smoked; a long pipe, like a walking-stick, is the specific difference between gownsman and townsman; long hair and the absence of a neckcloth were accidents by no means unfrequent.

In the evening I ascended the Kreutzberg: the view is extremely fine. The situation of Bonn is beautiful; it is surrounded on all sides by vineyards. On the top of the mountain is a church, and beneath the church is a vault, in which are the bodies of twenty or thirty monks; it is said that they have laid there two hundred years. The bodies are in open coffins; they are dressed in their monkish habits, dried and shrivelled, but have not any offensive smell. The ground is extremely sandy; I found it so indeed all the way from Ostend, and abounding in the wild endive, and in other plants that love sand. Perhaps the experiment of preserving bodies thus has not often been tried; the success of it therefore is esteemed wonderful. If a proper selection of subjects were made it would never

fail. I am confident that some of my acquaintance are sufficiently dry to keep, under tolerably favourable circumstances, for ever: but when a dry fellow dies they put him in a damp churchyard to ripen and grow mellow, and not in dry sand, that he may be preserved in all his natural dryness. There is also in this church a fine marble staircase, a copy of the *Santa Scala*, the holy stairs at Rome. Such was the solemnity of the sacristan, who exhibited these sacred sights— his manner was so sepulchral and so extortionate—that as we learn things from their opposites, his gravity taught me to be jocose; and his seeming to demand a large fee as a matter of right, to give him a small one as a matter of choice: his lugubrious aspect reminded me of school-boy tricks; and I felt irresistibly impelled to *nick* the old fellow, as it is technically called. I saw, therefore, patiently and slowly, all he had to show; and when he held out his hand for a reward, I gave him the smallest piece of money I could find, and left him petrified with horror, and silent through dismay. He had such a churchyard air that I own I felt great pleasure in this frolic: it was like nicking Prosperine, diddling Death, and cheating the grave of its due. Having tied the sexton up short, I descended to Bonn, to supper and to bed.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18.—Smoking affects the breath. The Germans are unhappily not only fond of smoking but of mystery; they tell you things of public notoriety as secrets, and truisms as discoveries, and in so doing come much too close. No smoker should be permitted to whisper secrets; if he does, he should be punished as a poisoner. There is an obelisk in the market-place, with an inscription in honour of one Maximilian Frederick, which, together with other laudatory matter, declares that, "extructo ptochotrophio urbem otio purgavit." A city purged and purified from all ease: a city of perpetual restlessness cannot be agreable to the settled inhabitant, (if such an expression may be used in speaking of such a place,) nor to the stranger, who, having tired his legs in walking about to see the lions, and perhaps this very *ptochotrophium*, and being seated on one chair, would, but may not, lay up his legs on another: he may not take his ease in his inn. We will hope that this praise, like much else, is exaggerated, and that notwithstanding the poor-house, some little ease may still be had by stealth. They seem to think that it is enough to keep military possession of a museum; Bonn resembles Oxford in this respect, as well as in the great scarcity of pretty women. The present affectation is, or rather the last orders from head-quarters are, to be German. Nothing is to be French: even the names

of the streets in Cologne, which were inscribed in French and German, are now in German only: the French has been rudely scratched, or plastered out, to the great inconvenience of foreigners. If I steal a book I scratch out the owner's name; but if a man steals my book and writes his name in it, and I afterwards recover it, I do not scratch out his name, but permit it to remain as a memorial of the theft: if the title to the city be good, why pick out the marks? Whether to be German means any thing more than to be barbarous, persons better acquainted with Germany than I can pretend to be, can alone determine; save and except in music, in which it is desirable to be as much German, and as little French, as possible.

At half-past one I went on board the coche d'eau; at about two we left the quay. When we had got a little way a party of students overtook us; the barge stopped, and one of them came on board; the rest took leave of him with various high Dutch *adieux*, which sounded hearty and friendly. He had the long pipe in his mouth, and was dressed, like many of his companions, in the blue frock of our butchers; but his hair, face, and hands, and whole person, were so dirty; he looked so unshaven and so debauched, that no man who did not wish to eat his peck of dirt all at once would give his custom to a butcher capable of tolerating such a lad about his shop. He soon came

on deck where I was, and accosted me in German: this was but lost labour. We next tried French; but he got on so slowly, knew so little of the language, and pronounced it so vilely, that he soon gave it up in despair. In Latin we were more successful; he spoke a most barbarous Latin, not fluently, but with sufficient readiness to converse. The rest of the party were all rustics, except one girl, who spoke a very little French, but it was more specious than useful; so that there was no one else with whom I could talk; I therefore conversed much with him.

He told me that he was a native of Saxony; that the vacation had just commenced; that he was going home, to remain there until the middle of October; that he had not intended to go home, because he should have to walk from Coblentz for six or seven days, through a wild country, but that one of his townsmen, who was then a merchant at Cologne, "mercator Coloniensis," had called upon him that morning, saying that he was on his way home, that he had often made the same journey, and would promise to procure him a bed and some supper every night; being tempted by this promise, he had accordingly set out with his friend the merchant.

The merchant was a merchant of the golden age, of the only kind that was known during the mild reign of Saturn—that is, he was a pedlar; a good, stout,

civil, ruddy, sun-burnt, red-haired pedlar: much more creditable in his personal appearance to the body ambulatory, of which he was a lusty member, than the student would have been to the frocked bands of butchers' apprentices.

The student told me that his first teacher was the pastor of his town, who was the only man in the place able to speak French or Latin. That he was five years at a gymnasium, (so the Germans call a grammar-school, because the word denotes a place in which people are naked, and in schools there is a frequent exposure of that part by which alone grammar can be introduced into the system; which is the only point where ignorance is weak, and is therefore the point of the gymnasiarch's attack: as the only important part, in a grammatical point of view, is almost perpetually naked, the whole person may be said to be so, at least for etymological purposes,) that he had been one year at the university, and that he intended to stay there two years more, and would gladly remain longer, but he was afraid that he should not have the funds. Latin is much used in lectures and examinations. He asked if I disliked smoking. I answered that I did not in others; that I had no objection to other people sucking in as much smoke as they pleased. I remarked the great length of his pipe, which was like a walking-stick, and asked if all the

students carried the same sort of offensive weapon. He answered that it was to distinguish them from the Philistines, (for so they name the townsmen,) and that they were very strict about the colours of the tassels; that each student should wear the colour of his own nation; the Prussians black and white—he, as a Saxon, green and white; that duels would ensue upon any infringement of national colours. At all the German universities there is a large majority of law students. They were building a hall for the students in theology (the future priests) to dine in, in order to avoid all intercourse with the sinful world and the snares of the devil. He was a student in philology (whatever that be): of his acquaintance with Greek he spoke modestly; he had, however, attended lectures on the Persians of Æschylus, and the Birds of Aristophanes; and was to read, the next session, the Antigone of Sophocles. He talked with great enthusiasm of the German critics, Heyne, Hermann, Seidler, and others.

It is not easy, without some practice, to converse in Latin with a German—to approach his Greek seems to be impossible; especially if you are both stripped naked, that is, of books, pens, ink, and paper, put into a boat together, and pushed off into the middle of the Rhine. There are eight hundred students at Bonn, and about fifty professors. There is a professor of music, who teaches most of the students to

play on the guitar and to sing; he is a distinguished musician. He had formed a musical society, to which all who choose are admitted, and is anxious to teach his science. To any one acquainted with our universities this must seem most extraordinary conduct in a professor. He spoke of his professors with that enthusiasm which forms a part of the German character. When he leaves the university he will most probably take with him a complete collection of their autographs; like a learned and excellent German, who showed me the other day a bundle of slips of paper, on each slip was a sentence, either original or a quotation, with the signature of the writer: his bundle contained the hand-writing of most of the distinguished men in Germany; and he prized it more than any sublunary thing. From the sentiments you might have classed the writers—the daring wrote, "let man be bold as a lion;" the timid, "many things are pleasanter than a broken head;" the credulous, "a person should believe all he hears;" the sceptical, "that we now and then hear what is not true;" the liberal, "that freedom is freedom;" the servile, "that kings are from Jove, and, of course, queens from Juno."

The young Saxon was evidently imbued with a taste for what is best in literature; and if his dress and aspect were grotesque and barbarous, they were according to the fashion of his country. As far as I could

judge from a long conversation and a short acquaintance, he seemed of a kind, gentle, simple, unpretending disposition:—

> "Sowning in morall virtue was his speach,
> Gladly would he learne, and gladly teach."

The daughter of the captain of the vessel played to us on the guitar tolerably well, and sang several songs agreeably; she was plain, short, and shrivelled, but smart; and, for a person in that line of life, had a certain graceful manner, by which, and perhaps by her songs, she captivated the student, and *mercator* looked as if he would walk a long way after her—which is indeed nothing in a pedlar, rather, perhaps, as if he would even sit still a long time for her sake. She did not seem disposed to lighten the weight of his pack; but in the student she took a lively interest, and asked me several times, anxiously, if he spoke Latin well. I of course said as much in praise of his Latinity as I could have said for Cicero or Terence, had either of those most classical persons been in the barge, and proved sufficiently amiable to inspire bargeeis, the skipper's daughter, with so much tenderness as to induce her to inquire touching the purity of his style.

We were towed by two horses against the stream, and we put up a sail to catch the light wind, which was favourable to us. The evening was showery, and

we had but little sun, yet are the seven mountains fine, and every inch, and every barley-corn, of the way, beautiful. At eight we reached a small place on the left bank of the Rhine, called Krippe, and found a little inn; and the hospitable Jove and Mercury were both propitious to us; for, unless I was misled by a most immense appetite, the white soup would have been a credit to any dinner-party in England. The rest of our supper was good; nor was Bacchus unwilling that we should drink tolerable wine. Two Dutchmen talked together in their native tongue; the mass of conversation was German, as most of the party knew no other dialect. I sometimes addressed the bargeeid in French, but more usually the student in Latin, who interpreted for me on this, and on all occasions; thus, though our party was not large, four languages were spoken; (one to be sure was a dead one;) had there been another Englishman, a fifth would have come into play, which was then useless as lumber in a garret. In a double-bedded room I had one bed, into the other ascended *mercator* and the student. If the general appearance of the student had called to my mind Chaucer's picture of the scholar of Oxenforde, the bed-room scene could not fail to remind me of the two scholars in the story of the Miller of Trumpington; the miller's wife, daughter, and child, however, were not present.

"To bed went the doughter right anon,
To bed goeth Alein and also Iohn."

Whether there were any other points of difference, or of resemblance, I cannot tell, for I fell asleep immediately, leaving the Saxons talking Saxon; and at one o'clock in the morning, when we were compelled to turn out, I found them talking Saxon likewise.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19.—To get out of bed at one o'clock in the morning, to be lighted by a lantern in the rain, over a wet plank, into the cabin of a dripping barge, to abide there till noon without other breakfast than a small cup of coffee brewed by fresh-water sailors, portrays the utmost malice of Fortune. She was pleased to inflict this upon me; and such is the beauty of the Rhine, that, as soon as it was light, her malice was rendered impotent, and I forgave her. I passed Neuwied with regret; I would gladly have landed and spent some time in the museum of natural history; it was, however, a consolation to learn, that it is chiefly rich in birds. I feel less interest, and have made less progress, in ornithology, than in some other departments of the study of nature.

A German pointed out to me what I could not have failed to observe—the fine avenue of poplars: I was struck with the integrity of the avenue, and the magnitude of the trees. This good tree is pleased to find

itself on the bank of a river; it is nourished by water, "nutritaque populus undâ," it can grow fat, or at least tall, upon water. The size of the trees is, I am informed, quite astonishing. A friend, who had an opportunity of examining them accurately, told me that they far surpassed any that he had ever seen; he was, indeed, so deeply impressed by their vast magnitude, that he insisted that I could not form any idea of it from the boat, and would not permit me to say that they appeared large. I gladly yielded the point in honour of the poplar, which has always been a favourite tree; partly because my native village is adorned with poplars; partly because I think it is a beautiful tree; (although many people quarrel with it for that it is neither an oak, nor an elm; I can nevertheless admire the spires of Antwerp and Salisbury; they are not temples or amphitheatres, yet are they beautiful in their way;) and partly because it is the tree of Hercules, for whom I have always felt much respect and regard, and, as it were, a personal friendship. His wife, even when she scolds him for having put on in sport the cap of that bold and naughty woman, Omphale, does not object to his wearing a branch of this tree upon his head:

"Ausus es hirsutos mitrâ redimire capillos;
Aptior Herculeæ populus alba comæ."

I will always respect the poplar, and will say to every

one I see, what Œnone says to an individual tree: "Live, I pray you, O poplar!"

"Populo, vive precor ——."

At half-past eleven we reached Coblentz, an uninteresting city, in a situation naturally beautiful, but so much fortified, and so surrounded by castles and batteries, that nature is considerably injured. Nature is a luxuriant, buxom dame, of a full figure, and with a sweeping outline; to clothe her therefore in military uniform is not a commendable thing; the tight pantaloons, and the short, narrow skirts, where all is exuberance, are hardly decent, and most unbecoming. The town has nothing to detain the curious; the churches have no beauty, external or internal; within they are as white-washed and as naked as Protestant temples, which they resemble, except as to some gilded statues, and a few pictures and altars. The castle of Ehrenbreitstein is situated on the opposite side of the river; the rock on which it stands is steep, and some hundred feet in height. The view is fine, but one sees too many batteries. The Prussian officers are smart, soldier-like, and tolerably clean; if their sisters are generally as good-looking, it must be a pleasure to visit Berlin. The girls here twist their hair behind into two large braids far apart, which sometimes hang down and are sometimes turned up and confined by large gold or silver instruments, like large paper cutters.

With all reverence for their better judgment, to me it seemed barbarous; indeed, a French lady (a high authority as to dressing the head) told me it was not in good taste.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20.—I turned out at nine; and in crossing the market-place, which was full of vegetables and of women, I met bargeeis; she was in high spirits, and insisted upon showing me something. I submitted; she accordingly opened her reticule, which, although a large one, was quite full, and displayed a red cabbage that she had just been buying, as she said, remarkably cheap. She was asked five pieces of money for it; any other woman would have given three, but she had got it, at last, for two. It was a perfectly good cabbage; I was required to look at it all over; to touch it in all parts; and, I believe, to smell it, that I might perceive it had as sweet a breath as a cabbage can have: part was to be stewed, and the remainder dressed in some other way that I did not comprehend. She was a very plain girl, and seemed to have given up all thoughts of the beautiful, and to confine herself entirely to the useful: her strong point she considered to be thrift; and although she spoke French with great difficulty, she took such extraordinary pains to praise herself, that she got on better than could have been expected. Without

thrift, she said several times, there is no use in being rich; riches are of no use without thrift. I was not disposed to deny this; so she went on;—"I saw a woman just now buy a bunch of carrots for three pieces of money, that I could have bought for two. Few women understand how to go about these things, very few indeed; they will not attend to them; and if they would, it would be of no use. Look at my gown, sir," she said; which I did. "How much do you think it cost?" I could form no idea; and when I saw the gown and its trimmings; when I considered it and its lining; when I thought of the tape, and bobbin, and thread, and buttons, and hooks and eyes, I was in despair. I had been told that the Moselle is very beautiful; I was going to see it; I had not much more than an hour—and what is an hour to make the estimates of a gown? I was considering whether it would be the least evil to see the Moselle in company with the bargeeis and the cabbage, or not to see it at all; whether I should propose a walk, that the gown might be made upon the banks of the river, or I should give up my walk altogether, when the clock of a church struck some quarters. The lady then said she must go, and kindly removed all my doubts, by wishing me a pleasant journey, and hurrying away. I shall therefore never know how much the gown cost.

I walked along the banks of the Moselle, which are very lovely, as far as a little village. I had resolved, on leaving England, to give up all thoughts of botany, and to attend entirely to matters of more importance; but I could not help observing several plants not found in England, some species of eryngo, and some pretty sages, not wise men, or wise women, but *Salviæ*,

"Cur moriatur homo, cui Salvia crescit in hortis?"

The tree, which is usually called the common acacia, and has been lately named the locust tree, was growing wild in abundance; but I did not observe any large enough to form the keel of a man-of-war. There is an old church in the village; I walked into the churchyard; the grave-stones are small stone crosses, with inscriptions in the German language, sometimes in the German character; they are all very short, and to the purpose: thus—"On the 3d of December, A.D. 1823, died Catherina Maria Baumer, aged twenty-seven years." I did not find that, in any one instance, a man thought, because he was dead, he was entitled to be impertinent, and to bore the living with good advice. On some of the more recent graves I saw branches of the fir, and flowers, chiefly the purple convolvolus.

At noon I went on board the barge with two good Germans, whom I overtook on the road. One of them

could speak a little French, the other confined his energies to the high Dutch. That the English are highly esteemed in Flanders and in Germany, is plain from small things as well as great. I have heard persons remark somewhat pettishly, that nothing is approved of which is not English; that if it be English it is enough; no further questions are asked. One of the two Germans was of this opinion, and in small matters, as far as his skill could go, which was not very far, he endeavoured to be English. He had seen an English gentleman, who resided for a year in his neighbourhood, followed by a great number of dogs, spaniels, pointers, or greyhounds, I presume; this, he said, gave the Englishman a noble appearance. To imitate him, as far as circumstances would permit, he had procured from an English sailor at Rotterdam, an English dog; that is to say, a little black terrier, such as blind beggars walk with, and are guided by; and having cut off his ears and tail, to give him a more sporting look, he amply compensated the animal for depriving him of these natural ornaments by supplying him with a brass collar, so broad, that the poor dog could hardly move his head. "You see how much I admire the English," he often said, looking towards the dog with an air of triumph, "because I imitate them thus; and when you see a penknife I have got, you will say that no such knife could be made except

in England." When the knife was produced, it was precisely such a knife as would not be found in England, at least in common use: it was a good penknife, with two blades; the handle of mother-of-pearl, much carved, and full of silver studs: the name on the blade alone showed that it was of English manufacture. I suppose such knifes are made for exportation; those which are commonly used not being sufficiently English. The other folks in the boat were mere rustics: we passed slowly through a lovely country, and at eight in the evening reached St. Goar.

The unlucky Germans, although a most ingenious and laborious people, are, somehow or other, always in the wrong—always in a hurry and out of breath, but yet too late; and with the most exemplary perseverance, taking prodigious pains to get as far as possible from the end proposed. My friend, the gentleman with the dog, was going with his companion to make a tour in Switzerland; he had contrived, by much study, a sort of knapsack, of a superior and very troublesome construction; when we arrived at St. Goar, the custom-house officers said it was a box, because a few ounces of wood entered into the composition of it, and would not permit him to land it, whilst less ingenious persons were allowed to take four or five times as much on shore in bags without opposition. Having found unexpectedly a friend, an

officer, at Coblentz, he had drunk like a German; he had drunk, at eleven o'clock, a. m., three bottles of strong wine in about ten minutes, on an empty stomach: the poor man suffered all the afternoon under a most grievous headache, and on arriving went immediately to bed.

I admired, in passing, the romantic situation of Boppart and its fine gardens with vines on trellises; the town is old and ruinous, but picturesque. I was doubting whether it would not be pleasant to spend some weeks there in the summer, when two handsome, well dressed women walked past along the edge of the river, and turned the scale at once. It would be delightful to pass a summer at the different towns on the banks of the lovely Rhine; to explore on foot every mountain, every ruin, every tributary stream, every sweet valley: without any settled plan; but as well or ill off, as pleased or displeased, as idle or active, as curious or studious, so to go or stay, to remain, retreat, advance, act, or neglect. At supper I sat next a lady from Saxe Gotha, who could speak a little bad French; she took every moment a ladleful of butter, of oil, or of some greasy sauce, and poured it over my plate, saying, "Take care of your health, my dear sir; take care of your health." I had breakfasted at eight in the morning; it was now nine at night; I had not eaten at all in the interval, and had

therefore a very good appetite, and it was not agreeable to have my proceedings thus interrupted. I thought it was the devil in Saxo-Gothic shape, who had come to tempt me to some act or expression of impatience; but at last, by placing a crust of bread under one side of my plate, I kept my food dry; she made her lake in the valley, and I ate my victuals, high and dry, on the top of the mountain. As she drank more wine her attentions became more frequent; I began to fear that, at last, she would pour a ladleful upon my head, and thus anoint me king of Saxe Gotha. It was like being caressed by a seal. Her mind was evidently so constituted, that she could not believe that any one could dislike grease. I might have convinced her that I was a person of great diffidence, but not that I did not like fat, so I did not attempt it.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21.—We were roused in the morning at two—oh! incredible cruelty—and departed at three: the stars were shining brightly; I was glad to see Orion, the two Bears, and the Pleiades; they looked like friends from England, whom I had often seen and watched there, and they were now watching faithfully those who were asleep at home. The belt of Orion was just rising above the hills on the opposite Bank of the Rhine, and showed the hour and the season, and the points of the compass. We were

dragged through the roaring waters. I caught an obscure idea of the place through the window by the light of the stars; it soon grew light, they disappeared, and I went on deck in the cold misty morning. I neither saw, nor heard, the Lurely, for she is to be found only in the evening by twilight; she is a water spirit, a mermaid, a syren, or one of the nymphs that stole Hylas; she haunts this part of the river; her sweet voice and lovely face are, as usual, dangerous, and often fatal. Persons who have never seen it, say and believe, that the sun-rise is a fine thing: much finer than the sun-set; I, who have seen it oftener than I wished, beg leave to assure them, that the cold morning, steaming and reeking with mists and vapours, is by no means so pleasant as a good bed. The sun-set is splendid, because the air has been filled with warmth and light all the day; in these northern climates, at least, after a dark cold night, there is no brilliancy in the sun-rise. I never desire to see the rising sun except in the winter, at seven or eight o'clock; and in London, where that great luminary appears, through the smoke of the city, like a slice of red beet-root.

The Rhine continued to be beautiful as before; it was a fine hot day. Vineyards were to be found everywhere; it was curious to observe them in places apparently inaccessible, the vines growing amongst fragments of slate rock. From Bonn the towing-path

is on the left bank of the river, and on our right hand; at a town called Caub, it crosses over to the right bank, and continues there until a short distance from Mayence. At Caub we bought some cheese, butter, and hot rolls, and made a sort of a breakfast; at eleven we reached Rudesheim, where we dined at a rude inn. The dinner was plain, but good: in the midst of the Rheingau, almost at the foot of the famous Johannisberg, I had a bottle of hock that filled me with astonishment; the taste was so powerful that a teaspoonful flavoured a large tumbler of water; but I thought the wine was better without water.

Near this place is the celebrated *Mausethurm*, the Tower of Mice, or Rats, of which a former traveller writes thus: "Here the Rats' Tower is shewed, and the people of the country do all firmly believe the story of the rats eating up an elector; and that though he fled to this island, where he built a small high tower, they pursued him still, and swimmed after him, and eat him up. And they told us that there were some of his bones to be seen still in the tower. This extraordinary death makes me call to mind a peculiar and unlooked for sort of death, that carried off a poor labourer of the ground a few days before I left Geneva. The foot of one of his cattle, as he was ploughing, went into a nest of wasps, upon which the whole swarm came out and set upon him that held the plough, and

killed him in a very little time; and his body was prodigiously swelled with the poyson of so many stings." The name of this rat-bitten person was Hatton; he was an abbot and archbishop of Mayence in the tenth century: tradition says that many of the inhabitants of that town applied to him for relief in the time of famine; that, although rich, he refused to assist them; and when they became importunate, he caused some of them, men, women, and children, to be seized and shut up in a barn, which was set on fire by his order, and they were burned alive, to the great amusement of his grace. He even remarked, upon hearing their cries, "Hark! how the rats squeak!" The archiepiscopal palace was soon afterwards invaded by hosts of rats, against which it was impossible, as the science of rat-catching was then in its infancy, to make a stand, and, as the event proved, there was no safety even in flight.

There is generally some foundation of truth for a tradition; it is easy to believe in the cruelty of an avaricious prelate; and it is not impossible, that if his dead body had been left in a place that was haunted by rats, it might have been partly devoured, or at least gnawed by these vermin. Hatton had, doubtless, in furtherance of his own base and selfish purposes of imposture, taken abundant pains to inculcate the uncharitable doctrine of judgments of Providence, and that the common accidents and calamities of life are particular

interpositions for vindictive ends; his flock, therefore, judiciously applied the instructions to the teacher, and retaliated upon the memory of the cruel and rapacious deceiver.

We embarked again, and were drawn slowly through a most fertile country; at seven in the evening we reached Mayence. The coche d'eau is not constructed conveniently; it is desirable that the Germans, who are said to be an ingenious people, should contrive a more commodious boat, and it would not be impossible. It is doubtless difficult to navigate a boat against the stream of such a river as the Rhine; but nevertheless I cannot help thinking, that it might be done with less annoyance to the passenger, and that it is not necessary to make so many attempts to pull off his head, or to sweep him off the deck with the ropes, as is the practice of these awkward boors. The times and seasons might easily be made more convenient. To rise at one, or two, in the morning is a cruel thing; and to remain in the barge from that time until seven or eight at night, is to ask too much of poor human nature.

I gave up the great hotel to which I had been recommended; and in order to see the manners of the place, I went to a small inn, which was decidedly Dutch, and decidedly bad; but the hostess was kind and obliging, and the diverse manners of the people

are always amusing. The governments will not be French forsooth, but German. What have the Germans ever written in German, but such undigested and indigestible stuff as Dr. Faustus and the Death of Abel? What have they ever written to make men wiser or better? One page of some French books, which readily suggest themselves, is worth the whole of their crude and flatulent literature: what have they ever written to prevent the world from becoming one great barrack? The affectation of fortresses is ridiculous and offensive. You must walk in straight lines, form acute angles springing from the sides of a pentagon, and, you must pick your path according to the knowledge of fortification that nature may have given you, upon pain of death: here all the world may walk; go there and you die instantly; that is to say, if you believe the sentinel, who is a walking, pipe-clayed falsehood. He has armed himself with a musket which he has loaded with ball, and he has fixed a bayonet at the end of it, without the smallest intention of making use of them, and with a firm determination to the contrary. Fortresses and all military mummery are vain; a people who have reason to love their country can defend it without citadels and standing armies. When they shall have learned what the government ought to be, and that they have the power of making it what it ought to be, and what they would have it, they will

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love their country and will defend it; but it is not by writing grimly about the devil, as the Germans use, that these valuable truths are taught mankind. The desire to be German is so great, and the antipathy to the French so excessive, that a Prussian officer having prefixed to his name in the book of arrivals, "*Monsieur de* ——" instead of "*Von*," a patriotic German wrote under it in anger: "Do they not speak German in Berlin?" It was facetiously said, that a Prussian officer would be broken, or had been broken, if not shot, for saying *adieu*. The French, or their rulers, must have behaved exceedingly ill in Germany, to have made themselves so odious. Be this as it may, at present the French are certainly at a discount all over Europe.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22.—Mayence is an old German city, curious and antique, not beautiful: the cathedral is extremely ancient, and both within and without it is equally destitute of grace. It contains many monuments of bishops in their pontifical robes, and of noblemen, and some old pictures; the whole building is dirty and ruinous. The fortifications are ugly, and are said to be prodigiously strong.

The suburbs abound in gardens, with vines, fruit-trees, and summer-houses; they are pretty, but they do not satisfy an Englishman's idea of a garden, and

hardly get beyond an orchard; like the garden of Alcinous, in the seventh book of the Odyssey, which was but an orchard; unless two lines can elevate the four acres of the hospitable Corfiote to the dignity of a kitchen-garden; because there, near the last row of vines, the regular beds of onions and Welsh leeks, of spinach, cauliflowers, and fine Roman broccoli, of common beans and of Windsor beans, of blue Prussian peas and of marrow-fats, and of all kinds of vegetables, grew perfectly well, and annually, and during all the year, filled the beholder with delight.

Ενθα δε κοσμηται πρασιαι παρα νειατον ορχον
Παντοιαι πεφυασιν, επηετανον γανοωσαι.—v. 127.

"Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene."

We cannot deny, therefore, to Phœacia and the heroic ages, the glory of a kitchen-garden; a real garden perhaps is only to be met with in England, except, as I am told, in the United States; and they are, in fact, a part of England, although we have more gentility, and the Americans have more liberty, and although we call these good people "Jonathan."

The town is full of Prussian and Austrian soldiers; the latter, in their white uniforms, look like cooks, or barbers. In the barge yesterday was a Swiss serjeant from the Grisons; he had served under Napoleon ten years; four in Spain, several in Italy; he could speak

some French and a little Spanish; he talked of our mode of punishing soldiers with great horror; he told me that he had seen it in Spain. I said it was very bad, but that I had not witnessed it myself; he looked incredulous, and I suppose that I could not have made him believe that I told the truth, or made him comprehend the English customs; and that of all the English he met abroad, hardly one had been present at a scene of military discipline. Such is the prodigious separation of ranks in England, greater, perhaps, than in any other country in the world: it is not usual to concern ourselves about, or to examine any thing that relates to our inferiors; hence this cruelty, and a thousand other abominations, continue to be practised.

I was tired, and the day was excessively hot; I did not go therefore to Wiesbaden, as I had intended: there is nothing particular, except mineral waters, which I never drink, and a pretty country, which I should have been very glad to have seen, but in a limited time it is impossible to visit every thing: the etymology of the place is tempting, *meadow-bath*, baths amongst meadows. I went with my Germans in the afternoon to the *Kirchmesse*, a sort of fair, or feast; we walked out of one of the gates of the city, through the botanical garden, and along the quay, for a mile or more, up the river, with many people of

all ranks, men, women, and children; and at a public-house we took, as others took, hock and Seltzer water, an agreeable and refreshing beverage: we had likewise bread and butter, and a sort of stinking cheese, with carraway seeds in it; this powerful preparation of milk is acceptable only to a Teutonic palate: we had also music, in which the Germans excel; for you may often hear dirty rogues singing together in tune and in time, like those whom God has joined, as if they had but one tongue and one ear.

In Germany it is painful to find again that class of women, which offends every where in London, by exhibiting a disgusting impudence, disgraceful to the nation. A German showed me a piece of real Windsor soap, made in London, of which he was not a little proud. He had passed some time in London, and said, he thought he could live there as cheaply and more comfortably than in Germany; that he liked beer and porter better than wine, because malt liquor did not heat him so much. It is not easy to believe this doctrine to the full extent; but certainly it is possible to live very cheaply and very comfortably in London; he said that he lived in lodgings, but kept house; that it was necessary to know the place well, and the seasons, and the prices of every thing.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23.—We rose at five, breakfasted at six, and went on board the bark at seven; this was pleasantly early, and seemed an agreeable piece of refinement, after having been a party to the detestable barbarity of commencing the day at one, or two, in the morning. The bark was a large vessel, thirty yards in length, with a good clear deck of twenty yards to walk upon. We consumed some time in crossing the Rhine, and in entering the Maine; the view of Mayence, from the mouth of that river, is fine and very flattering. There is the same, or even a greater difference in the colour of the water of the two rivers, than between the Moselle and the Rhine; the colour of the Rhine is white, as if with lime; that of the Maine is green.

We travelled to-day in a coach and six; that is, a *coche d'eau*, drawn by six horses. The banks are pleasant, but not remarkably picturesque; we saw on our right the village of Hockheim, a name sacred to Bacchus, and as Dionysiacal as any thing that is to be found in Nonnus.* To most persons the sight of such a place would bring ideas of mirth and jollity; but one of our party looked at it with pain: he had been encamped on the neighbouring hill for three weeks, in the middle of winter, without the common necessaries of life, and had borne the intense cold without a fire, because, as soon as they made one, the French batteries began to play upon them, and this kind of play was worse

* "With bacrach, hoccamore, and mum."—*Hudibras.*

than the cold. He considered himself very lucky; for having served six years, and having been twice slightly wounded, he had obtained his discharge: he had also received for his trouble a medal, which he showed me, for which I certainly would not stay five minutes in a wet ditch; he had besides a complimentary letter from some prince, or commander, which perhaps might be valued at one drop of rain; it certainly was not worth the postage.

We landed in the middle of the day, and dined comfortably, not without pleasant wine. In this fine country, all are entirely of the opinion of Alcæus, that you cannot plant a better tree than the vine; on every spot of ground, or of rock, there is a vine; against every house, against every wall, is a vine; every garden is but a little arcade of arbours, formed by vines; every stick, every piece of wood, is a prop for a vine, or contributes to form a trellis. Lend me your walking-stick, men seem to say, to support my vine; the vine will support you, when the stick cannot: lend me your umbrella to prop my vine; the vine will some day shelter you from the wet much better than the frail silk. Every thing here is on the principle of the lever: power, fulcrum, weight; the power is the vine; the fulcrum, any piece of wood; the weight to be moved is dull care. Plant no other tree, as Alcæus sings, before the vine:—

Μηδεν αλλο φυτευσης προτερον δενδρεον αμπελω.

A person who has had experience of the quantity of grapes that may be raised in a small hot-house, will be able to judge of the produce of high sunny hills, extending for miles and miles. Does not the Rhine, on whose lovely banks these vines grow, flow into the sea? does not the sea communicate with the Thames, and the Thames with London? Yet, so detestable is our folly, that we permit our rulers to exclude, by an enormous tax, the sweet liquor that would flow naturally into our glasses. We arrived at Frankfort in the evening: to-day, and during my stay in this city, the heat was excessive.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24; THURSDAY, AUGUST 25; FRIDAY, AUGUST 26.—During these three days I went but little out, and employed myself principally in writing letters in my bed-room, on the third floor of the Weidenbusch. This much celebrated inn is a handsome house, like the opposite hotel, the Swan, and many other hotels here; the Cour d'Angleterre is still more immense. I was in some respects disappointed at the Willowbush, chiefly in the dinners, which are celebrated in a large saloon, and are well attended, but by no means good; the first day I had the worst meal I have met with since I left England, consisting of scraps, shreds, and remnants, which were not too sweet. Many of the guests agreed with me in my estimate of the dinner: I speak only of the public en-

tertainment; I was told that the private dinners are plentiful and good.

Frankfort is a pretty town, neat, clean, and full of handsome houses; but there is very little to be seen. The churches, as I was told, have nothing curious in any respect; I had but little opportunity of judging for myself, for being a Protestant town, it is not easy to get into them; they are rarely open. I entered one; it was ugly enough, full of old monuments and odious pews, which are especially offensive after the eyes have been used for some time to open, undivided churches. The streets were full of booths for the great fair; and a temporary circus has been erected, where one Bach, from Berlin, proposes to give exhibitions of horsemanship. The fortifications have been turned into gardens, plantations, and pleasure grounds; they are very pretty and pleasant. It is a great improvement to convert war into amusement; and I do not doubt that Frankfort is as safe now, surrounded by acacias and lilacs, as it was formerly, when encompassed with walls and towers. A gardener is a more respectable member of the community than an artillery-man.

The theatre is dirty and shabby; but it was well filled on the evening I visited it. The opera was Euryanthe, by Weber: the music pleasing, the performance good; and the orchestra excellent. The

author was present, and at the conclusion of the piece was loudly called for; after a little reluctant delay, to show that he was not less modest than musical, the author of Der Freischütz appeared on the stage for a moment, before the free citizens of Frankfort, he bowing, they applauding: the audience were well-behaved, and extremely attentive. The heat was insufferable, but providentially there was no ballet, so that at nine all went home with a clear conscience. I visited one day a gallery of paintings which a merchant left to the city; it contains many good, but, I think, no first-rate pictures; they are chiefly of the Flemish and German schools.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27.—I got into the cabriolet of the diligence at noon, and passed through a pleasant and well-wooded, but flat country, to Darmstadt, an agreeable, clean, regular little town: the theatre is said to be the best in Germany. We changed horses, but did not remain many minutes; I regretted that I could not give a day to this pretty little capital, and an evening to its theatre.

I was joined by an acquaintance, an excellent and well-instructed German; he seated himself by my side, and we jogged on together. Here the country became truly beautiful; we passed at the foot of a fine range of mountains; there were walnut-trees on all sides;

hemp in abundance; vines, frequently on trellises, a foretaste of Italy; and fruit-trees bending beneath the weight of fruit.

The eilwagen, speed-waggon, or diligence, is well conducted; the horses were handsome and in good condition; they were in pairs, as in England; but the leaders were fastened to the bars by exceedingly long ropes: most of the horses appeared to have a turn for kicking, which is perhaps the reason for suffering the ropes to go to such very inconvenient lengths. I observed a great many blind horses. The roads were generally Macadamized.

We arrived at Heidelberg at nine; I had breakfasted at eight, and suffered the pains of hunger during the latter part of the journey, not having eaten any thing all day; at ten supper came; most welcome was the sight of a tureen of soup: the traveller diminishes the pleasure of his journey by long fasts; he is too modest, or too careless, to inquire as to the time when he is to have his meals, and to make arrangements accordingly, and due provision. I often made resolutions to act more wisely on future journeys; but on these, as in the great journey of life, I have seldom adhered to my good resolutions.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28.—A very rainy day. Having looked first into a Catholic church, where they were

celebrating the mass, we went into the cathedral, which is dedicated to the Protestant worship: we found a man preaching about the good Samaritan and man's duty to his neighbour, in the German language; we sat down and heard him out in about half an hour. He spoke loudly and distinctly; but he was a very ugly fellow, and is not esteemed a good preacher. When the sermon was concluded, they all struck up a psalm, and sung it most vilely. The preacher then gave out the names of persons about to be married, and published the banns: no licenses are permitted; all ranks, even the prince, must be asked in church.

A huge cocked-hat is universally worn by the men of the lower class here, as at Frankfort: I saw in this place, with much pleasure, many very pretty children, and some rather pretty women: the teeth of the ladies are generally defective; smoking spoils the teeth in men; and I am inclined to think that the ladies inherit this defect from their smoking fathers and smoking grandfathers; if the men continue to smoke for another century at the present rate, there will not be a single tooth left in Germany and Holland: teeth will become entirely obsolete; an old woman from foreign parts, with one tooth in her head, will be shown at the fairs as a toothed monster.

The situation of Heidelberg is beautiful; the small town is extended at the foot of the hills on the left

bank of the Neckar. This sweet little river flows into the Rhine at Manheim, a pretty, regular, little city, as all travellers report, and not wanting in objects of interest: I would gladly have seen it, had the old fellow who carries the "two-handed engine" permitted me; but, however, I thank the venerable scythe-bearer for his favours, in allowing me to behold the revered father Rhine, whose rapid course is perhaps as ancient, certainly as uninterrupted, as his own. I think Heidelberg must be a very warm place; this day was oppressively hot, peculiarly close, stewing, and overpowering.

After dinner I walked with some agreeable persons to the castle, a noble and extensive ruin, well seated on a hill, and commanding the lovely valley.

We of course visited the tun, a curious vessel, of extraordinary magnitude and capacity; the altitude, or length, for it stands upon the end, was stated to be thirty-three feet; the diameter of the base, or end, twenty-four feet: on certain occasions they used to dance upon the upper end: I presume that any kind of quadrille might be executed with ease, and in its utmost perfection, if the performers were duly qualified, in a circle twenty-four feet in diameter. I pleased my fancy by placing in idea some of my friends, who are exquisite in the great art of dancing, upon this singular floor, and by attempting to imagine the profound melancholy that would reign in their looks, under the

heavy responsibilities of such a situation, where a vast reputation is dependent upon the time and place of a little hop; and where each step brings the party nearer to the temple of fame, or removes him farther from it. I did not understand whether there was any wine in the tun at that time: if there was, I did not taste it, nor did I ask; that was not my business: being in company with two German professors, I had not the presumption to arrogate to myself the office of spokesman concerning wine. The garden and grounds of the castle are open to the public; they are spacious and beautiful.

We walked in the rain to a sort of tea-garden, about two miles distant, and regaled ourselves with wine and Seltzer water in the open wooden gallery of a house, built in the Swiss fashion.

This country is no doubt cheaper than England; but the great difference in expense is to be traced to the different, and more simple habits of life. It would be a great source of happiness to the upper classes, if they might walk on a Sunday evening to the Load of Hay on the Hampstead road, in a party of four, refresh themselves with porter, and pay eight-pence, in all, for the entertainment. A century ago people used to do these things; but of late we have grown so banefully genteel, that all cheap and facile recreations are proscribed as vulgar: this word gentility cuts up many simple pleasures, and gives nothing good in ex-

change. An amusement that is not expensive may be enjoyed by the small tradesman, or by the mechanic, as well as by the man of superior rank; it is for that very reason the more valuable, because it is the more general; but, if the man of rank enjoys any pleasure, which the mechanic enjoys, or performs any voluntary and dispensable act in common with him, he becomes, by the laws of gentility, *ipso facto* a mechanic. The recreations of a man of the least pretension must therefore be very costly, and consequently of very rare occurrence, for great expenses can be incurred but seldom. In England, women are severe sufferers by this pernicious doctrine; they need diversions more than men, by reason of the greater monotony and irksomeness of their ordinary occupations; but as they are still more the slaves of fashion, and subjected to the laws of gentility, they are only allowed to participate in amusements at an enormous expense, and, as it were, *en grande tenue*, and are excluded from many pleasures which men are still permitted to retain, as being too cheap, too easy, and by consequence too vulgar. What makes this cruelty the greater is, that there is a certain mockery about it: the privation is inflicted under the pretence of prodigious respect.

An Æsop might illustrate this injury in a fable: he might represent a man who was compelled to perish miserably through excessive worship and homage.

When about to satisfy his hunger, his bread is taken from him, because, being made of corn grown upon the earth, it is not good enough for a celestial nature: meat is in like manner prohibited: wine will be allowed, when a cup formed of a single diamond shall be found, for that alone were worthy to touch such lips: no house of wood, or of stone, deserves a presence so august; what bed can receive such mere majesty? clothes made of the skin, or wool of base animals, or of perishable plants, would be a pollution; and the fire would sully by its unseemly smoke. Thus, a man might die of adoration, and its auxiliaries—hunger, thirst, and cold.

It rained much in going to the Swiss public-house, and more as we returned, and a young lady was one of our party, but we were all four merry and contented. When the rest of the party speak a language which you understand but little, you feel like a person who is walking late in the evening in the dark, when it is almost dark; you comprehend something of what is said, more or less, but nothing clearly; nothing is distinct; you make strange and frequent mistakes, and sometimes you know where you are. I know that it is difficult to learn any language accurately and critically; and I believe that it is not easy to read German writers, because they sometimes affect obscurity, and because the muses, when they give large literary gifts to this nation,

often withhold perspicuity; but I cannot think that it is not easy for an Englishman to pick up in the country enough of the language to converse with tolerable fluency. I was strongly recommended to read a little essay, "De vi Musices secundum Platonem," by Duntex, (I am by no means sure that I spell his name rightly,) professor of jurisprudence at Amsterdam. I am disposed to believe that it is worth looking at, and will endeavour to see it.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29.—I went at nine this morning to hear a lecture on palæology, by Professor Kreutzer, the author of a work on mythology, of high reputation in Germany. The school is a rude, rough place; the old professor's delivery was bad and ungraceful, but he seemed to be much in earnest; the lecture was in German; I did not understand enough of it to be able to judge of its merits; others, who knew the language perfectly, admired the learning and genius of the lecturer. As the vacation was at hand, there were only twenty-three students present, who were very attentive, and all took notes: when an unusual word occurred, as "protoplasmata," the professor turned round, and wrote it with a piece of chalk upon a black board, suspended on the wall behind him for that purpose.

We visited the public library, which contains a large collection of good books, and nine hundred manu-

scripts; the latter had been taken to the Vatican library; but had been restored: some were Greek and well-written, the rest were chiefly German; many religious works and many ancient poems of chivalry, about King Arthur, Lancelot of the Lake, and such worthies. The principal librarian, who showed them with much patience and politeness, has written a large work on the northern mythology: I could not catch his name exactly; it sounded like Money. The buildings of the university are extremely old, shabby, and ruinous.

The day was very hot, but less oppressive than yesterday: the evening showery. I paid another visit to the castle, and walked on the opposite bank of the Neckar, where I saw some fine blocks of granite, and found two men sedulously herborising; one was armed with the Vasculum Dillenianum, as Linnæus calls the tin case, or box, so necessary to the botanist, in order to keep his specimens fresh and unfaded, from its inventor Dillenius, whose botanical glory is great; having lent his name, not only to this vessel, but to a genus of plants, called after him Dillenia.

I found on my return one of my German friends, who had used great diligence in seeking knowledge, if not in finding it; he had attended in the course of the day no less than five lectures, and had been eminently delighted with Paulus, professor of theology, a great

theological name, and that of one of the earliest professors: his lecture on ecclesiastical history was so mystical, that he could not even tell me to what age, or century, it was supposed to relate. I repented having asked a question that tended to put him out of conceit with the lecture; what matter a few centuries in a history? If it pleased him to contemplate the misty distance, that was enough.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30.—The voiturier promised to call at six, but he did not make his appearance till seven; I then got into a commodious open carriage, in which three students were already seated; and we were drawn slowly by two horses, through an agreeable country, to a very small and poor town called Wiesloch, where all parties baited; the horses received hay and bread; we had some tolerably ripe grapes.

At noon we came to Bruchsal, and found a plentiful dinner at the table d'hôte. It is a neat town, with a palace: this was a fair-day; the place was full of rustics with cheerful happy faces; the crowd was so great that we had some difficulty in making our way through the nymphs and swains at two o'clock, when we again commenced our journey.

My companions were Prussians from Berlin, but they were then studying at Bonn; they were going to Strasburg, and perhaps to Switzerland. One spoke

a little French, another conversed fluently enough in Latin; they were civil, when they supposed that I was French, and spoke to me as *Francogallus;* but they became much more kind and cordial when they were told that I was not a French cock but an English bird.

We arrived at Carlsruhe at five. I walked all over the town; it is a pretty little place; the streets clean, neat, and regular; a perfect paradise of walks and gardens; the very metropolis of the fairies; full of shrubberies, bowers, temples, flowers; just such a spot as would please a lady devoted to the cultivation of geraniums, and addicted to exotics; such as she would make were she an absolute queen. The botanical garden is large and excellent; the green-houses spacious, with many rare plants; the garden-gates, as they ought always to be, thrown wide open.

All who wish to see soldiers in perfection should visit small states: where they can only have a few, they make them as smart as possible. A prince, who can only raise one man, when others keep on foot three regiments, is of course obliged to make that man wear the feathers and finery of three regiments. I met a person in the botanical garden in this situation; he had so many green feathers in his hat, that it seemed as if all the feathers of all the green parrots since the creation of the world had been suffered to accumulate

at compound interest, and had been heaped upon his head, that grim-visaged war might appear to sit upon his castor. There is a good collection of pictures; and the architecture of the theatre is admired; but as I had not time for all, I preferred seeing other things.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31.—I got up at three in the morning, but the lazy voiturier did not come until six. My companions were a talkative Frenchman, and a native of Lausanne and his sister. The two Swiss had been in the service of a nobleman in Courland, near Dantzic; they gave but an uncomfortable account of the country. The climate had injured the health of both, especially of the female: the once ruddy, apple-faced Swiss girl retained nothing of her native complexion except a few freckles. The country was pleasant and fertile.

At Rastadt we visited the castle, or palace; the rooms are numerous and large, but dull and ill-furnished, with many bad pictures. All travellers affirm, with one accord, that Baden is a charming spot; that much amusement, good society, and excellent accommodations are to be found there at a remarkably cheap rate; that the country is so lovely and so varied, the stranger takes a walk on the first day, and declares it is the most beautiful walk he ever took; on the morrow he

makes an excursion in a different direction, followed by the like declaration, and that every day for a month he may take a new and beautiful walk. Can Marlow or Dorking exceed this? I was sorry to pass so near Baden without seeing it; but the father of Juno's husband, Daddy Time, enviously denied me that pleasure.

We reached Ulm, a small village, at one o'clock, and dined in a little pot-house very comfortably. After dinner we continued our journey, and without meeting any thing interesting, we arrived at Kehl at seven. The Frenchman, although he lived at Strasburg, did not know the time of closing the gates, but fancied it was at eight. The voiturier attempted to cheat me in changing a Napoleon, and I resisted him, in the midst of our hurry to get to Strasburg. We walked with great fury over the bridge of boats, in the dread of being too late, and of having to return to Kehl. We were stopped several times by custom-house officers, for passports and tolls; all were very civil. When we reached Strasburg, we learned that the usual hour of nine was the time of closing the gates.

The Frenchman was very civil, and showed me the way to the inn; it was impossible to be angry with him for having caused me so much hurry and anxiety. I thought the streets were, if possible, worse paved than those of Cologne. The *St. Esprit* (the Holy

Ghost is a most extraordinary sign for an inn) is situated on the banks of the Ill, which flows through the town. The quays are the only open space; and if not handsome, are at least curious. It is a dull old house, and the people are civil.

Whilst I was taking coffee, an Englishman, the only person in the saloon, was at supper; we fell into conversation, and I soon discovered that he was the author of some works which I had read with pleasure; authors so usually betray themselves in conversation, that I cannot help admiring the author of the Letters of Junius for concealing himself so effectually.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.—A fine morning for sportsmen; I rose early, but not to kill game. I had heard the beautiful church speak to me several times the preceding evening, and during the night it had informed me of the lapse of time; my desire to see it was great, and after breakfast I gratified it. My companion still retained a young heart, and believed that there is more pleasure in possession than in anticipation; he had stolen to take a peep at the cathedral before breakfast. I had seen it at a distance from the opposite bank of the Rhine, rising majestically above the plain; I now saw it from a market, and afterwards from a street, and was much awed and delighted. We thought that it seemed somewhat stunted, lovely, but

not perfect, and inferior to Antwerp. I blamed the architect for filling up the space between the two towers.

We entered the cathedral; it was full of people. There was a communion of the clergy; the organ was playing solemnly, and the bishop was performing many ceremonies. The bishop and most of the clergy were French, and had the lively French look, which was ill suited to the sorrowful mummeries that they were acting. The windows are filled with fine, old, dark, deeply stained glass; but, in other respects, the ornaments of the church are not handsome. After walking about the aisles some time, we ascended the tower by numerous steps. At the top of the tower is a platform and a house, in which the person who has the care of this part of the church resides. Many names, chiefly German, with some English, are carved upon the walls; we were solicited to add our own, but we declined; we wrote them in a book, in which, as a great treat, that of the Duke of Wellington was shown to us. We then proceeded to the top of one of the little towers or turrets, by a double staircase; they are light and airy, so as to make the descent somewhat transparent; the view over the city and country is extremely remarkable.

We visited a church containing a monument to Marshal Saxe; it is made of bad veiny marble, but is otherwise handsome; there are in the same church three

simple and elegant monuments of professors of the university. I called upon Professor Schweighauser, as a mark of my respect for the learned editor of Polybius, at a crazy old house in a court; as he was in the country, I had not the pleasure of seeing him; but I experienced much civility from his son, who is also a professor. I obtained admission into the museum at the academy with difficulty, and after some delay; the good priests, who are always foes to knowledge, would have made their communion an excuse to exclude curious persons, but I would not be denied. Because you are virtuous, are there to be no cakes and ale? because you are superstitious, am I to be ignorant?

The museum of anatomy is excellent, and contains many good preparations of all sorts; some of them seem a little rough, but no doubt they are good. It is rich in monstrous productions; amongst other monstrosities, they showed me a double human uterus, one side of which had been fruitful. There is a vast assemblage of diseased parts of the body; the contemplation of schirrous, cancerous, and otherwise morbid members, is salutary; but it is distressing to behold the enormous mass of miserable and unnecessary suffering.

We dined at the table d'hôte at five, an inconvenient hour here, as it does not accord with the manners of the continent, and especially of Strasburg; the Al-

satians dine very early. After dinner we walked to the botanical garden, which is small, and, by frequent gazing, became enamoured of the spire; it gains upon you prodigiously, and being seen from various points, offers continually new and varied beauties. I at last gave it the preference to Antwerp, and was perfectly charmed with it.

The theatre of Strasburg is handsome and well lighted: it was thinly attended, and chiefly by military: the performance was in French. It was impossible not to compare the French music with the German, to the great disadvantage of the former.

We wished to see the spire by moonlight, but this night the moon was not high enough to do it justice. The officer of police made some difficulty about my passport, I suppose to extort money; but instead of francs, I gave the little ape threats, which made him use great dispatch;—a bad government never fails to make its officers bad also.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—Barbers are conceited fellows all over the world, even in France. I went to get my hair cut; and in the course of that great work, the barber remarked several times:—"Sir, you have had your hair very ill cut." To avoid discussion, particularly on a subject which I can never hope to understand, I assented. He went on: "Sir, you have had your hair

very ill cut; may I presume to ask where it was last cut?" I was unwilling to criminate my favourite London; so, in order to shield that city from his vengeance, I said, after a pause, "at Moscow." His look seemed to say, then it is no wonder that your head is such a strange figure. After some time, he asked: "Are you going, sir, to return soon to Moscow?" "Yes, very soon," I answered. "Do you mean to remain at Moscow, sir?" "Some years." He said no more, but viewed me with pity, as if he thought—"Poor man, he is lost; nothing can save him; he will probably never have his hair cut properly again!" I have no doubt that the man of combs will say to his customers and clients: "It is a shocking thing! I am sorry for him: it makes me quite melancholy; I declare I do not like to think of it,—poor fellow! I cut a gentleman's hair this morning for the last time. He was a stout, healthy looking man; but he will never have his hair cut again—poor fellow!" "What is the matter? how! was he going to die?" "No, sir," with a sigh, "it would be well for him if he were—he is going to reside at Moscow."

As we found that we had paid more than the just price to former voituriers, we did not venture to give in this instance what was asked; the man, however, stuck to his price and held out, and we were delayed. In going about the town to seek for a more reasonable

person, we met with no other than the father of the young man with whom we were bargaining; after such a ridiculous failure, and some more fruitless attempts, we gave in, and left Strasburg somewhat late, at eleven o'clock.

We re-crossed the Rhine to Kehl, and proceeded slowly but pleasantly: two persons in an open carriage, drawn by two horses, over a flat, but fine country; the mountains on our left, the Rhine on our right. The costume of the women was remarkable and pleasing; they all wore a large straw bonnet with five or six black worsted tufts. They were employed in beating hemp, so that the country was one great bridewell. I was continually reminded of one of Hogarth's engravings, which is, I think, in the set called the Harlot's Progress: at every house, in every village, all were beating hemp—men, women, and even children. It is hard, and perhaps disagreeable work; but they seemed to labour with good heart, and to be well fed; as a means of procuring a good appetite, and for the cultivation of thirst, it must be excellent.

We dined well at the town of Kippenheim, in a curious old house: the day was very hot, but the country was full of beauty and interest. We passed the night at Emmendingen, a neat little town, and supped well at a good, neat, clean, well-painted inn.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.—We continued to pass through a sweet country, and gradually to approach the hills. We breakfasted at an excellent inn in Freyburg, a nice old town in a most lovely situation: we were regaled with all sorts of good things and with fine fruit; the apples were the most beautiful I ever saw; they were a study for a painter; and explained, and almost excused, the temptation and the weakness of Eve. The streets are good, and were filled chiefly with women; it was market-day—the market was so crowded that we could hardly make our way through it; we saw many good-looking girls, with fine figures and most agreeable countenances.

The exterior of the cathedral is striking; the spire beautiful, the lightest and most airy structure I ever beheld. The interior is handsome, and darkened by rich stained glass in great plenty. The altar-piece, the Assumption of the Virgin, by Holbein, is a curious and highly-finished picture. We ascended the tower, and came to a platform, covered, or rather shaded by a sort of stone bird-cage, a polygonal lantern of open work, surmounted by a fine extinguisher, or pyramid, of the same material. It is somewhat rough, and had been polluted by the jackdaws; if it were executed in white marble, with a mosaic pavement, and unpolluted, it would be a place into which angels and winged genii would fly and rest themselves. We next ascended to the

top of the lantern by an open staircase; there is a gallery at the top of this, at the foot of the spire, from which the view is magical; the country is a perfect paradise; the folds of the mountains are beautiful, fine vineyards and fruit-trees on all sides; it must be a most desirable spot for a short retirement, with books, and the best and smallest society.

We quitted Freyburg with regret, and journeyed on through the famous Hœllenthal, or Valley of Hell: it does not merit that title, or the description of gloomy. It is a beautiful rocky pass; a sweet rivulet flows at the bottom, shaded by pines and by other trees. To an Englishman it is cheerful; but foreigners account hills as sorrowful. I have heard many speak thus of a hilly country; and a lady at Heidelberg told me, she could not bear to look at the hills from the window of her bed-room, because they made her melancholy. The country-people were all engaged with the second hay harvest; the meadows are well irrigated.

We dined at a pretty Swiss-built house, at a place called Capelle; there is a little chapel close to the inn; the dinner was good, the wine good, and the situation lovely—a delightful hermitage. We passed a pleasant little lake called Titi See; and near it, in a pine-forest, I observed, for the first time, the young pines springing up from the old stools: I saw on all sides of the road vast quantities of the colchicum autumnale, the mea-

dow saffron. We passed the night at an indifferent inn in a small village; we supped amongst the common people in a common room, and found no reason to praise the fare or the accommodation. There were several prints in the room; one was remarkable; it was intended no doubt to excite the Greeks against the Turks,—it represented a Turk sitting under a tree, quietly smoking his pipe and taking his coffee; several Greek children were hanging on the tree over his head, and his attendants were busily employed in tying up others, who were supplicating him in vain.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.—We rose at five. As the church was open we looked in; it was neat with various decorations: in the church-yard were graves and iron rods supporting ornaments and inscriptions. The morning was cold, the road bad; we stopped to breakfast at an inn as rude as that at which we had passed the night: the peasants and their wives were drinking wine and feeding in the room; it was adorned with pictures of saints, which were executed on the ceiling, and the instruments of martyrdom were suspended near them. Beside the picture of St. Vitus, St. Vita, or St. Vitum, (Origen was of the third gender,) was exhibited in a glass-case, a large pair of scissors. I know not how the scissors are connected with the young Sicilian martyr, as the manner of his martyrdom is unknown;

or why his barbarous name is given to the species of convulsion called St. Vitus's Dance, Chorea Sancti Viti. We are informed only that he was brought up a Christian by his nurse Crescentia, herself of course a martyr: that his father, a Pagan, with the Greek and poetic name of Hylas, denounced his son, then twelve years old, to Valerian, the governor of Sicily, who whipped the youth; but finding him incorrigible, to oblige his father he put him to death on the 14th day of June, at the commencement of the fourth century, according to the absurd legends of the martyrologists.

We saw in the inn a woman with a most splendid cap; and we met a funeral followed by a great crowd of persons, first men and then women, chaunting a drowsy, monotonous psalm.

Stühlingen is a little, dull, old town, with an old castle, situated on a height; at the foot flows a pretty little river, the Wutach: we dined here comfortably, and our wretched horses at last dragged us to Schaffhausen. We were struck by the green colour of the Rhine, by the fine situation, and by the ancient gateways, streets, and towers of this city, as we drove to our inn, La Couronne.

We did not keep our curiosity long in suspense, but walked across the bridge to the castle, a handsome circular tower, and round the town; we then rested ourselves, and sat for some time on a wall, in silent

meditation and admiration of the beauty of the Rhine, as it rushes with its green transparent waters amongst rocks, through a narrow passage, down a small declivity. It flowed thus in the time of the Romans, and long before the Roman wolf was whelped; it will flow on, whether the great interests of mankind are attended to or neglected—whether individuals prosper or perish. All the persons you meet here bow to you—it is as fatiguing as being a general officer amongst soldiers; and all the girls wish you a good evening or morning, with a modest freedom.

A gallows, sufficiently large to hang comfortably a whole jailful of criminals at once, which we had passed at the distance of half a league from the town, stands upon a hill in a situation so elevated, and unfortunately so conspicuous, that it is visible every where: the eye does not easily reconcile itself to an object with which ideas so painful and degrading are necessarily associated. It would be most desirable to remove this foul blot on the fair face of Nature; and whenever an occasion offers, to accommodate a wrong-doer by erecting a temporary convenience to answer his private ends, and for his sole use.

It began to rain; we went home to a good supper; and after mutually exciting each other's curiosity respecting the Falls of the Rhine, which we were to visit on the morrow, we retired to bed. I thanked the

Destinies that I was at last in Switzerland, and only a few days later than I had proposed.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.—We agreed with a voiturier, who visited us whilst we were in bed: it seemed to us that the prices, though dear, are fixed, or nearly so, which we esteemed a great blessing. After breakfast we mounted a convenient carriage drawn by one horse only, but he had more strength than both those which had brought us from Strasburg.

At Lauffen we saw the Rhine, as it were, preparing for his fall; then from the pavilion we looked down upon him falling. The spray is blown up to the window, and sprinkled us even before we reached it. It must be difficult for a person not accustomed to snow to believe that it is water; it is still more difficult to conceive that this foam is indeed water. To the eye nothing can be more dissimilar; it seems that there is snow thrown up with immense force from below, and feathers, and steam, and the smoke of a lime-kiln; whilst bursting through them, are rainbows, continually shifting, vanishing, and re-appearing. We went below, and there, from a frail, dripping scaffold, Father Rhine is seen in all his terrors; beautiful with the appearance of danger—that is to say, sublime. The spray comes dashing over you—the waterfall is like a lion springing upon you; you see under him, into his beard, and

amongst the folds of his mane. To view the cascade alone, in the late evening, or at night, from a stone staircase with an iron railing, (not as at present, from ugly wooden planks,) undisturbed by the thoughts of how much must I give so as not to offer too little, and yet not to raise the prices; uninterrupted by persons hailing the boat to carry you across, and by the various interpellations incident to a well-organized show-place, would be indeed affecting.

During the first visit to the Falls of the Rhine, all things that would divert the attention, whether serious or comic, displease; otherwise we should have been amused by a great bold girl, the priestess of the place, who was directing her initiative endeavours against a young gardener, some seven years younger than herself; the buxom hierophant showed no want of holy zeal, but the gawky neophyte was evidently deficient in that courage so indispensably necessary in those who sought to be initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries.

We crossed the river and viewed the Falls from the opposite side and in the camera obscura. The moving picture was remarkable; but either the state of the light was unfavourable, or a painter who coloured as nature colours in the camera obscura, would not be admired.

We traversed a pleasant country, like England, and very green meadows, which are purchased, as well as

the streams and sweet fountains, and the inexhaustible plenty of continually flowing waters, at a high price—rain, almost perpetual. The traveller perceives, from the frequent use of liquid manure, that he has entered Switzerland. The Swiss religiously preserve every drop of manure; they convey it to the fields in water-carts, from which they fill pails, and men and women carry two of them on a yoke, like the milkwomen in London; these pails have a spout resembling a gardener's watering-pot; when they transplant cabbages, or other vegetables, they bestow upon them their portion of the fertilizing fluid, which they also apply, I believe, at other seasons. It is only in China, as we read, that the economy of manure is carried to its utmost extent and perfection. The Swiss are thrifty and sedulous in this important branch of husbandry: in England we are remarkably negligent; I am informed by a skilful master of the arts of farming, that we do not pay to the most just earth more than ten shillings in the pound of the debts we owe to her. That the "justissima tellus" is defrauded of full one-half of the manure that accrues in England, and that might with proper management be applied to it. How many quarters of corn, how many tuns of hay, are annually drained into the Thames at London? We crossed the Thur at a village by a covered wooden bridge; the roof protects the bridge, and may have

other advantages; but it is not fair, when the tourist is upon the bridge, that he should be cheated of the view of the stream below. We dined well at Winterthur, and examined the town, but found nothing remarkable.

A target in the foss reminded us of the Swiss rifle, the natural defence of a free country. What invading army can subsist in a land where the inhabitants are skilled in the use of this weapon, and have the courage and patriotism to persevere in picking off the invaders? We walked out of the town; I saw in a garden a single white dahlia, amongst others of more common colours: it reminded me vividly of home, for it was only there that I had seen such a flower. The afternoon was very hot, but we continued our walk to Breite: when we had ascended the hill, a cold sharp wind blew upon us—such a wind striking on the body when much heated, seems like death in person. Our carriage overtook us at the top of the hill; we resumed our seats, and passed some pleasant villages, and a stream, which rises in a little lake, and flows into the Rhine, by one of the jealous, envious, covered bridges.

It was already dark, and had begun to rain when we entered Zurich. They asked for our passports at the gate, for we discovered at last what they wanted, although they gave them quite a different name; and they had actually placed two ragged dirty fellows at the gate with muskets. We told them to come to the

inn. Soon after our arrival at Le Corbeau, half the standing army, or one of the two men, appeared and renewed his demand; we told him we would give him the passports if he could read, and were getting a book to examine him, when half the standing army acknowledged that he was no clerk; we gave them to him for his candour, and all benefit of clergy. The pattering rain, that fell all night, seemed to threaten that we should see but little of Switzerland.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.—The day was so showery, misty, and unfavourable, that we could only get imperfect snatches and momentary glimpses of the lake, and it disappointed me: it is a misfortune to be overpraised. One great fault of the English nation is the desire to be over-right; this fault shows itself much in travelling. At an inn, they discuss over and over again, in the most tiresome manner, the next day's route: I was driven out of doors by this kind of thing, and notwithstanding the rain, walked about the town, which is old and quaint. The public walks are pleasant, especially one that leads to the confluence of two pretty little rivers, one of which, the Limmat, flows out of the lake; the other, the Sill, comes from the hills.

After dinner we visited the library; the librarian is stupid; the collection of books not very large: there

is a marble bust of Lavater, which I thought stiff and wooden, and some models of Switzerland. We were told of a manuscript of Quintilian, and we saw the Codex Argenteus, a copy of the Psalms in silver letters upon purple paper or vellum; the nature of the substance is said to be a great question; to me it seemed to be vellum, because there were the holes which we find in that substance and in parchment, and the knots and smooth places, like the knots in deal: it would be easy to settle the question at once by burning a morsel. A more interesting volume contains three Latin letters from Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger: they are written in a large and most legible hand; one is in somewhat smaller characters than the rest, and is therefore less alien from the appearance of a love-letter: it was impossible not to kiss the signature—*Johanna Graia.* The cross-bow of William Tell, in the arsenal, is also interesting; it is clumsy, as are likewise the arrows: there are some curious but coarse pieces of old armour, and some fine brass cannons.

We climbed to a public walk on a hill, whence is a good view of the lake and of scenery—picturesque, lively, and diversified. Nobody walks on the public walk in any city, through dread of the *bore;* we saw him, he was lying in wait. When we had been there a few minutes he came upon us. We made him tell us a little about the place—where Gessner lived, where

Lavater died: and he asked us in return many questions. He was most desirous to know three things; first, Whether the houses in London are as high as at Zurich?—Secondly, Whether they are as well whitened? —And thirdly, Whether the English ever turn their old coats? Having satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, we visited Lavater's church and parsonage.

I met with a Swiss gentleman who was learned and well instructed in other matters, of which I was a better judge; and in political economy, according to his own account; but I am not competent to estimate his attainments in this science: he expounded to me in the course of a walk his peculiar notions, and explained capital, consumption, value, and some other important matters; but he used so frequently certain little qualifying words, such as natural, sufficient, reasonable, and the like, which he did not explain, that I was not much wiser for his instructions. He regretted that I did not understand German, and that he spoke indifferent French, because German is the language of science, and he could make things much clearer in his native tongue: he would perhaps have told me the meaning of natural, sufficient, and reasonable, in German. In many of his doctrines he said that he differed from M. Say, whom he apostrophized in a droll manner; whenever he expressed his dissent, taking off his hat, and saying, "Well, Monsieur Say, you

hold so and so; I have the greatest respect for you, Monsieur Say, but I think thus." Then, making a profound bow, he put on his hat and walked on, expounding as he went.

Zurich has the great glory according to some, according to others the deep disgrace, of being the first town in Switzerland that separated from the Church of Rome: it was converted, or misled, by the arguments of the minister of Glarus, Ulric Zuingle. This small city has the unquestionable honour of having been exceedingly fertile in men of learning and genius.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.—The morning was lovely; at six we set out in an open carriage, with two stout horses, and passed through English lanes, and English scenery, crowned, however, by Swiss hills, clothed with pines, to the foot of the Albis. We walked up this steep hill. Whilst we were on the top and in descending, the sun illumined the woods, lakes, and valleys, the mountains and snowy Alps; we glided slowly down, gazing with wonder and delight. We reached a good inn at Zug, and being half starved, we were not sorry to be treated, in addition to the ordinary breakfast and extraordinary civility, with salmon and fruit. We visited the church of St. Oswald; the altar-piece, by Hannibal Caracci, is well coloured, and graceful in attitudes, and possesses the great quality of

breadth; for at the entrance of the church, when all the other pictures were lost in indistinctness, this was as plain as when near at hand: the subject is the conversion of St. Oswald. Why is our Saxon king of Northumberland known in a Swiss canton? We saw another church near the convent of *Capucines;* the church-yard was full of stone troughs of holy water, and iron crosses and ornaments instead of grave-stones, so gilded and painted as to look like gingerbread at a fair; this is to rob death of its terrors, by placing a stick of lolypop on the grave. We visited also an old house, where is an antique apartment, painted with the history of William Tell's life; the pretty garden and orchard led us to imagine schemes of living in it.

At half-past twelve we embarked in a rudely built but convenient boat, with three rowers, or paddlers, for they performed standing, one was a woman, on that lovely gem, that liquid emerald, the lake of Zug. The tall, bold mountains, love the still, calm, quiet lakes, which reflect their forms, whilst they gaze with majestic affection, and melt their snows into a thousand rills, to nourish and sustain the objects of their regard; so strict is the union between mountains and lakes, that it is painful to see them separated: a lake without a mountain is not a pure crystal lake, but a dull morass; and we pity the lonely mountain, which sits in sadness without its natural companion. When we were getting

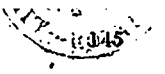
into the boat, two ladies asked to go *avec*; we consented. They then asked us to wait till they had dined; this was too much; and as we were in a hurry, we therefore went without them.

At three we reached Arth and the top of the lake, and dined; by the assistance of a painfully civil waiter, we sent our baggage to Kusnacht. We set out on foot with a guide at four, and walked to Goldau, the unhappy village that was destroyed by the fall of a mountain: it is a scene of frightful ruin in a lovely spot: immense blocks of stone are lying about; part of the mass has fallen into the neighbouring lake of Lauerz; upon the other parts the people were mowing a little grass.

We gazed awhile on this strange desolation; strange because indulgent nature but seldom destroys a village. The site of a town extirpated and blotted out by men in war attracts no visitors, the occurrence is unhappily too common. We then began to ascend the Righi: as it was somewhat late, and as our young guide wished to display his alacrity, we walked fast: the ascent is steep, the evening was hot, the steps are rugged and broken; I think I never perspired so much, or suffered so much from intolerable heat and fatigue, as on this occasion. As we approached the summit it became dark, and the cold mountain wind blew upon us glowing with heat and bathed in perspiration. We passed

the capuchin, who stood at the window and wished us good night; and when we walked on, shut it, and seemed to wish us at the devil. We did not ascend to the Kulm, but spent the night at the intermediate house. With difficulty we procured bed-rooms, and were shown into a saloon full of smoke, of boys, and of students. I wrapped myself up in my great-coat, to prevent ill consequences, and the sudden condensation of such a great heat; and we supped, as people sup so many feet above the level of the sea. I regret that I did not see the genius of the place, but I did not then know of the existence of such a being.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.—It was impossible to sleep, the people in the wooden house made so much noise and shaking all night. Before day-break the guide came to say, that the morning was foggy, and that there was no use in getting up, and presently afterwards he told me to rise immediately: I peeped from my window, and saw a sublime spectacle of alpine summits. We hastened to the Kulm; no one, not even the most credulous, saw the sun rise this morning; nothing could be discerned but fog and mist: after some time the sun began to illuminate a glacier; the plains were covered with fogs, but the mountains were clear: it was a sublime effect. The wind blew cold; we felt cold; we retired and took a bad breakfast



in a cheerless inn: I thought the bed-rooms were dirty, and worse than those at the house where we had passed the night; I found in one the same old prints of the history of Joseph, which had been familiar to me when a boy.

The sun had now acquired force, and dispelled the mists; I am convinced that the middle of the day, and not the sun-rise, is the time to enjoy the panorama from the Righi—that a wiser man than myself, (one who is less bound in the shackles of authority, and who dares to swim against the stream,) instead of ascending in the evening, passing the night miserably at a miserable inn, and taking the chance of a wet morning, which is always considerable, in which case he must return without seeing any thing, or must protract his misery to an indefinite extent—I met with a party who had waited four days at the top for fine weather—will walk up on a fine morning, spend two or three hours on the Kulm, when the light is strongest, and descend to dinner. We walked about the summit for an hour, and were much gratified with the novel and extraordinary view, and then began to descend. The Guide-books said that there was to be on that day a great *fête* of the peasants on the Righi; we saw nothing of the kind. The descent is beautiful, with rocks and trees, with the purple gentian and many mountain flowers; it was steep and long, and con-

vinced us that we had not over-rated our labours the preceding night; at last we came to the bottom, and to Tell's chapel, which has nothing remarkable but the name of the hero, to whom it is dedicated. We met suddenly, at the turn of a rock, in coming down, two beautiful country girls, in a peculiar costume; here we found some women with a white-winged cap, that resembles a white butterfly.

We continued our march to Kusnacht; it was a feast, the Nativity of our Lady, and we met many peasants in their holiday dresses. At the entrance of the town we saw a professed beauty seated at a window; she smiled graciously, but with the conscious dignity of a much-admired being. We entered a chapel, where skulls were piled up like a heap of turnips; and a fine church, where we saw the elevation of the host, and listened to the joyous singing, and to the triumphant bursts of the organ: it was filled with women (many of them were handsome) in every variety of costume, and in their gayest and best apparel, in honour of the birth-day of the Blessed Virgin. The eighth day of September is dedicated, throughout Christendom, to the memory of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity, a concert of angels having been heard in the air to solemnize that day as her birth-day. We found a comely little inn in the church-yard, commanding a view of the lovely lake, and inhabited by pretty girls,

who received us with remarkable kindness, and with an excellent dinner: we quitted this charming place with reluctance.

We embarked in a boat with an impudent fellow, who forced himself upon us, but whom we did not know how to refuse, and in three hours reached Lucerne. We were tired to death with our exertions on the Righi, but we contrived to walk about a little. There is a large handsome cathedral, we found it open, but we did not hear the organ, which is of a great size and is famous: the church-yard is full of gilded iron rods, the monuments of the country. Every town has its peculiar characteristic—Lucerne its long, covered wooden bridges, with which it is almost surrounded, and they afford a commodious dry walk for the inhabitants; in the successive tympana of which are painted—in one, scripture stories; in another, Swiss history, like the Pœcile at Athens, on the walls of which were painted the wars with the Persians; on another bridge is a more singular subject, the Dance of Death. The river Reuss, with which we were to become better acquainted, rushes out of the lake, and flows through the town with a clear stream, and with much impetuosity. We took some tea in a handsome saloon in our comfortable inn, the Golden Eagle, and went to bed thoroughly tired.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.—We were conducted by a guide to the arsenal, where are modern arms; they are said by persons, who understand such matters, to be well arranged; and some old and rude armour and banners. The lion, intended, as a monument to the Swiss guards who were slain at Paris, in 1792, in attempting to defend the Tuilleries, is carved in the side of a rock, and has merit; the place is somewhat too ornate. The figure is from a design of Thorwaldsen, a person much extolled at present: modern artists deal in nothing but lions and eagles. It is difficult to discover what a lion, with an arrow in his ribs, has to do with the real story; and the inscription is, as usual, so contrived that, without external information, it would be quite impossible to guess to what it referred. To add to the effect of the monument, whatever that may be, an old fellow in an old uniform is posted there, to beg for a few batz. To a man of sense it suggests the reflection, that a king should not be permitted to have foreign guards. These Swiss let themselves out for hire to a foreign king; they were pampered by him that they might defend him against his own subjects; the mercenaries, it must be acknowledged, earned their pay bravely, therefore the less ought a king to have foreign guards. It is impossible, nevertheless, not to admire constancy in any men, and

not to feel some respect for the brave persons whose names are here inscribed.

At half-past ten we embarked again on the lovely lake; we glided past the little island on which Raynal erected a monument, but we did not see it. The situation of Lucerne is beautiful: the lower end of the lake is like a cathedral; it is crossed by a transept, of which one end goes to Kusnacht, the other towards the dioramic valley of Sarnen, passing the noble Pilatus: the lake is absolutely perfect in variety and beauty. Steep mountains come close to its edge; it is sometimes wide, sometimes narrow, and winds gracefully round: it presents some scenes of complete seclusion, houses and villages perched on the top of rocks, or planted at their feet, and to be approached only by the lake: of the latter kind is the smallest republic of Gersau. At the bend of the lake we saw the little capital of Schwyz, at a short distance on our left. The top of the lake is wild and rugged; as we approached it, the day became stormy. In the winter, when all the numerous torrents are running with fury, and the mountain wind raging, it must be a strange scene of desolation.

We passed close by Tell's chapel; its situation suits well with the tradition. We did not remain at Fluellen, but were jumbled in a *char au banc* to Altorf. We arrived half famished; but our landlord, who was

very civil, could give us but little that we could eat or drink with satisfaction. After dinner, in the dusk, we tried in vain to find the Reuss, and amused ourselves over our coffee in looking at the book of arrivals. These records of the canton of Uri had been carefully preserved; I suppose no events are of so much importance to the state, as the coming of strangers to the Black Lion. During the short, and, as it is usually called, the hollow peace of Amiens, there were many English visitors: afterwards, for a long period, there were but few travellers; these were chiefly Dutch, and an American or two.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.—We climbed to the church of the Capuchins to enjoy the view: the church is ornate, and has many pictures in the Italian style representing St. Francis aping the various actions and sufferings of our Saviour. The view is fine, the valley noble, but the town of Altorf ugly; it was burnt by accident; many ruins are standing. The clouds were resting at the top, or on the sides of the hills: to the inhabitant of the plain any communication between earth and heaven must appear impossible; here, however, it is quite familiar; indeed, the intercourse with the sky is as frequent and as complete as between London and Greenwich, or Paddington and the Bank. Here is the kingdom of waters; in every street, in every

house, is a perennial fountain; the water flows through the streets, and the roads are the beds of torrents; every little valley has been worn out by a stream: wound the earth, and water will gush out for ever after; the smoke is vapour, and the very dust dew-drops. This is certainly beautiful; but without the sun it must be melancholy; and with the sun there is a hot steam that is not pleasant, nor can I believe that it is healthy.

We set out in a kind of phaeton drawn by two horses, and soon fell in with the long sought for father Reuss; he was rushing angrily along; his course is one continual waterfall. The valley has every beauty that cannot be described, and rocks, alps, mountains, and pine-forests. They are making a good road, which is to be continued into Italy; it is a great and expensive work. We were glad to reach the village of Wasen, being very hungry; we had a tolerable dinner, and pretty good wine. The landlady, who spoke a little French, was so kind and civil, that it was impossible not to be pleased; at parting we gave her a piece of money, as usual, for the servants. When we were seated in the carriage, she followed us to say that she had no servants, that the person who waited at table was her daughter, and offered to return it; we begged her to give it to her daughter, and soon after a fair comely girl opened the window and returned thanks.

The honesty of our literal hostess reminded me of a like occurrence to a friend in England, who had visited an arch of considerable celebrity and span, which bestrides a deep and romantic glen in a remote district. Having satisfied his eyes, and being unwilling to turn a deaf ear to the just claims of his mouth, he bethought himself of eggs and bacon; and accordingly asked at the small but neat inn where his horse was fed, whether they had any fresh eggs; a woman ingenuously answered him: "Not very fresh, sir, for they were all laid yesterday."

In about an hour we came to a village where the carriage-road ceases; we were therefore obliged to leave our phaeton and to walk on. We met or overtook many pack-horses and mules; the road is steep and paved. We passed a bridge, and again another bridge, and supposed that each was the Devil's Bridge, and were disappointed, and complained of the exaggerations of guide-books.

We saw large flocks of goats, and looked round for the owner of a voice which we heard; at last we discovered something like a fly perched at the foot of a rock; the insect took off his hat and saluted us, and seemed to enjoy our amazement. This incident gave us a lively sense of the magnitude of surrounding objects, and opened our eyes to their greatness.

We came to the real Devil's Bridge; the Reuss

falls with great fury down a precipice; the rocks on both sides are bare and steep; in the winter, when covered with snow, it must be truly formidable. Just above is a little chapel, where St. Anthony is requested to pray for us. There is next a tunnel cut in the rock, from the window of which, most suddenly and unexpectedly, is seen a little Alpine plain, and the town of Andermatt: presently afterwards we emerged with the Reuss into the little plain, and it at once struck me that I should not like to live at Andermatt.

I was dining in England with a jovial friend: the lady of the house observed that she loved solitude; that no place could be too solitary for her: her husband asked her, "Would you like to live at Andermatt?" After some consideration she answered, "I should not like to live at Andermatt." I now felt the full force of the question, and should have given the same answer as the lady. Behind the town is a little triangular wood of pines, which, it is said, must not be cut under pain of death, as they defend the town from the avalanches: whether this be true or false, matters little; but a town, of which such a tale may be told, cannot be a pleasant residence. The only road through the town is a pack-way, for carriage-road there is none. We followed the pack-road of the mules a league further, and came to the village of Hospital: we remarked a stable for mules, which reminded me of having read of, and my

companion of having seen, an eastern caravansary. We arrived in the dark at the Golden Lion, and had as bad a supper and as bad wine as can be given to mortals.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.—If I go up to heaven, thou art there also. At five in the morning an English acquaintance, who I supposed was in London, came roaring to the door of my bed-room to ask for some worsted stockings, and adding presently that he was mistaken, and had imagined it was his sister's room; he went away without an answer. I had intended to have returned to-day to Wasen, where I had left my baggage, but I was induced to set out for St. Gotthard: we walked thither; it is two leagues and a half distant. The ascent is steep, the road wild; we saw no more pines, no trees, save some stunted alders, mere bushes; some cows, pigs, and goats. The eternal granite is remarkable; all is granite, the solidity of which has a noble appearance: the whole country is one great Waterloo Bridge.

We found three tarns, or mountain lakes, in a wild spot; from one the Reuss rises, and flowing to the north joins the Rhine; from another the Ticino, which seeks the south, the Po, and the Adriatic. We entered the *Hospice*, and found three long-faced Italians, sallow and grave, like copper medals, of an unwel-

come air and with a show of suspicion; after some conversation we walked up stairs, where an Italian woman from Airolo, rather good-looking and agreeable, set before us bread, butter, and cheese, water and brandy, all good, and wine that was undrinkable. Her husband soon came in; he was an Italian; but having served some years in Spain under Napoleon, spoke Spanish fluently; one of my companions having served in the same campaign, but on the other side, did the like, and conversed with him. He had just shot a marmot; unluckily it had been already drawn and skinned, therefore it was not in a convenient state for transportation, otherwise we would have purchased it; we had requested our landlady at Hospital to get us one for dinner, but she had not been able to gratify our curiosity: I thought it looked too like a rat to be tempting. It is said that the famous Blumenbach one day in a lecture expressed his regret that he had not been able to procure a marmot in order to elucidate some point of comparative anatomy; that a student of humble origin, who ardently admired the professor, and desired to find an opportunity of showing his attachment, went away, and in an extremely short time returned with one of those animals: this is rather the conduct of a lover than of a student.

We felt the cold very severely during the short time we remained on the top of the mountain: some one

asked for hot water, it was answered that there was no fire; the scarcity of fuel must add much to the horrors of this dreary spot: we quitted it with pleasure. Some of the Italians walked before, they were going to milk their cows: they all talked together with a loud disputatious clamour: to be perfectly filthy, it is necessary to be an old Scotch woman—to be perfectly vulgar, a low brawling Italian. The scene at the *Hospice* reminded us of Don Quixote amongst the goatherds: the Spanish *usted, vuestra merced,* your goodness, meaning only you, sounds strange for the first time. The round stable for the mules at the *Hospice* is considered a singular structure. It is interesting to trace the rivers upwards, to follow their last fibres; they have their roots in the skies, or they may be considered as the roots of the sea, which thus grows in the heaven, and draws its supplies of nourishment from thence. We saw many mules and horses with galled backs; they were turned out that their wounds might heal; how much a pack-horse with a galled back must suffer. I felt uncomfortable at this great height; my face was flushed, with a cold on my chest, and a disposition to bleed at the nose from the diminished pressure of the atmosphere.

We returned to the village of Hospital, and saw a collection of minerals, rock crystal, and fluor spar, &c. the property of the *curé;* the various specimens were

for sale: he endeavoured, in this useful and respectable manner, to augment his scanty stipend. We were regaled with a bad dinner, much dirt, and much civility; our drink was kirschewasser, cherrywater, an ardent spirit distilled from cherries, mixed with water; the wine could not be swallowed; this spirit is much like whiskey, which is strong enough: but all the puffing, praising, and boasting of the well-practised Scotch, and even the knowledge that it is contraband, cannot persuade me that the flavour is agreeable. We sought in vain for a lemon to build up for ourselves a bowl of punch; we could not find this fruit, but we contrived nevertheless to find cheerfulness and mirth.

After dinner we saw some girls, perhaps twenty or thirty, seated on logs of wood opposite the window; the majority were eleven or twelve years old, four or five were older; there was also an old woman or two: they were asked to sing, and readily struck up in chorus a song which begun thus: "I have a handsome lover, we have played together, and what more happened is not your concern." Presently afterwards another song, which being interpreted says: "You may quench the fire, but not love." We were not able to persuade any one to sing *sola*, or to repeat the words of any song; therefore, the subject of one, to which the often repeated burden was,—"With an *a*, an *e*, and an *u*," must defy conjecture. It was pleasant to find so much

cheerfulness in such a dreary place. Like all musical characters they did not know when to leave off; we continued to stand at the window, out of compliment, for at least two songs after it was cold and dusk, but they still kept on for some time longer. The women of the house were hurt that we should apply to strangers for a song; they accordingly struck up a ditty, and whenever we shut the door of our room to exclude the cold air, not the music, it was gently pushed open by invisible hands, which was quite unnecessary, as the volume of sound easily penetrated the door. Whilst the girls were singing before the window, a priest passed them; we were entertained by the strange sheepish air with which he returned their salutations.

One of our companions who had spent the day in visiting the glacier of the Rhone, came back and spoke, amongst other things, of two pretty girls, between seventeen and eighteen, that lived somewhere with a capuchin; the landlady, like a woman who had seen thirty-five years, would not hear of them but as children; and in spite of our malicious insinuations, she persisted in declaring, with much warmth, that she had no doubt they were very good children. Of such children is the kingdom of heaven—at least according to Mahomet.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.—I set out on foot at seven, alone; the kind-hearted, gentlemanlike, most observant person with whom I had travelled from Strasburg, had departed this morning early for Milan with the courier. In passing through Andermatt I entered a large church, where I saw many women; it was much ornamented: in such a situation the contrast of the generosity of art with the parsimony of Nature, was pleasing. I followed the Reuss through the narrow passage which allows him to escape; and thus saves this little Alpine plain from being a mountain lake. I met many loaded mules, and was sorry to see women bearing huge loads of wood on their shoulders, often as much as a mule could carry. I suppose all the fire-wood is brought up in this manner: it must be painful to see a sister, a wife, or a mother engaged in such severe toil; yet what is the common lot of all is usually borne without repining, and the songs on Sunday evening showed that they can be cheerful: the fire can be put out, even that which is fed by so much fatigue, but not love.

At half-past ten I came to Wasen, and was civilly received by the landlady, who did me many little services in the way of putting buttons upon my shirts, for without buttons a shirt is uninhabitable; and gave me an indifferent dinner.

I started at noon, with a guide, who carried my bags,

to walk six leagues further, to climb over the Susten Gadmen. The heat was intense, the road for more than three hours as steep as possible; the latter part of the ascent was cut into traverses, passing and repassing one above another for seven or eight times. I suffered much from heat and thirst; my guide kept drinking at the rills: with much difficulty I resisted the temptation. At last we gained the summit; I saw the glacier called the Steinen, and the stream of water flowing under it. We descended in like manner by traverses to noble forests of pines, and beheld the river flowing, or falling, at the bottom of a chasm of perpendicular rocks; we passed many beautiful scenes. I met with a rhododendron in flower. As it grew dusk we fell in with a number of goats that were going home; we went in company with them to Gadmen, a village of goatherds.

I was civilly received at a wooden house; I asked for supper immediately, and was told that in a short time they would give me what they had for themselves, and I was conducted to a good clean bed-room. After a short toilette I came down stairs, and found the person who received me, conversing with a German traveller of the mercantile class. I was dying with thirst; I asked for wine, a bottle was given me, which was good, and for water; a bottle was brought from the opposite side of the table; I remarked that it was not fresh, and

I was answered that he had just fetched it himself from the fountain.

I thought that my host talked well for an innkeeper, or waiter, and in the corner of the room I saw many books. When he went out of the room I examined them; I found many German works, and, to my great surprise, the Elzevir Scapula, a Virgil, some other Latin classics, and a Homer, *Tauchnitzii*. I admired at such volumes in a valley of goatherds; and I learned of the traveller that I was not at an inn, but in the house of *M. le Curé*. When he returned, I did all in my power to repair, by respect, the injustice I had unwittingly done to the proprietor of a Scapula by taking him for a landlord. We talked of Homer, that he was the poet for that country of streams and mountains. He said that an Englishman, who had been there the evening before, had spoken of Scapula as an old friend; he added, that Schneider's Dictionary, in Greek and German, is a better Lexicon: if so, it would be a pious work to translate it into English. He said he had a Hebrew Bible; and being asked to produce it, he read the chapter of Job in which he had been examined at the university; and then remarking that it was sonorous, he was kind enough to read it over again of his own accord. The room was neat; there was a bed, with a black quilt and black curtains with a white border, which seemed more fit for the re-

ception of a dead than a living body; for in this taste is the furniture, which is supplied them by an upholsterer of the dead, commonly called an undertaker.

After waiting a long time, supper at last came; some good soup, and a fowl like an English bird; it was no starveling; the canonical state of its bosom would have proved to me that I was in a priest's house. The *curé* ate only a little soup. I was well pleased with what appeared; but the second course was forgotten; instead of it, the good man sat praising the bread; the bread I ate: it was certainly good, and I was content, but I should have liked to have seen something else. He gave us what he had, and that was good; I therefore ate the bread and drank the wine, which was good also. I was thirsty, and drank a good deal; and I filled the reverend gentleman's glass. He said that the Hebrew of the modern Jews differed from the ancient; and that in some places the mass was said in German. I asked in what language the mass was said in his church: he told me that I was in the canton of Bern, where they are Protestants. Soon afterwards the loud crying of a child in the next room showed that all questions about the mysterious sacrifice of the mass would be out of place. He told me that he had studied at Vienna. When he lighted me to bed, he remarked upon the many advantages of a wooden house; that it is warm and dry: it may have some advantages, but

it has also some peculiar disadvantages; it is sonorous as a fiddle; the whole house vibrates at the least motion, and resounds with the least sound. I had discovered this already on the Righi; twenty-seven German students were lodged in one room, and were stowed away in five or six beds. The effect of their snoring was terrific; the whole house strained like a ship in certain conditions of the wind and sea, which I have experienced, but am not seaman enough to describe; it seemed as if about to be rent in pieces, and as if every single plank would start asunder; and when in the agonies of the sleep of persons who had well walked, well eaten, well drunken, and well smoked, the fit came, and the snoring of the twenty-seven students was in fits and bursts; it appeared that the end of all things was at hand. Although much fatigued, I could not sleep. This night I experienced the same thing in a less degree; whenever the priest, or his wife, turned over in their funereal bed, every plank in the house—and the house consisted of nothing else—danced; and this happened often, for the wine I had poured into his glass made him restless: but, however, he was less indefatigable in his exertions than the twenty-seven students in their repose.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.—[illegible] I was awaked by my host and his wife talking and

laughing; I was glad to find such good spirits in so remote a place. When I came down stairs, I was anxious to see a person of whom I had heard so much; I just got a peep at the lady's back from the window; she seemed broad and brisk, and fit to be the wife of a Christian minister. After breakfast I placed on his desk somewhat more than I would have paid at an inn for the like fare: I took leave of a person who had treated me kindly; he accompanied me a short distance on my way, and pointed out on both sides where the avalanches used to fall; they reached within a few yards of his house. He said that the place was healthy, and that the mountain air gave an excellent appetite, and disposed for sleep; and that by residing there for a certain time he would be entitled to better preferment.

I continued my walk along the valley, which increased in beauty as I approached Meyringen. The day was very hot. I saw by the side of the road large green grasshoppers, and many beautiful butterflies. The wine of Switzerland is crude, and marvellously inferior to that of the Rhine; it is not dear: it is only on the Rhine that I have seen in perfection the happiness which is diffused by a general and liberal use of wine; I had no idea of it before. The communication with England by water is so direct, that we might have it nearly as cheap there. The crimes of successive administrations have literally deprived England of

the use of wine; no oppression can exceed this. I reposed during the evening after my fatigues. At Meyringen I was joined by two friends who had crossed the Grimsel; they gave me an interesting account of the pass. I am willing to believe that their route was as gratifying as mine; it may be equally striking, but it cannot be more so. We agreed to continue our pedestrian course together on the morrow.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.—We saw the falls of the Reichenbach; there is not much water, but it is a fine cascade. It began to rain violently; I was in a thousand terrors about my baggage, which was in a carpet bag, and in another bag even more easily wetted; with infinite difficulty and much necessary vituperation, I compelled the indolent and stupid animal who carried it, to cover it with my cloak, and to bind the cloak in such a manner that the water was thrown off, and to overcome his natural instincts; which of course led him to dispose it so that the rain would be drained into those parts which I sought to protect. It appeared quite hopeless that any covering would have sufficed for so many hours of such heavy rain; but my good cloak, God bless it! which had already rendered me so many essential services, kept out the unfriendly wet, *inimicum imbrem*, completely; my bags were quite dry, as well as the coat and waistcoat of one of my

companions, who had no other with him, and had placed them under shelter that he might resume them dry, and performed his walk without, (he being also destitute of an umbrella,) a piece of ingenuity which deserved the reward it met with—that of passing the evening in comfort. The rain fell all day in torrents; it was now hot, now cold; the way was wet and slippery, and we were in great misery.

At Rosenlauibad we found a large inn, that has been lately built for the sake of some natural warm baths, which, as the name implies, are found there. We remained just long enough to get some hot milk, which kept us alive, and which I recommend to all sufferers in the like plight, as an efficient and innocent restorative. We crossed the Scheidegg, an immense pull, passing the Wetterhorn and glaciers; it would have been a fine view, had the day been less abominable, and descended to Grindelwald, where we arrived at half-past four. A foot-bath, dry clothes, a good fire, a fair dinner, and wine, cheered our spirits. Two of us had the advantage of finding every thing prepared; for when we reached the top of the mountain, the third, through natural strength and activity, through impatience of the rain and discomfort, and through a generous desire of emulating the pace of one of the guides, descended with so much rapidity, that he arrived at least an hour before us.

There was a Swiss lady with her husband at dinner: notwithstanding the weather, she was a pedestrian. We all agreed in admiring her pretty open forehead, and her modesty; that without mingling earthly sulkiness with the heavenly grace of modesty—she was modest. In the evening three singing girls attended; they sang several songs agreeably enough,—they were nice modest girls. I cannot think that either the English, French, or Italian language is improved by being uttered with an Irish accent.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.—My guide had very elaborately tied my faithful cloak over my bags, in all respects as I had forbidden and disapproved of the day before: having caused him to alter it, we set out at eight. The day was, if possible, worse than the preceding. We patiently climbed the steep, and, as it then seemed, endless mountain. We took some hot milk in a *chalet* near the top, and descended with great difficulty; the road was remarkably steep, and, by reason of the rain, slippery in the extreme. The country is sublime: had the day been less vile we should have had a noble prospect. We saw several glaciers, and heard the sound of many avalanches, but witnessed the fall of one only. There is abundance of fine pasturage; and as we descended, the beauty, fertility, and richness of the valley increased.

The steepness of the descent for the last part of the journey is surprising. At four o'clock, to our great joy, we came to Lauterbrun, "the clear fountain," and enjoyed the fostering warmth of dry clothes, a wood fire, and a tolerable dinner. My honest cloak continued true to its charge; and having withstood eight hours of incessant and heavy rain, it restored my wardrobe as dry as it had received it. Of many things a man does not know the value until he has been deprived of them for some time; this is peculiarly the case as to his animal heat: when he has been robbed of it for some hours, either by nakedness or wet clothing, and is afterwards permitted to retain quiet possession of it, through the means of sufficient and dry apparel, he congratulates his ribs, and rejoices as to his sides, and especially as to his feet; having exchanged cold, and cruel plungings in mud and water for the maternal tenderness and cherishing of lamb's-wool and dry slippers.

Close to the inn are the falls of the Staubbach, the Dust-beck, or stream of dust: the quantity of water, even after the heavy rains, was small. The height is prodigious, so that the water is broken into dust—whence the name.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.—In the morning it was raining as hard as ever: we devised various schemes; but as it cleared up at noon, we put on our wet shoes and half-dried clothes, and walked three leagues down the pleasant valley: the hills on both sides are high, but covered with pines to the top. There are numerous waterfalls, large and small; it is the valley of waterfalls. The whole scene has a softer aspect than we had been accustomed to of late. We found many persons at the much frequented inn at Interlaken, of various ranks, qualities, and degrees.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17. — After breakfast, about twenty boys, the pupils of some Swiss academy, came into the room with knapsacks and poles; they were, like boys, noisy and restless. With them was the sad usher, of a scholastic aspect,—a man who neither smiles himself, nor causes others to smile,—and who is no doubt esteemed pleasant company when he refrains from tweaking the nose and pulling the ears.

I crossed the Aar by a wooden bridge, and mounted by a walk of slate-gravel, through a wood, to a little eminence, where I found pleasant seats and a fine view. On the opposite side, lofty mountains with pasture and pine-forests to the very tops, except a few which have rocky summits, and one Alp, with a slope of the purest snow. Directly opposite is the valley of Lau-

terbrun, from whence we had issued yesterday, which is soon closed to the eye by mountains of mere rock and snow. To the right is the lake of Thun, to the left that of Brienz, both beautiful; the Aar flows from the one to the other, and passes immediately under my feet. Between the mountains and the lake is a little plain, perhaps a league in length and half a league in breadth; perfectly flat, perfectly green, shaded with fruit and forest trees, and adorned by the small town of Unterseen, and the smaller village of Interlaken: the latter of the synonymes was the site of an abbey, which says, briefly but forcibly, that the situation is pleasant, fertile, and healthy. It is delightful to see such a sweet spot; and were it not for the sake of revisiting one's friends, it would be painful to leave it. I was pleased with the harmonious sounds of the cow-bells; they are exactly tuned, and produce a most agreeable effect. Why is the use of these simple instruments of pastoral music confined to mountainous countries? the inhabitants of the plains are equally sensible to the concord of sweet sounds.

I walked to another hill, where there is a ruined church, which commands a view of the lake of Brienz: the heat was intense, but the grass was wet. I do not admire the Swiss grass; it is not like our green sward, or old sward; it is not turf, upon which it is so delightful to sit, walk, or lie,—it is salad, it consists of

succulent herbs; perhaps it may be more nutritious, better for cattle, and able to produce richer milk, but still it is not turf.

I set out with my two companions to walk to Neuhaus; the distance is a league, the road is flat, the country pleasant, and the day was intensely hot. We passed through Unterseen, a small town of whimsical houses, of which the roofs hang over so far that they almost meet and shade the streets; we saw two persons in different places making sketches of the houses. We reached the boat soon enough to permit us to regale ourselves cheaply and agreeably with some good pears and milk. We were rowed in a public boat by three men; two operated in the English, the other in the Swiss fashion. We were partly annoyed, partly amused, by the offensive manners of a fellow-passenger, a return guide.

The lake of Thun is beautiful, but inferior in all respects to the lake of Lucerne, except in having a noble view of the snowy Alps. In three hours we entered the Aar, which bore us along with a rapid current; we passed a graceful, well-dressed, lady-like person, who was standing on some steps leading to the water; she reminded me of home. Why will men travel? It is good only for restless boys, who do not know what they would be at.

In two minutes more we landed at the Freyhof. We

had proposed to go on to Bern, but we agreed to pass the night at Thun; and we refreshed ourselves after the picturesque scenery and entertainment of the mountains, with an excellent dinner and good wine. Amongst those who afterwards supped at the table d'hôte, were a mother, her son, and two daughters; it was difficult not to look at one of the daughters—in part, because she was handsome—in part, because of the prodigious quantity of fine hair that hung under her bonnet on each side of her face.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.—The Aar rushes with great rapidity through a pleasant valley to Bern; there are public boats, and it is easy to believe that the voyage is agreeable; as we had but little time, we did not venture to tempt the water and incur the possibility of delay; we did not even take an hour to examine the town of Thun, of which the appearance is picturesque; but immediately after an early breakfast, we committed ourselves to one of those covered lateral carriages, that are so inconvenient in all respects, especially as they permit the traveller to see one side of the road only.

There is a story famous in Switzerland, that when Scholasticus visited Geneva, he hired one of these carriages to take him round the lake, and he so ordered his going, or at least his setting out, that he turned his back to the lake all the way, and travelled quite

round without once seeing it: a story that the philosopher Hierocles would have delighted to insert amongst his *Facetiæ*. We were dragged slowly along the road, advancing sideways, like crabs, and at last reached the capital of Switzerland.

I approached this city with great expectation, because I had seen a beautiful panorama—because I had been told, that it is the abode of Swiss beauty, its focus and very centre—and because I had heard all who had visited it repeat, one after another, the most lavish and exaggerated praise. I was disappointed in all respects: the panorama was flattering to an excess—the women were in the streets in their Sunday attire, yet they appeared hard-featured, stern, and rusticated; and the strangers who visit the place, repeat, like parrots, the laud that has originally been bestowed by some innkeeper, or interested inhabitant. The stone arcades, which line the streets on both sides, are solid; they are good against sun and rain; but being low, have a gloomy aspect, especially on a Sunday, when the shops are shut.

I had been furnished with a list of inns for the whole of my journey, so accurate, that I always found the accommodation corresponding exactly with the description; and I seldom departed from my instructions; whenever I did, in compliance with circumstances, or the wishes of others, I always found reason to repent

it. I had been recommended to the Falcon, but I suffered my companions, against my better judgment, to take me to the Crown, a nasty place; perhaps it would have been well, as a matter of curiosity, to have put up at one of the institutions called *Abbayes*, which in some measure resemble the guilds or companies in corporate cities, or our inns of court, if we can imagine that the Benchers would really let furnished lodgings for a few days, like an inn; and that instead of being excluded by oaths, tests, and various formalities, strangers were permitted to dine in the hall, as at a table d'hôte: as I did not visit any of the *Abbayes*, I do not know how they are conducted; but I do not suppose that I should have found at dinner the disgusting abuse of a high table: one party feasting on luxurious fare at the expense of the rest, who were eating, at their own charge, cold and filthy commons.

The fortifications have been wisely turned into a public promenade; it is a pleasant walk. Why do they not employ the men at the gates in rolling the gravel, in sweeping the streets, in any useful employment, rather than in asking for passports?

We visited the only public amusement in the place, the fosses, in which the bears are kept; there were two young bears and two old ones in separate places, open courts, as in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. Persons of all ages and of all ranks, from the counsellor, or

M.P., to the beggar, are never weary of gazing at the animals, and hang over the wall in fond delight; the opulent sometimes spend a halfpenny in pears or gingerbread to throw to the bears. They watch them eating; and if the bears catch a piece of gingerbread in their paws, the happiness of the spectator is complete This is the only notion a Bernois can form of pleasure: when he reads that we soon become tired of pleasure, he understands of feeding bears; a man of pleasure, or a woman of pleasure, is a person who is occupied all day long in throwing gingerbread to bears. Whether the bear be a fit symbol of elegant mirth may, perhaps, be a question; it is certainly amusing to watch the proceedings of animals, more especially of a wild beast. In the evening we visited a sort of raree-show of Swiss views and costumes; when we travel, we go to see persons and things that we would not tolerate at home.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.—We inspected a collection of plaster casts; some paintings of no value; the museum of natural history, which is pretty good, consisting chiefly of the productions of the country, the Alpine hares, the lammergeier and other curious birds; and a tolerably good botanical garden.

The lamb-vulture, or lammergeier, is an inhabitant of the High Alps, and is as fond of lamb as a Jew; he

is a handsome, well-dressed bird, and wears a brown coat and a yellow waistcoat. He forms the connecting link between the vulture and the eagle; his bill is shaped like that of the birds of the former genus, but unlike them his head is not naked, being well covered with feathers like an eagle's. Ornithologists doubt, therefore, whether to arrange this species under the genus *vultur* or *falco*. I had seen a good specimen in the museum of natural history at Strasburg.

After dinner I passed some time in the library, which is very clean and neat, and seems to have some good books, classics as well as others: the librarian, as these people usually are, was a sulky, disobliging fellow. I was permitted, with difficulty, to look at some manuscripts: there were not any of great antiquity or interest; a Prudentius, a Virgil, a Horace, the Koran, and a few others; the rest were chiefly theological.

My observations induced me to think that the inhabitants of this little capital are not on good terms with each other; they dispute about their paltry politics, and quarrel over their base little jobs.

The obliging and learned person who had been my guide throughout the day, conducted me to another promenade which has some good views of the Alps; and also to the bastion near the cathedral, whence I saw the effect of the setting sun upon the Alps, which is

remarkable. I observed some good looking women in the shops, and of a less stern countenance—they reconciled me to Bern.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.—The season for travelling in Switzerland was drawing fast to an end; I was apprehensive that the weather would not permit me to see the great wonder, Mont Blanc: I was not able to spare a day, hardly an hour. I could not afford time to visit the celebrated academy of M. Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, a short distance from Bern; much less to make an excursion to the lakes of Neufchatel and Bienne; and I had been compelled to omit Constance, Basle, and Soleure, for the same reason. Nor was I able to visit Hindelbank, a village at a little distance, celebrated for a work of a Saxon artist, which is said to be as excellent in execution as it is sublime in conception. Why will not one of the innumerable visitors bring us a plaster cast of the pastor's wife, Madame Langhans, rising with her child through the pavement of the church, that the inhabitants of London may learn to revere the genius of the sculptor Nahl?

It is inconvenient to be poor in a rich country—to be rich in a poor country has also its disadvantages; I had experienced them in having too great a quantity of baggage. I had brought with me for a journey of six months, two small bags, so small, that even when an

outside passenger by the mail, the most rapacious book-keeper has never charged me any thing for extra baggage or over-weight, yet in Switzerland they were too much; it was difficult to find a place for them in the incommodious carriages; and when on foot it needed a whole guide to carry them, and a guide forms the chief expense of travelling in this country. It is a culpable singularity, where others are contented with one coat, to have two; I therefore purchased a small knapsack, and sent my superfluities to Geneva by the carrier. I soon found the benefit of having abridged my baggage, not only in the diminished expenditure, as one-half or one-third of a guide was now sufficient, but in the freedom from anxiety: my knapsack was impervious to the rain; and the trouble of packing, which had never been great, was now reduced to its minimum.

He who would travel agreeably, would perhaps do well to reduce his luggage to two Swiss knapsacks (if one would not possibly suffice); one of them will hold conveniently a suit of clothes and a small paper case; the other, whatever is necessary in addition to the three or four shirts, and the remainder of linen in due proportion: linen can always be washed in a very short time, and clothes can be purchased in every country as fine and as well-made as they are worn by the first people in that country; and if it be thought necessary to be dressed as well, it certainly is superfluous to be

better dressed. The chief expense and the chief anxiety arise from the transport of baggage: the traveller who can carry his all in his own hands, if it be only for ten yards, is free; the charm that would bind him is broken, and an exemption from the slavery of packing and unpacking is cheaply bought at any price.

In one respect I carried my love of lightness too far: on this occasion, I did not take with me either great-coat or cloak. It is unwise to travel without one of these comforts, especially in a mountainous country; an umbrella alone is not a sufficient defence against rain; and the exposure to cold when heated is painful and dangerous: a great-coat, or cloak, may be rolled into a small volume and strapped upon the top of the knapsack.

The Teutonic tyrants who have at present military occupation of the north of Italy, are so conscious of their weakness, and acknowledge, with so much frankness—that it is the duty of all other nations to assist in turning them out—that they will not permit a stranger to enter the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, unless his passport has been signed by an Austrian minister. I complied with this form at Bern, and sent my passport to the ambassador, that his master, the great Cæsar, might have due notice of my intention to enter the Milanese; lest I should rush upon his troops unexpectedly from the height of the Semplon, and clear

Italy of its oppressors with my umbrella: so great is the cowardice of tyranny!

Of course there was some delay in procuring this signature; whether it was occasioned by the stupid servants at the Crown, or by the more stupid legate of the most stupid emperor, I cannot determine; it cost us some time and some expressions of impatience. Having at last obtained the German inscription on my muniment, we, being three in number, ascended a lateral carriage, and sidled along to Thun, where we dined at the table d'hôte. We changed our vehicle for a char of a more simple and common construction; a small light waggon, with two seats, hung, one behind the other, upon such straps as we see in a butcher's cart; we proceeded towards Kandersteg.

The valley near Thun is beautiful; as we advanced and penetrated into it, it became more wild, but not less agreeable. Half way we took some bad coffee, at an inauspicious house, for which we paid as much as at the best coffee-house in Paris. At a short distance was a ruined castle, and a gallows was standing near it. The lovely moon lighted up the glaciers, and made our long ascent delightful, although the night was cold. It was somewhat late when we reached the inn at Kandersteg; the moonlight scene from the gallery of the inn was calm, still, and not easily to be forgotten.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.—We found at the breakfast table the upper half of a man in ordinary black clothes, but the lower half had trunk hose like a Dutch skipper. We admired him for some time. Being spoken with in German, he confessed that he was about to write a new Swiss Guide; he blamed the present authors openly, because they had not seen this, and that, and the other; and perhaps, secretly, because they had seen things, like tailors, in tight pantaloons, which cramp the imagination, whilst he had plenty of room for his fancy to play in; at least, if his theory agreed with his practice; for as he did not say any thing concerning the extraordinary capacity of his hose, this is mere conjecture. Nor is the theory irrational; for if a full-bottomed wig be essential to the sound exercise of the judicial functions; by analogy, a pair of full-bottomed unutterables may be necessary to the healthy and unbiassed performance of topographical duties. I do not blame his harmless eccentricity; the world is indebted to any man who will take the trouble to deviate from the beaten track, even in the cut of his garments.

That eccentricity is a good thing, and beneficial to the public, is evident from this, that an eccentric character is always odious to, and spoken ill of, by the priests; who are unanimous in the opinion, that the abuses by which they degrade true religion and exalt

themselves, can only subsist so long as men blindly adhere, without change or investigation, to the ancient prejudices and practices of superstition.

We heard from the gentleman in the full dress, of a little lonely lake in the neighbourhood, into which three or four waterfalls cast themselves from high rocks: we would gladly have visited it. Willingly would we have paused also in order to get by heart, as it were, the surrounding scene: but I was hurried on by my destiny, which required either that I should see the most wonderful objects in nature and in art in rapid succession, and as if in a dream, or not at all; I thankfully chose the former alternative; because, although no one will affirm that a man may see Rome fully in a week, yet no one will deny that, even in a week, more may be seen than if the traveller never sets his foot within the eternal city.

We walked slowly up the mountain; it is wild and steep: and reached at noon a little inn in a desert of rocks. The people leave this inhospitable place in the winter. We quenched our thirst with wine and water, and reposed ourselves for a short time in a dismal room, which had been the theatre of a barbarous murder, when all the family were out except a girl: she was slain by three Italian soldiers. They were not punished; a fact by no means creditable to the government. If the number of the wretches was known,

that they were Italians and soldiers, surely all the rest might have been discovered. All men, whilst they join in execrating monsters capable of such deeds, must blame the lukewarmness of a conceited government, which neglected to bring the murderous ravishers to punishment.

Here we found a pedestrian who was returning home, a professor of Soleure; he kindly promised to show his most ancient and interesting city to such of our party as should visit it. After some more climbing, and having passed a lake, and found a mass of snow by the side of it, we reached the top of the Gemmi. The desert is steep, almost perpendicular; we saw Leukerbad below; it seemed as if we could have jumped down into the town.

It is a surprising thing that any road has been made on the side of so steep a mountain. The traverses are not cut like steps on the side of the mountain, as at other passes; they are actually hollowed, like caves, out of the precipices; you pass, therefore, directly below the rock upon which you have walked before, and which hangs over your head; and you descend thus many times in succession, in the same perpendicular plane, as in the stair-case of a house. They say that mules travel this way; it is almost necessary to see them in order to believe it. The mountains are of slate, and of picturesque forms; but slate wants the

beauty, the solidity, the durability, the eternity of granite.

Our guide kept his little dog all the day in a string, that he might not chace the hares. The game is the property of the government; and if the dog were to kill one, his master would be fined: had the dog been at liberty, there would not have been much reason to fear the consequences, because hares are extremely scarce; and if they were not, the poor animal did not appear to have those killing ways that would make them so.

We had laughed at Blotzheim for saying in his Guide-book that we should hear no other sounds than the howling of wolves; however, when we came to Leuker-bad, we saw the skins of thirteen wolves that had been killed in the neighbourhood, stuffed with straw, and hanging under the projecting eaves of a house.

The season for bathing being over, we found that the principal inn was shut: we went to a smaller hotel called *La Croix*, which is a filthy place; the people were civil, but the dinner and wine were detestable. We bathed in the warm bath. It was comfortable and uncomfortable; that is to say, after extreme fatigue and heat, the warm water was pleasant; but a common bath and a common dressing-room are always odious. When the water rises at the fountain, it is so hot that the hand cannot bear it; but when it has been some

time in the bath, the temperature is agreeable. Men and women bathe together: from the long list of fines, it should seem that the visitors are not remarkably delicate. They are oddly apportioned: for bathing without a shirt or shift the fine is two francs; but for talking on religious subjects in the bath, it is ten francs.

We chatted with a good-looking girl, who was at supper. She wore the Valaisine hat: a pretty little straw hat, with a low crown and broad brim, trimmed round the crown with ribbands, and worn on one side. She spoke with great glee of the pleasures of the bath. She said that people remain in it for eight hours; that they go there at a very early hour, breakfast in the water, placing the cups and plates upon a board which floats before them, and serves for a table. That a favourite pastime, which was prohibited by a fine that was not always exacted, was the squirting water at each other. She showed us how to place three fingers of the one hand together, so as to make a little hole, through which, by pressing both hands together, the water was squirted out. In discussing the proper mode of using an egg in tea, as a substitute for milk, a stranger betrayed himself to be a stray apothecary, by saying, familiarly, in these wilds, "Make an electuary."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.—It rained heavily in the night. Mademoiselle in the Valaisine hat was hurrying to church, it being the feast of St. Maurice; but she came into the room to be admired by daylight, as we were at breakfast. We asked whether she liked the church as well as the bath? She answered, ingenuously, "No." Whether they squirted water there? "Yes; but in quite a different fashion."

In the rain, with pinching new shoes and in a stewing heat, I walked with my two companions to Leuk. It is an ugly little town, but well situated on a hill. I saw for the first time father Rhone, and duly saluted him; here his waters are white, and he lays waste the fields far and near. We got a rude char at Leuk, and the most inefficient horse I ever saw. The driver forgot his whip, and we could not get a good stick; there was no hard wood, nothing but pines, which broke in pieces at the first emphatic stroke; but we found in the carriage a large strap, which we fastened at the end of a stick and made a kind of whip; with this we smacked and thwacked him, and made him kick up his heels, and then run for two or three feet. At last, by the perseverance and incredible exertion of the crew, we reached Sion. In the way, we robbed a vineyard of some fine grapes, which were not quite ripe; we bought some others of a woman that were excellent. They deceive us who say that no good

grapes can be grown except in the hot-house. To the taste the grape seems not to contain much more sugar than other fruits; we must judge of it from the stickiness it imparts to the fingers, when as ripe as those which we purchased.

I saw for the first time some women riding astride; I cannot think that the back of a horse is a fit place for a woman, most certainly not when riding astride; one was a pretty girl, and had a sweet modest look; but I was sorry to see her delicate little feet hanging down, one on each side of the saddle.

At Sion we had dinner, and some detestable muscatel wine; this was not fair in a country where such fine grapes are grown. We procured a better carriage, and continued our journey, for the greater part of the way, through the cold and dark. I heard at a village on the way such sweet-sounding and pretty bells, that every one who hears them must wish that they were the bells of his own parish-church. The weather had cleared up at Leuk, and the evening was beautiful. We warmed and refreshed ourselves with some coffee, some fine honey-comb, and some more grapes, at the Tower at Martigny; and observing that an Italian lady, not very old, had entered in the book her own name, that of her daughter, and a young man, as her secretary, we were wicked enough to laugh at the entry; at

the private secretary, *e secretis*—at Mr. Secretary for the home department.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.—At half-past eight we mounted three mules, and rode slowly through the pleasant valley of the Drance, on a beautiful morning, to Alleve, where we dined well, and washed down some thrushes with wine of Yvorne. A short distance from Alleve, we saw a fine eagle soaring below us; and unless we were deceived by the magnitude of surrounding objects, it was near enough to be within shot. In various parts of the Valais we met with wooden crosses, not small and symbolical, but sufficiently large and strong to serve for the execution of the hypocritical rascals who erected them. They are all dated; the time of their erection is within these few years; some of them are ornamented with a thing like a piece of a door-mat; they are the work of a set of worthless, remorseless ruffians, who, like our ranting methodists, preach fanaticism, and eat up the poor.

In the dining room at Alleve was framed a paper printed in the manner of a play-bill, in large, larger, and largest letters, which contained some of the blasphemous stuff of these wretches. In the largest letters were these words: "Veillez continuellement! Priez sans cesse!" In order to try the temper of the maid-

servant, they were parodied thus in her presence: "Mangez continuellement! Buvez sans cesse! Embrassez continuellement! Baisez sans cesse!" She was so much entertained at this, that she was obliged to leave the room to have her laugh out. She at least had escaped the contagion. After two hours of repose we mounted our mules, and continued our ascent: the country soon became steep, rocky, and dreary. For the last hour and a half the cold was intense; the icy north wind pierced to our bones. I took my frozen feet out of the stirrups to reanimate them, and warmed my hands in my bosom.

When we reached the convent of St. Bernard at half-past five, we found that the snow had covered the stones and wood, which had been brought for enlarging the building, and raising it a story; it had whitened the wood-heap; and in mounting the steps at the door, our cold feet trod upon the fresh snow. We were conducted, trembling with cold, to three dreary bed-rooms, but we soon returned to the refectory, where was a stove. We conversed with two or three of the monks respecting the last gossip of the newspapers. One of them kept repeating some cowardly stuff about Ferdinand of Spain; and attempted to justify him for breaking his promises, because they were extorted under fear of death; and he often said, "If I were in fear of my life I would promise anything, or do anything." These

holy men appeared to take great interest in Ferdinand. The love of life is a strange thing; the life of a monk, and of a monk who is condemned to live in this frightful waste, appears so precious in his own eyes, that it ought to be preserved, not only at any honest price, but at the price of any baseness.

At half-past six supper was served; it was a meagre day; and meagre, most meagre, and truly lean, was the supper.; that it was scanty and bad, the situation, poverty, or a taste for spiritual food alone, will be a sufficient excuse; but nothing can excuse the abominable filthiness that made every thing ghastly. In justice to the disinterested sobriety of the society, I must add that the wine was by far the most vile I ever tasted. There were no strangers but ourselves; the table was filled by a number of dull, dirty brethren; all but two or three were extremely young. They were very civil, and offered me medicine for my cough, which I declined; for I felt assured that, if to be nauseous is to be healing, their kitchen physic alone would bring health, and their wine was the elixir of life and immortality.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.—I was awakened at six o'clock by the organ, and by voices singing in the church; these services are always interesting, and I should have been glad to have been present at them in

such a remarkable place; but before I had dressed myself all was hushed. I met my companions in the refectory: we were animated by a common desire to quit this dreary spot. After an indifferent breakfast, we entreated one of the monks to show us the wonders. He conducted us to the church; we saw there, in the room of one of the side altars, the monument of Desaix; it has been too much praised. The monk spoke of it with a tone and look, as if he would like to remove it, and to restore the altar.

We saw five large dogs; these celebrated animals are not like Newfoundland dogs, or the dog which is stuffed in the museum of natural history at Bern, a predecessor of the present kennel, but they resemble large mastiffs; they are exactly like lionesses, but were very tame, and were pleased with attention, and by some of the party putting their hands into their mouths, and they did not abuse this piece of confidence. We peeped into the dead-house; an outhouse, in which the bodies of persons who die here are placed; they are frozen, and consequently do not decay, but they are not in good preservation: not to be compared with those in the vault at the Kreutzberg near Bonn. They were not very offensive; indeed I thought that the dead were much less disagreeable than the living members of this institution.

When we returned to the refectory, I asked a greasy

youth, who was pretending to read a book in Latin, which was entitled a Sum of Theology, (but it treated of the canon law, and chiefly of testaments,) to show me the library. He said that the librarian was not at home: that the key could not be found. I had heard that there are some Roman antiquities in the library, but I believe nothing of importance. We advanced with reluctance a few yards, such was our impatience to be gone, to look at the gloomy building, at the dreary Tarn or lake, in which no fish will live, which is frozen the greatest part of the year, and even covered with an immense mass of snow; at the snowy rocks and desolation. It is a dead nature: a skeleton compared to a living body: the dead-house of the world contrasted with an assembly of the young and beautiful. I am inclined to think that this institution is a piece of religious quackery. The accounts they gave of persons saved were vague, and savoured of the tales in the breviary; whatever was effected was done, not by the monks, but by the servant of the convent. He with his dogs sought for travellers; and if he assisted any one, the monks cheerfully took upon themselves the credit, or at most sung a psalm of thanksgiving in the chapel, or by the fireside. If a few lives are really saved, it is good; but this good might be done by a few peasants; by a fifth part of the number, at a fiftieth part of the expense, and with a five hun-

dredth part of the fuss. The brave peasants would be in better heart too, and better able to withstand the cold, as they could be kept warm at night by their wives, and would not be constrained to live in unnatural society. The laudatory stuff that travellers, English and French, write in the book, which the fathers keep for the purpose, is most disgusting. The world might be searched in vain for a collection of nonsense equally nauseous. Having paid liberally for our scurvy entertainment, we mounted our mules at half-past eight, and with joy descended the steep and stony path. We had eaten all the thrushes at Alleve the day before; but a bottle of Yvorne was peculiarly acceptable after the potations which the holy men had indulged us with in the upper air. After dinner we saw at the door of the inn an old capuchin; he looked like an old mountain goat. The people seemed not indisposed to laugh at his hairy reverence.

We reached Martigny at six; I was not sorry to dismount. It is inconceivable how any creature that walked (in a trot all things are possible) could be so uneasy as my mule. It must have come into the world for a great end, and was doubtless produced to fulfil some ancient prophecy of the country; the beast must have been long foretold, and predicted in the olden time. His name shall be called the Wrench, and he shall be the aversion of all nations. I consoled

myself, however, as I was jolted along, with the reflection, that at worst, they can only split a man in two, like a walnut. If I had an enemy, which, thank heaven, I have not, I would have him ride this mule for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. The editor of the John Bull, for his execrable attacks upon women, ought to be condemned to ride him for evermore, about the roads and lanes of purgatory.

The mule notwithstanding, it was a great relief and consolation to exchange gradually the stern horrors of the morning for cheerful nature and the genial warmth of a lovely evening; naked granite rock, without any perceptible traces of vegetation, for woods and meadows; to descend from silence and death to the songs of birds, and the humming of insects, and to life; to have quitted in the morning eternal ice and freshly-fallen snow, and to find in the evening trees bowed down with apples and pears, and vines covered with ripe grapes; nor were we displeased to observe that the clouds were in their proper places, not beneath our feet, but floating high above our heads. We refreshed ourselves with coffee and the same accompaniments as on Thursday night; and, having planned the operations of the morrow, we were glad to sleep away our fatigue in a less unkind temperature, and a less fetid atmosphere.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.—Having accomplished the prophecy, I discarded the Wrench, and procured another mule. Our party climbed a steep hill, on the side of which I remarked, for the first time, native larches; the young ones were growing from the old stools; the old were fine picturesque trees. Here I also observed two shepherdesses; one held the other's head on her knees, and was busied in searching it. From their serious, determined air, I suspected that it was a war of extermination, and that they gave no quarter. The road by the Tête Noire is very fine. The mules were not permitted to pass the frontier, because there was an infectious disease amongst them. In the first book of the Iliad, it is said that the plague, which Apollo sent upon the Greeks, to avenge the wrongs of his prophet Chryses, first attacked the mules:

"On mules and dogs the infection first began;
And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man."

Ουρηας μεν πρωτον επψχετο, και κυνας αργες·

—if the mules, and not the guards, were the first victims—for this appears to have been a doubt in the time of Aristotle, which he thus expresses in his Poetics:

Τα δε προς την λεξιν ὁρωντα δει διαλυειν· ὁιον, γλωττῃ

Ουρηας μεν πρωτον.

Ισως γαρ ου τους ἡμιονους λεγει, αλλα τους φυλακας.

The critic could not comprehend how the mules could be more subject to the pestilence, and sooner af-

fected by it than the men; he conjectures, therefore, that the word ὠρῆας signifies, not mules, but guards and persons on the outposts, or "nightly sentinels," referring, most probably, to a verse in the tenth Iliad,

Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel?
Ηε τιν' ὠρηων διζημενος, η τιν' ἑταιρων·

However it may have been in the time of the Trojan war; an infectious disease had this summer seized upon the mules, without advancing upon men, or even upon dogs, whether they were white, idle, or swift, or had two, or even all three, of these qualities.

Having left our mules at the frontier, in obedience to the quarantine laws, we carried our knapsacks ourselves to the village of Valorsine, where we procured some milk; whilst we were drinking it at the door of a cottage, the people gathered round us through curiosity. We entered into conversation with them, and asked some women in jest to carry our knapsacks, and we fastened them upon the backs of three pretty girls, who took us at our word, and carried them in good earnest to Chamouni. The day was very hot, and our female guides walked very fast; it created some sensation in all the villages through which we passed, to see three foreign gentlemen and three pretty girls in their Sunday clothes carrying their knapsacks. We had some conversation with our fair companions about their families and occupations, and the news of the village; and concerning

the priest, who, they said, played the tyrant sadly, and domineered over them; and who would not permit them to wear bonnets, or finery of any sort, or to dance. When we reached Chamouni, our new mode of travelling caused much astonishment and many inquiries: the consequential gentlemen who condescend to officiate as regular guides, did not relish this irregular interference with their functions; and as soon as our backs were turned, they packed off the three chaste Valorsinians with a flea in their respective ears, as the saying is. Nor did my fair countrywomen judge charitably, or even justly, of the proceeding; they passed severe censures on it, and lectured away to the right and to the left, for the remainder of the day: one of them said, that the women of the country would do any thing for money; that, if they were paid, they would carry us like mules, which appeared to me neither improbable nor impossible. The simple Swiss people, as they call themselves, are the most mercenary of mankind.

We dined tolerably well at a large table d'hôte: we had some of the flesh of the chamois, which, perhaps, when in a proper state and well dressed, may be agreeable food; this specimen had been kept too long, and had been steeped in vinegar; and to my taste was not good. I had much conversation with a Polish gentleman, who told me that his countrymen are fond of flowers and of gardening; that I should find many

good greenhouses and English gardens at Warsaw; (I thought that I should never go there to look for them;) that our popular works have been translated into the Polish language; that they have also some original compositions; especially a tragedy, which is greatly esteemed. I made many fruitless attempts to catch the name. I was so happy as to find some English friends, and to enjoy in the evening the greatest of all luxuries, plenty of good tea made by English ladies. It was a clear moon-light night: the view of the snowy mountains, and of their king, Mont Blanc, was an imposing spectacle.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.—I walked up the valley to the Sources of the Arveron; the river rises under a glacier. I had already seen the same thing on the Susten; the river which flows through the valley of Meyringen, issues from beneath the glacier called the Steinen. I should have been much struck with the Sources; the Arveron and the glacier here are somewhat larger than the other river and the Steinen; but they are exaggerated to such a flagrant excess in descriptions and views, that the reality of course falls far short of the expectation; and it is unfortunately not only in this respect that the gratification of strangers is poisoned at those places which are regularly organized as shows; for the visitor is not permitted by the torment of guides to ex-

amine in peace, and to make his own calm reflections on what he sees. We had escaped the conceited ignorance of guides by setting out alone; but when we passed through the village near the Sources, we were assailed by troops of children, boys and girls; and in spite of all we could say or do, they followed us, and kept urging continually their noisy pretensions to conduct us: it appears to me that the first idea which enters the head of a young Swiss, is, how he shall become a mercenary, in what manner he shall let himself for hire. After we had contemplated the rising of the Arveron, my companion declared that he was fatigued and could do no more that day.

I was anxious so ascend Montanvert; two little girls of ten or eleven years of age insisted on showing me the way; we began to climb the side of the mountain; they tormented me so much, that I soon proposed a contract which is not unfrequently made with females of a more advanced age; I begged them to tell me how much they would take to go away and leave me to myself; they were not unreasonable in their demands; I paid them the sum required, they wished me a good day, and ran home. I continued to climb the mountain by a path where persons often descend, but where no one attempts to ascend; the heat was intense, the sun shone upon the side of the mountain with prodigious force; it was so steep that I had the greatest

difficulty in advancing; at last, with infinite trouble and fatigue, I completed my arduous enterprise; I got into the usual road, and soon afterwards came to the châlet. I found a pedestrian on his return from the Garden; he was looking over the book of names for an illustrious inscription, which he could not find; and refreshing himself with some wood-strawberries, which he bruised with sugar, and poured water upon them; I followed his example, and quenched my thirst after my enormous efforts.

I then descended upon the Sea of Ice, the Mer de Glace, and advanced as far upon it as time would allow; the cracks and fissures, many yards in depth, show the vast thickness of the snow; such a prodigious accumulation is really wonderful: the uneven surface resembles waves, but as the whole is a sloping mass between two mountains, the name, Sea of Ice, is not well chosen, which is only applicable to a plain, and not to the side of a hill, however extensive. I regretted that I could not continue my walk to what is called the Garden, a green spot, in spring adorned with Alpine flowers, in the midst of a desert of snow; but the day was drawing to a close: as my companions had not known their own minds, I had not set out until late; I was compelled therefore, with reluctance, to return. I was so much fatigued by climbing the steep path, that I could hardly keep my feet. I returned

to Chamouni by the usual road by which the mules ascend; and arrived in the dusk, at the conclusion of dinner, to the great joy of my companions, who began to doubt concerning my safety.

The Swiss scenery is without doubt wonderful, but too vast to be beautiful; the naked rocks suggest no other ideas than those of misery and desolation, as well as the valleys wasted by the fury of the torrents; there are no other trees than the gigantic pines; their colour is not cheerful, their forms are ugly, and many being broken or prostrated by the avalanches, present a picture of terror and ruin.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.—We would gladly have made the tour of Mont Blanc; we would have seen the White Mountain on the south side, where I am told it is less white and more precipitous, and we would have visited the interesting city of Aosta; but the season was late, and my short time was to be devoted to objects of still greater importance.

That we might see as much of Mont Blanc as possible, we agreed to ascend the Brevent. One of our party was disabled by a severe cold, the baron and myself mounted mules, and with a guide we commenced our upward journey.

I found the ascent so steep that I quitted my mule, and continued my course as quickly and more plea-

santly on foot. Some men passed us who were going to hunt marmots in these mountains. At a châlet we were obliged to leave the mules, as the rest of the mountain is so steep that it can only be climbed on foot; my companion did not feel equal to such an exertion, he therefore promised to wait for me at the châlet. I was unwilling to return, having executed half only of what I had proposed; I accordingly continued the ascent with the guide. The remainder of the way is excessively steep—in many places difficult, consisting of crumbling earth, of loose or precipitous rocks; the granite slate is surprisingly hard, so sharp and so sonorous, that it is almost metallic. The summit of the mountain is gained by two narrow and nearly perpendicular passages, very aptly named the Chimneys; they are by no means easy of ascent, and have at least the appearance of danger. I descended to the châlet with as much difficulty as I had experienced in ascending; and I consoled my friend for his tedious delay and long expectation, by assuring him, that there was little more to be seen where I had been, than from the point where he had remained. We returned slowly by the same rocky road; the day was not favourable on the whole; yet it was sufficiently clear by snatches to convince us, that, on the finest day, the view of Mont Blanc from the summit is not worth the high price of this most fatiguing expedition. A

better sight of the sloping fields of snow near the summit, and indeed of the whole mountain, may be had from the Brevent, than below in the valley; but the same object, as I afterwards discovered, may be attained not only more conveniently, but also more effectually, by going to a greater distance from the foot of Mont Blanc.

In every part of Switzerland you see fine children. As we returned to Chamouni, we observed, on entering the village, a family of five—so handsome, so healthy, with such an intelligent and honest look, that it was impossible not to covet them; we both agreed in thinking that goodly array, if the means of maintaining them in tolerable comfort were not wanting, was a most enviable possession. It is usual with English travellers to publish in their works, or to leave behind them in the books at the inns, extravagant panegyrics on their guides; of the guides of others I cannot pretend to judge; but concerning the persons who conducted me, I was often disposed to think, that it would be extremely difficult to find more ignorant or more conceited blockheads.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.—We left Chamouni in a char, passing and observing the fine glacier of Bossons; in some parts the road was rough and bad, but in general it was good. We rode through a country

which was always pleasant—in some places beautiful, especially where the valley is narrow; just before we crossed the river, near the village of Servoz, and where we saw a pretty little animal run up a tree, the black squirrel; it is a variety of the common squirrel. We were glad to find the vine again, and we were not sorry that the grapes were ripe. The Arve is mischievous, it will not flow quietly in its bed; its waters, therefore, waste the valley.

At St. Martin we had a good dinner in a comfortable inn. The view of Mont Blanc from the bridge is celebrated, and is really fine, much better than from Chamouni, which is not sufficiently distant to allow the higher parts to be seen advantageously; here the top, or *cime*, is well defined, and the peculiar and characteristic form of the mountain is marked out, so as to afford a good profile. When the whole of what is usually white is tinged of a delicate rose colour, which is the case at sunset and for some time after, and as the shades of evening prevail, the parts which are thus lighted up gradually diminish upwards, until the highest top is alone pink, and at last even that ceases to reflect the departed sun—the spectacle is not less remarkable than lovely. We were so fortunate as to enjoy a serene and cloudless evening, and we watched the changes from the bridge with much pleasure. As we stood gazing upon the mountain, it was impossible

not to feel and to express some desire to ascend it, or at least to climb, until it became difficult and painful to advance further, if it were only to obtain a clear idea of the impediments which are found, and of the great distance: yet it would be an useless labour, unnecessary fatigue, and a risk, without object, of falling into a chasm of ice, or of breaking a limb: the honour of having stood on the top is only desirable for those who cannot hope to obtain celebrity in any other way; and as several adventurous persons reach the summit every summer, there are so many sharers in the glory, that when it comes to be divided, the portion of each is but small.

For the first daring adventurers we feel respect, and read their narratives with pleasure and interest: every one is familiar with the stories of former failures; how the guide, James Balma, who had made the attempt with several of his companions, by the accident of being benighted alone more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, was able to approach nearer than any of his percursors; how from extreme fatigue and intense cold he suffered a severe indisposition; how he was restored to health by Dr. Paccard, and in gratitude to his physician he conducted him to the summit of Mont Blanc; that at six in the afternoon of Tuesday the 8th of August, in the year 1786, they triumphed; and these two persons trod on a spot of

ground which no one had trodden before, even on the granitic top of Mont Blanc. The next year, as is well known, Monsieur De Saussure, with a large body of guides and with philosophical instruments, made a successful and scientific visit to the summit. The narrative of his ascent is replete with interest. One of the most striking of his observations is, that he remarked on the summit two butterflies on the wing. These winged caterpillars, which seem formed to pass only from flower to flower in gardens and sunny valleys, can fly fearlessly in pursuit of their loves over the loftiest mountain peaks and amongst eternal snows, that are haunted only by the ibex and the chamois, and can descend again to revel amongst nature's choicest delicacies, in sweet scenes that the mountain herds dare not visit: so well have the wise ancients chosen this volatile insect as a fit emblem for the soul of man.

We had walked to Salenche; it is a gloomy old town —the houses are remarkable; at the top of the inhabited floors, and immediately under the roof, is a large lofty space, open at the sides like a hay-barn, where they stow hay, straw, and wood, and hang clothes to dry; it must be a great convenience, especially in a rainy climate. We found the cathedral open, and walked in; it is a barbarous, strange, half-handsomish building, with a wooden floor.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.—We were slowly dragged in our char through a pleasant country, still following the unruly Arve as he goes to join his waters with the more unruly Rhône. Near Magland, and near the road, is a cascade; we gazed a short time at the water falling from an overhanging and lofty rock. We remained some time at Bonneville to rest our horses; we could not find any sights, and remember the dull little town only as having received us inhospitably with a bad dinner and crude muddy wine.

The Swiss use tin much externally for spouts and all the purposes to which we apply lead; I presume it is cheaper, it is certainly much lighter. We saw the spires of village churches covered with this metal, that is, with the thin plates of iron covered with tin of which our tea-kettles are constructed: they are not ugly, and when the sun shines upon the metal, its lustre may be seen a great way. They illustrate the discovery of a learned German mathematician, who by having mirrors placed so as to reflect the light of the sun, can see the illumined object at an incredible distance; and by this device the philosopher facilitates his trigonometrical surveys. Tin plate is much used to cover buildings in Canada, and particularly at Quebec.

I had heard Geneva vehemently abused as a city; in driving through the streets I found them better than I had expected. Some foolish people at the gate asked

for our passports. We passed through the city to the Secheron, where we found that our baggage had been duly sent from Bern; and I procured a room, from which I could contemplate the lovely Leman Lake, and view Mont Blanc, which I now looked upon as an old friend, for travellers soon make acquaintances and form intimacies. I pleased myself also with the reflection, that I should now enjoy a few days of at least comparative repose, for in truth, I was weary of climbing mountains.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.—After breakfast I walked to Geneva to inquire for my letters; this was one of my points of communication with England: there is always at least as much pain as pleasure in receiving letters, especially when at a distance from home; and I was full of apprehension lest I should be awaked from the immediate cares of savage life to the more remote cares of civilized society; lest the thread of my travels should be abruptly snapped; lest I should be recalled to resume the ordinary duties and occupations of life. As a member of the community, a citizen of one's native land, anxieties are various, extensive, and complicated; as a stranger in a foreign and wild country, they are simple, whether a bed and food are to be procured; whether the sun will scorch, whether the rain will wet, or the cold annoy. It was a great

satisfaction to read that all were well, and that nothing had occurred that could interrupt my plans.

I found the city of Geneva tolerably stirring, and I saw some pretty, smiling girls in the shops. An old traveller writes: "The conversation of the ladies is no where so innocent and improving as at Geneva." If this remark be correct, it is no small recommendation to the place. The same traveller writes also: "Geneva has some peculiar ordinances concerning matrimony.—A woman of forty years of age cannot marry a man who is ten years younger than herself: if above forty, her choice is confined to five years younger. A man above sixty is not to marry a woman who is not at least above half that age. A widow must remain such six months before she can alter her condition. In this point a man is not limited to any particular time; but, however, he is enjoined to wait a reasonable time, with this singular addition, which is not found in other laws: 'Tant pour obvier au scandale, que pour montrer qu'il a senti la main de Dieu:' *i. e.* Both to obviate scandal, and to show that he hath felt the hand of God." The ingenious traveller does not inform us how long or how short a time was then considered reasonable; or what would have been the effect of a certificate under the hand and seal of the widower, declaring solemnly, that he was very happy with his late wife, and that he felt her loss as the severe affliction of a chastening

hand. It is impossible to doubt that such a document would have obviated much of the scandal, which would otherwise have accrued from an early second marriage. Whatever may be the shackles that love is still doomed to wear at Geneva, it is certainly free as to these points; and an old lady, if she can, may marry a boy with impunity.

The arcades of wood, which reach to the top of the houses, are peculiar, and have a good effect; they are less gloomy than the stone arches at Bern, and advance much farther into the street; in rain they are convenient, as I experienced; but this Arcadia must make the houses dull. Many shops are kept by females; by Julie this, La Veuve that, Les Sœurs the other.

I called on many persons to whom I had letters of introduction, and received various civilities; I found one ingenious person in the act of reading the seventh and last number of the Westminster Review: the spirit of that work cannot be displeasing to the free citizens of a republican government.

There is a spot at a short distance from this city which affords interesting and melancholy recollections, and serves to make of universal application, and to take away all exceptions from an observation of a Greek and a soldier, which in the fourth century was at least extensively applicable. The Pagan historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, says: "No wild beasts are such

enemies to man, as the greater part of Christians are deadly to one another."—"Nullas infestas hominibus bestias, ut sunt sibi ferales plerique Christianorum." —Lib. ii. c. 5. I mean the spot where the unfortunate Spanish physician, Michael Servetus, was burned alive on the 27th of October, in the year 1553, by the stupid and bigoted magistrates of Geneva, and that celebrated reformer and brutal monster John Calvin. For the purpose of demonstrating how far the folly and wickedness of men have gone, and to deter us from being brought back to the same state of degradation in which the human mind then was, and to which many labour most assiduously to reduce it, it would be desirable to rescue from forgetfulness the history of the transaction, and to show what were the articles of accusation against this learned person; who, it is said, half discovered the circulation of the blood, that is, he found that the whole mass of blood circulates through the lungs. I have read that the charges were not confined to his anti-trinitarian notions, but some of them were most extraordinary. He had said in the preface to his edition of Ptolemy's Geography, that "Judæa has been falsely cried up for beauty, richness, and fertility, since those who have travelled in it have found it poor, barren, and utterly devoid of pleasantness." They accused him, therefore, of contradicting Moses, who has described that country as a land flowing with

milk and honey, the glory of all lands. Would the furious Calvin have burnt a traveller, who had incautiously published, that he found the stream of the brook Kedron, when it was not dry, was neither of honey nor of milk, but of water?

In the evening I assisted at a party in the house of an old maid; my eager desire to see every thing in a foreign land had screwed up my courage to this pitch of desperate daring. It was a close and not unsuccessful imitation of an English rout; indeed four-fifths of the company were English; women and boys; there were many whist tables, and a large party at a round game: it was as dull as any thing of the kind could be, even in England; and except that the tea was served in coffee-cups, (a misapplication of those utensils that would have convulsed a body of English tea-drinkers with horror,) it was quite perfect. In the midst of these calm and pure joys, I was informed that it was near eleven; I was obliged to run to the gate, and to disburse three half-pence for permission to quit the town.

The liberals wish to knock down the fortifications, but the admirers of ancient usages keep them up; some inconvenience attends the practice of shutting the gates; yet there is a good in all things, and the salutary habit of keeping early hours is thus unintentionally enforced. The taxes in the canton of Geneva amount, as I was informed, to about a Napoleon a

head: I presume that persons who often pass the gates in the evening, contribute something more to the exigencies of the state.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1.—We passed many country houses in walking by a pleasant road into France. Although many of my fair country-women had assured me that there was no pleasure in visiting the house of such a man as Voltaire, I felt much pleasure in viewing the apartments of the modern Lucian at Ferney. I was glad to find, for the sake of its former owner, that the house was handsome, and pleasantly situated in an agreeable country, amidst vineyards, gardens, and pleasure-grounds. The heart of Voltaire, which had been placed in an urn in his bed-room, was sacrilegiously removed when the estate was sold, so that the former part of the inscription, which still remains—"Son cœur est ici, son esprit est partout," is rendered false: the latter part is strikingly true; of no man is the spirit so universally diffused, of no author are the writings so generally known; wherever French is the language of the country, if a person be found reading, it is always even betting that the book will prove to be some of the works of Voltaire. Of the books that have been printed in France during the last century, at least one half consists of the productions of this witty and benevolent philosopher.

I was glad that my pilgrimage to Ferney accidentally fell upon a remarkable day, the feast of St. Remy, or Remigius, upon which myriads of hecatombs of pheasants are slain in England in honour of that right reverend saint. I shall always be reminded, by the commencement of pheasant shooting, of an agreeable excursion. With that miraculous want of taste which characterizes those persons, in whom living upon alms has extinguished all sense of delicacy, a paper, begging for money to build a reformed church, had been impudently suspended in the very bed-room of Voltaire; the names, or sums, in the book of subscriptions, were seldom very flattering to the enterprize.

In the village of Ferney they were building with great alacrity two churches, one Protestant, the other Catholic, almost side by side; whether in the spirit of opposition, or through a mawkish affectation of toleration, I know not. I walked back in great haste to Geneva, through the city, and to a country-house on the opposite side; and my exertions were rewarded by arriving at the appointed hour of four, in the right humour to appreciate a good dinner; upon which, after a short toilette, I made a brilliant attack.

I am perhaps somewhat prejudiced in favour of advocates; but I am of opinion, that the profession of the bar abounds in pleasant fellows; if Geneva contains no others than the three clever, learned, and

liberal persons whom I met to-day, it affords a strong confirmation of the justice of this my opinion. They complained much that we still persist in considering marriage in England as a religious institution; and asserted, that by treating it as a civil institution only, all embarrassments on this subject might be avoided. I fear that I made but a weak defence of our English notions; had some of our well-fed and well-paid prelates been present, and had they thought that something was to be gotten, or kept, by breaking silence; for the lucre of gain is to their reverences what Thomas Aquinas was to Aristotle; without Thomas, Aristotle is dumb: "Sine Thoma, mutus Aristoteles;" they would have offered a more powerful, or at least a longer and louder resistance.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2.—As I passed by one of the gates of Geneva, I observed that it was shut, and several carriages were waiting; on inquiring why this city was thus besieged by chariots and gigs, I was informed, that it is the custom to close the gates during divine service; this strange custom no doubt affords an additional reason against demolishing the fortifications for the conservators of ancient usages, who are unwilling to be disturbed by the rattling of wheels whilst they sleep in their pews or on their benches. I was told likewise, but I had no opportunity of witnessing

it, that the Swiss Protestants having remained uncovered during the prayers, are accustomed to put on their hats as soon as the preacher commences his discourse; I do not disapprove of the discipline of the Swiss church in this respect; but I do not think that it goes quite far enough; for when certain of my clerical friends, whom it would be invidious to name, ascend the pulpit, I would most cheerfully not only put on my hat, but I would walk clear away.

I performed three good leagues on foot, to pay a visit at one of the innumerable country-houses that are scattered round Geneva; these objects are agreeable in themselves, and in a ten-fold degree as being certain signs of liberty: the taste for a villa near a city is natural to man, but it is only in a free country that he can indulge it. It is said that in the neighbourhood of Madrid not a single house is to be seen; but in England and Switzerland, the fields which surround the cities are thickly sown with varied habitations. It is worth while to be shut up all the week in a large town to have the full enjoyment of the country on a Sunday; I am well aware that this is a most Cocknified propensity, but it is nevertheless agreeable in the indulgence. A man who has a just sense of his own dignity, ought to scorn all enjoyment on the Sabbath; his sole pleasure ought to consist in having, and in showing that he has, no pleasure: and if he would

carry personal propriety to the utmost, he ought to pass the Lord's Day unshaven, uncombed, and unwashed, because the ploughman and the weaver are comparatively clean on that day. This I freely own is the covenant which a gentleman ought to make with himself; but it is too hard for me; and as I could not keep it, I will not make it. The heat was intense; but the country was so lovely, that I was compensated by the eyes for the roasting of my body. The scenery was not of the painfully picturesque order, which testifies only storms and hunger; but gently, sweetly, beautiful,—and bore witness of peace and plenty.

I reached a country-house near Satigny at one, where I was received with extreme hospitality and kindness; the family were going to dinner, and I had no dislike to join in the ceremony: nor was it only a vain ceremony; for my walk had given me the solemn appetite of *a Censor* about to make lustration, to sacrifice the *Suove taurilia*, to eat at the same meal of pork, mutton, and beef, for the sake of good manners, and for the benefit of the commonwealth. After the convivial rites had been duly performed, we ascended to the Belvedere at the top of the house, and feasted our eyes with a noble and extensive prospect: we went down into the garden, where were many good flowers; the dahlia is a great favourite in Switzerland: we were delighted again and again by the fair aspect of a quince-tree in the orchard

weighed down by a splendid crop; and there was a medlar equally productive in its well-whiskered fruit; and pears and apples innumerable hung over our heads, or lay rotting on the ground in large profusion: a vine-yard descended with a gentle slope to the banks of the green rushing Rhone, the grapes were fully ripe, and in their utmost beauty and glory. We returned at an early hour to Geneva in a coach, which bore not only a good store of human beings, but great presents of pears and dahlias for the inhabitants of the city.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3.—Men are happy in exact proportion to their self-conceit; as it is only under a republican government that self-conceit can attain its full growth, the partizans of democracy found an argument upon this fact for their favourite mode of government.

I was amused at the post-office by an instance of the self-conceit of the Genevese; the old postmaster was asked by some one, if there was a post that day. He answered: "Yes! Good God! is there a capital in Europe from which there is not a post every day?" When the person who had made the offensive demand was gone, he comforted himself by telling me how many posts set out from Geneva. A hungry man seeking a joint of meat at Schwyz, when he found that he could not have beef, or veal, and asked for muttou,

would probably be answered; "Yes! Good God! is there a capital in Europe, such as London, or Schwyz, where they don't kill a sheep every week?" Great governments try to make themselves odious, and are uniformly successful; little governments attempt only to make themselves ridiculous, and seldom fail in what they attempt.

We went to see the library; when you are a hundred or a thousand miles from Geneva, the Genevese boast greatly of their public library, and tell you that it is very fine; when we inquired about it in the city, they said it was small; when we came to the door and asked to see it, they said it was the vacation, that we could not be admitted: I suppose either it had no existence, or it was not fit to be seen. The museum of natural history is pretty; it is chiefly rich in birds and insects, especially the latter: there was a large elephant stuffed; he had been kept in Geneva till he became ungovernable, and had been shot with a cannon ball, which had penetrated his shoulder; the mark was visible. The botanical garden is tolerably good.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4.—The day was still more rainy than the preceding; I was occupied in writing to England: as I returned in the evening at eleven o'clock, by the side of the lake, from a visit, I ob-

served many glow-worms by the road side. The light which these wingless females emit to attract their winged lovers, a species of beetle, is truly the light of love; it is not, however, "the purple light of love," for it is of a greenish cast—but the greenish light of love, an amorous, luminous, green-sickness, a very chlorosis:—

"——The Moravian rabbi
Has perfectly cured the chlorosis of Tabby."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5.—At eight in the morning we took a boat and went on board the steam packet, the William Tell, a large vessel, which was noisy and shaking, without making much way. It was a fine day, and we enjoyed a full view of the lovely lake, and passed in quick succession the various objects of public or of private interest, of antique recollection or of natural beauty. When we had advanced as far as the ancient town of Rolle, we saw the extent of the lake, its width and curved form:—

"Deseruêre *cavo* tentoria fixa Lemano:"

Whether the epithet *cavo*, in this often quoted verse of Lucan, is to be referred to the curved form of the lake, as some contend, or to its hollow situation amongst the mountains, is a controversy not easily to be determined. Nicholas Rowe has not given any opinion; he

renders the passage vaguely, after the manner of translators:—

> "Some, at the bidding of their chief, forsake
> Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake."

We reached Ouchy, at half-past two, and landed amongst clamorous porters; we walked in the great heat up a steep hill to Lausanne. We found the Golden Lion a very good inn; I was so fortunate as to procure a bed room on the opposite side of the street, which commanded an enchanting view of the lake. That the dry weather should continue was an object of the utmost importance and of the most anxious desire, as the vintage had just begun; it generally lasts a fortnight, and is a busy time.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6.—Our first visit was to the third house on the right-hand side from the gate of the city in going down to Ouchy; it is a large house, the situation is not in any respect remarkable, and even in the summer-house, where the work was finished, I could not be much affected by the scene, notwithstanding my respect for the historian, and my admiration of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. We mounted a hill of sand called the Signal, and looked down upon the picturesque town, the pleasant environs, innumerable vineyards, and the lovely lake, and that wilder part on the left hand and near

Vevay. They told us the same story about the library as at Geneva—that it was the vacation.

Respecting the university, I could only learn from a student, that the students were all Vaudois, and that they went there very young, so that it was perhaps rather a school than an university.

The church, of which the tower was set on fire by the lightning last year, is ancient, curious, neat, and heavy; the dead, or their survivors, seem to delight in long Latin epitaphs. The monument of the Countess Walmoden is simple, but on too large a scale: that of Mrs. Stratford Canning is pretty, but the urn being too large for the pedestal, it is top-heavy; it is said to have been designed by Canova; his designs are often deficient in breadth, sharpness, depth, and projection, and tame as a clipped yew-hedge.

We perambulated the town, which is only remarkable for being hilly; so hilly that no carriages are kept. We walked into a vineyard, and saw men, women, and children, gathering grapes; they brought their baskets and emptied them, stalks and all, into a large vat, and a man immediately mashed them with a small wooden pail. The mashed grapes had a nasty appearance, like hog-wash; and they did not seem to be particularly cleanly in their mode of dealing with them: a man who was eating grapes, took the skins from his mouth and threw them into the vat, as being a place held less

sacred than the ground. I saw children in the streets standing round the vats, and if a grape had escaped being bruised, it was picked out and eaten, and the skin was thrown back into the vat. By means of the small wooden pail, the men filled from the vat the Swiss pails (compressed, truncated cones, inverted, which men and women carry on their shoulders); the persons thus loaded, walked away to a sort of water cart, and going up a short ladder, emptied the vessel of mashed grapes over their heads, as we see the dustmen in London empty their baskets into the carts: these carts were driving about in all directions. We purchased some of the grapes; they were quite ripe and very delicious.

I walked through the busy vineyards to the lake, and by the edge of the water to Ouchy. In reading Euclid we meet with a proposition, and afterwards with the converse of it; sometimes immediately, sometimes long after. So it is with manners and customs; one finds the converse of them, sometimes soon, sometimes after much travel: to-day, for the first time in my life, I saw the converse of the washing-tub theorem. In the common case, the washing-tub contains water and the linen, but not the washerwoman, who is at some point without the tub: in this case the tub contained the washerwoman, but neither water nor linen. The women were standing in tubs in the lake, and

were washing clothes which were on the outside of the tub in the water; it must be much less uncomfortable for the woman to stand thus in the dry tub, than in the water, as they do in the Rhine and other rivers. This mode of washing in lakes and rivers, and smacking the linen on the stones, is a most uncharitable and unchristian proceeding; far from hiding the defects of an old shirt, it puts them immediately in a very striking light, and makes the most of all its little weaknesses. A worn-out shirt, or, as the stamp-distributing poet would call it, to squeeze out a rhyme, a shirt "out-worn,"

"A I agan suckled in a creed out-worn;"

in unsympathizing hands, soon becomes, what the Pagan's creed is not, a most holy thing; and stockings, which are still more susceptible of unkindness, and require perpetual fostering, fare even worse. When the traveller contemplates his shattered and tattered wardrobe, it needs more patience and forgiveness than are usually found near lakes, to abstain from wishing the rude naiads and limnads at the devil, down knocked or up tied, beaten or hanged.

I dined at Ouchy, and walked upon the pier after dinner to enjoy the sunset. I inquired about Meillerie, and said that I had seen in England a rose, which was gathered in the garden of Julie at that place; a lady said that it was a cheat, that it was so bare and

rocky that no roses would grow there: the rose will thrive in stony places; and the inhabitants of the different parts of this country are so jealous of each other, that if I had been sufficiently audacious to have asked my fair companion, whether she thought that the good people on the other side of the lake knew water from wine, and could distinguish between sugar and salt, she would have answered most probably, "Oh no! to be sure not." I had seen a rose which had been gathered at Meillerie; and on the other hand a person who had often been there, declared that they could not be found. I would gladly have crossed over to judge for myself, and to have seen so famous a place, but my time was limited. I observed many sea-gulls flying about the lake.

They had just built a large house of correction at Lausanne, on the same plan as that in Philadelphia, and were in despair at not being able to get any body to put into it. I had seen a book on infanticide lying in the windows of the shops; I afterwards learned that it was the production of one of the judges of Lausanne, a man of talent; and that his object was to show, that women sometimes kill their infants unconsciously, being in a state of delirium. There was a portrait of a young woman, Susanne, or Suzette, a peasant, who had been tried the year before for this offence: she had killed her child, as the learned judge contends, whilst

she was in this state; but had nevertheless been sentenced by the rest of the court to ten years' imprisonment; I forgot to purchase the book as I had intended. I was told that a bright comet had been seen in the east this evening; it was a fine starlight night, but I did not observe it. It is said that the high countries, such as Bern, are bad for the lungs, as many people die there of consumption, but extremely favourable to digestion.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7.—I set off at nine in a char with one companion; we had a pleasant ride for four leagues by the side of the lake and through vineyards to Vevay. We observed that there were in all the vineyards many long poles erected, and we were informed that they were intended to defend the vines against the hail which falls usually in July and August, and is extremely injurious; that these poles cause the water to descend, not in hail, but in rain or mist; that it is a French invention, and is practised in France, and that the poles are called by a name as barbarous as parasol or parapluie, paragrêle. Whenever a Frenchman can get hold of a rag of Greek, he instantly defiles it. An amusing collection of misused Greek might be made from French etymologies: for example, that science which teaches its votaries to collect the skulls of the dead, and to fumble the heads of the

living, in order to ascertain the developement of the different portions of the brain, they term Phrenology: if the former part of the word be not confined to the mind, but applied to some of the bodily organs, it cannot refer to the brain, but to the diaphragm alone, which was called by the plural name of φρενες; and these were supposed at one time to be the seat of the soul, as Aristotle says, because a man laughs when he is tickled in these regions. The true phrenologist therefore ought to leave the dead in peace, as well as the heads of the living, and to content himself with tickling his live acquaintance diaphragmatologically, in order to discover the precise seat of their souls. The paragrêles had been very generally adopted; but as the experiment had only been made one year, it was not known whether it would succeed.

The town of Vevay is decidedly ugly; the steep environs consist entirely of vineyards: as the wine of this country is esteemed, the vine is cultivated on every spot of ground. During the greatest part of the year a vineyard is an unpleasant object, and the trees have been cut down that they might not occupy the valuable space, or injure the grapes by their shade. The river is a torrent, and is dry in the summer; the lake is beautiful; its waters are singularly clear; its perspicuity is remarkable; at this end the mountains are bold and rocky. The climate is said to be more mild

than at Geneva; there it is intensely cold in the winter and spring, here the situation is sheltered from the piercing winds. The horse-chestnuts in the Grande Place were in a strange state; they appeared to be much diseased; some branches were in flower.

The public walk by the edge of the lake would be an agreeable promenade, if it had fair play; on the side next the water were two rows of lines covered with linen; so that we could see nothing except all the sheets, shirts, and shifts in the town, which the barbarians suffer to be hung up to dry there. I observed many confectioners' shops in Vevay, which seemed to contain some good things: I suppose when people come here from the country, the children expect to be remembered, and that a present should be taken home for the pretty dears.

Switzerland is the Scotland of Europe; a land that supplies servants—a land to be boasted of by its inhabitants, and quitted. The Swiss, like the Scotch, are all of good families, and of old families; I should like much to see a person from either nation of a bad family, or of a new family: so all persons who follow that branch of the profession of the law are good conveyancers, however dull they may be; I would cheerfully travel one hundred miles on foot through the snow, in the depth of winter, to look at a bad conveyancer. The quarrels amongst the different cantons

are very ridiculous; each petty state will have its separate coinage, to the unspeakable inconvenience of travellers: they cannot agree to have one general money, so cordially do they hate each other. The mutual dislike of the neighbouring inhabitants of Geneva and the Pays de Vaud is extremely strong: a good Vaudois, of an old family, complained to me most bitterly of the Genevese, and lamented that they had been turned into Swiss, and their country made one of the cantons; he insisted, in a great rage, that the wretches ought to have been handed over to the king of Sardinia, if he would have accepted of them. It should seem that they endeavoured to prove themselves to be not unworthy of his contempt, by requiring a passport at the gate, before they would permit their fellow-countryman to enter their old town.

The view from the churchyard of St. Martin is fine at all times, especially at sun-set. The church is interesting, because it contains a monument to Edmund Ludlow, erected by his faithful and excellent wife. That celebrated man passed the chief part of his thirty-two years of exile at Vevay, where he was not only entertained with great kindness, but was guarded and protected with especial care by the magistrates of the place; as well as the other English fugitives, whose lives were continually exposed to the attacks of hired assassins, for their warm opposition to arbitrary

power. We have the following account of one of the attacks upon Ludlow:—

"On Saturday, the 14th of November, 1663, a Savoy boat, about an hour after sun-set, arrived at Vevay; the crew took up their quarters in several inns for that night; the next morning, as M. Dubois, the lieutenant-general's landlord, went out to go to church, he observed the boat lying with four watermen in her, and their oars all in readiness to put off at a minute's warning; near the boat, were two persons cloaked, sitting under a tree, and not far from them two more in the same guise and posture. This alarmed M. Dubois, who immediately conjectured their design must be against his lodgers; he immediately returned home to give them the alarm; being confirmed in his suspicion from hearing there were six more who had posted themselves, two in the way between his house and the church, and four in the market-place. Their appearance and garb (every one suspecting that they had arms under their cloaks) had made the town's people observe them so much, that they all retired from the town towards the lake, and left the passage free for the lieutenant-general and his friends to go to church; on their return from whence, hearing the strangers were at dinner in one of the inns, a person went down to take a view of the boat, which he found as before described, and a great quantity of straw under

which they had concealed their arms; and that they had cut all the withs, which secured the oars of the town-boats, to prevent being pursued:" (the oars are still fastened with willow bands on the lake of Geneva and in other parts of Switzerland:) "however, finding themselves watched so narrowly, and being apprehensive, from M. Dubois's behaviour, that he would have them seized, soon after they had dined, they took to their boat and returned to Savoy."

By this and several other attempts the government was alarmed, and recommended the fugitives to retire to some place where their enemies would not have the advantage of coming by water to surprise them. Ludlow being intrepid and careless of life, resolved to remain where he was. Mr. Lisle, however, unfortunately took the advice and went to Lausanne; where on Thursday, the 11th of August, 1664, he was way-laid and shot dead in the church-yard, by a person who had a companion on horseback, with a horse for the assassin, on which (though knocked down with the recoil of his piece) he escaped. This cowardly murder has been described in these words: "That notorious regicide Lisle was overtaken by Divine Vengeance at Lausanne, where the miserable wretch was shot dead by the gallantry of three Irish gentlemen, who attempted the surprisal of him and four more impious parricides."

The manner in which the Supreme Being is blasphemously supposed to adopt this heinous crime as his own act, reminds us of a subsequent transaction,—the more cowardly murder of the widow of Lisle, one-and-twenty years after, at Winchester, by the gallantry of the Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, and of Gabriel Whisler, and his fellows, good men and true. "Look you, Mrs. Lisle," said his lordship to the aged and infirm prisoner, "we have that charity, as well as justice, that it becomes, and is not below all courts to have for persons in your condition; and we are obliged to take care that you suffer no detriment or injury by any illegal or irregular proceedings; for though we sit here as judges over you by authority from the king, yet we are accountable not only to him, but to the King of kings, the Great Judge of heaven and earth; and therefore are obliged, both by our oaths and upon our consciences, to do you justice, and by the grace of God we shall do it, you may depend upon it: and as to what you say concerning yourself, I pray God with all my heart you may be innocent." It is worth while to study the extraordinary trial of the lady Alice Lisle, if it be only to learn how feeble a thing human iniquity would be without the aid of cant and hypocrisy.

Addison has published in his Travels the inscriptions on the tomb of Ludlow, and the epitaph of Andrew Broughton, who was twice mayor of Maidstone, and

clerk to the High Court of Justice, and is also buried in the church of St. Martin. He says of Ludlow: "The house he lived in has this inscription over the door:—

'Omne solum forti patria,
Quia Patris.'

The first part is a piece of verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own." It ill became Joseph Addison to complain of cant; nor is the sentiment—that to a brave man every country is the land of his fathers, because it is the land of the Common Father—worthy to be stigmatized with this appellation.

"Omne solum forti patria est; ut piscibus æquor:
Ut volucri, vacuo quidquid in orbe patet.—*Fasti*, l.i. v. 493.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8.—The hat of the Pays de Vaud, with a pointed crown like a hock-bottle, is ugly; but any thing is becoming to a pretty woman. I met a woman in the streets this morning so pretty, that I shall never see one of those hats without thinking of her sweet modest look. I walked by the margin of the lake to Clarens; it was a charming morning; I longed to stay and boat it, and I regretted that I must so soon quit these scenes for ever. They defile the shores with stalks of the Indian corn, and in various ways. It was a hot day—the shy lizards ran about amongst the stones: all the world was busy in the vintage. As I was returning by the road I heard a

female pedestrian ask for some grapes; a bunch was immediately given to her, and when she offered to pay, and inquired "How much?" the answer was "Nothing, I am too happy to give them to such a pretty girl." I waited to see her with some curiosity; she was sadly ugly; but there was more merit on that account in the gallantry of the master of the vineyard. Any one can admire a handsome woman; but the true benefactor to the public, whose memory is to be cherished, and to celebrate whose praises the muses and the fine arts ought to strive with eager emulation, is the man, who during a long life has always been deeply in love, but never with a lady whose aspect would not frighten a tolerably quiet horse.

At one I mounted the cabriolet of the diligence alone: for of my two companions we had left one at Lausanne; and I parted yesterday with the other at Vevay, as he was obliged to return to Hanover; I parted with regret from so kind-hearted a person, brave and excellent; and to be esteemed, if it were only for his patriotism. It was very hot; we rolled slowly along. The castle of Chillon is ugly; its white-washed walls are crowned with a roof of red tiles, and the inscription over the gate, "Bureau des Péages," is unfavourable to romance: but its situation is striking—and it might acquire an interest from a tale of a lovesick pirate, or a nervous robber, with a soul trembling through its susceptibilities, like a plate of calf's-foot jelly.

We quitted the lake and entered the valley of the Rhone, which is pleasant: "Lacu Lemano et flumine Rhodano, qui provinciam nostram ab Helvetiis dividit," as Cæsar writes. We passed Aigle, an ugly place, and Bex, which is better; its salt-works are said to deserve a visit, if time will permit: they are famous; so much so indeed, that some etymologists will derive our word "bay-salt" from Bex; and they say, that it is properly "Bex-salt;" others adhere to the usual spelling, and assert that it takes its name from its bay colour. I will leave the question to be decided by persons who are more fond of salt than myself; the little accident of having had salt laid on my tail has given me a distaste for the muriate of soda. One fine summer's day I had played to the last moment, utterly regardless of the curious felicity of Horace; I was suddenly called into school, and required to construe a passage which I had never seen before; I read over the lines:—

"Quid, quòd usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus?"———

And I looked at the end for my nominative case, according to rule, with that indifference to the meaning with which boys are blessed; and with a curious infelicity, I said, "avarus salis," greedy of salt; and as I was innocently looking for my verb, the book was

thrown at my head, and I was instantly flogged. I was so often advised by my school-fellows to be less greedy of salt, that I have followed their advice, and have always been satisfied with a small portion of that powerful condiment. In crossing the bridge at St. Maurice a blockhead asked for my passport, and detained me some minutes in the cold whilst he was pretending to read it.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9.—I observed in the Pays de Vaud, and I believe in other places, that the bottles are all stamped. I wish devoutly that this were the case in England, that, of the many cruelties inflicted on us as wine-drinking citizens, short measure might not be one. I walked about the town of St. Maurice, and entered two churches; where, as well as in the streets, I saw many women with the pretty little Valaisine hat. The valley here is very narrow—it is in fact shut in by a bridge and gates. As the diligence does not run to-day, and sets out to-morrow at three in the morning, to pass the time, and to soften a little the hardship of early rising, I procured a man to carry my baggage, and resolved to walk to Martigny. We paced quietly along by the side of father Rhone, who is a mischievous vagabond, and in due time came to the cascade called the Pisse Vache, which is worthy of a better name, and has been nicodemused into nothing. It is a pretty

waterfall, and deserves more credit than it obtains: some critic having once said, it is just like its name; the traveller ever after says, with a sagacious shrug, Oh! it is just like the name. It might be called the Web of the Fairies, the Net of the Nymphs, the Tail of the Comet, or Our Lady's Locks, as it is more like any of these things than that to which it is compared by a name equally vulgar and inapplicable. I sat and looked at it a little while with pleasure; and I afterwards approached so near, that the genius of the place had the satisfaction of wetting me in an incredibly short space of time; it falls from a great height, and I think it had a very fair quantity of water for a waterfall.

I arrived at Martigny, and had the inn, La Tour, all to myself, and as the season was past, the town or village also—I felt like the last swallow. It is said that there are no good grapes, except those which are grown in hot-houses; this is surely a mistake; I found some that were excellent: at inns I met with many very bad; but what may not be found very bad at some inns? They are not so fine as they might be; by thinning them they would be handsomer and of a better flavour; so many grapes grow on the same stalk, that they check each other's growth, all are pressed out of shape and flattened, some are even burst. A great part of art consists in repressing the luxuriance of nature. Some

of the advocates for the principle of population carry this doctrine to great lengths.

In the evening I ascended to the tower; two little girls came to guide me; one little creature said that she was sixteen—it seemed hardly credible; her companion, who was only eleven, was taller: I thought however that she had the language and manners of sixteen; she said that her parents were poorer than those of her friend, and that she had worked so hard, that it had stinted her growth—if this was true, it was lamentable—if cant, detestable. They told me that they could knit and sew, but could not read or write. The view from the hill is good; the castle is built of slate, with many apartments, and a high round tower. My dwarfish guide pointed out a hole, where she said was a staircase; that a ladder might be set against the hole, and that I might then ascend to the top by the stairs; she strongly advised me to go up, and said that many English did so.

The habits of the Englishman resemble those of the goldfinch; I once kept a goldfinch for some years, till he chose to fly away. I used to let him out of his cage, and he was always at the top of the room rubbing his wings against the ceiling; and when in his cage, he was always at the top, scraping his bill against the wires. An Englishman will always climb the highest mountains, and ascend towers and steeples; an Englishman

will always pay well to be taken up in a balloon; and if he could get so high, he would always be found rubbing his nose against the sky. I cannot bring myself to doubt, that the people who built the Tower of Babel were English, with a small sprinkling, perhaps, of Irish labourers.

My guide told me many things about the ruined tower, and about the Romans, whom she could not remember, perhaps her father might; the tower is now called something, but in old writings something else; she had not read the old writings herself, perhaps her father had, but she thought not,—that some one had told him these things. The Protestants please themselves by saying, that in the Pays de Vaud nothing is to be seen but true piety, plenty, cleanliness, and happiness; in the Valais, nothing but superstition, poverty, dirt, and misery. As to true piety and superstition, I fear that I am not a competent judge; I did not see any of the other opposite qualities in their absolute perfection in either the Protestant or the Catholic canton, but something between them in both.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10.—I rose very early to take my place in the diligence, and breakfasted. In England, if you rise early, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get a breakfast; but on the Continent they will make you breakfast cheerfully at any hour. The

diligence arrived, but there was no place for me. They offered me a char—I accepted it; and as I wished to reach Brig that evening, and was impatient to enter Italy, they asked me more than was just, and I did not stop to bargain. The maid, who negociated in the affair, blushed; and her manner seemed to say—I am sorry to be an accessary in taking you in; I was satisfied with this tribute to virtue. I saw a kingfisher skimming along the Rhone—they are common in these parts; in the Valais alone game is to be found, and I believe in tolerable plenty; in the other parts of Switzerland it hardly exists.

At Sion I tried to hurry the people, and foolishly fancied that they could change my char in less than an hour, to the surprise of some tranquil Germans, who did not speak, but their manner seemed to say—what a strange fellow, to think that the loss of an hour is of any importance! At Tourtemagne I took hastily a bad dinner, and arrived at Brig in the dark, but before the diligence. A char with one horse is just as dear as half a post-chaise in England; but it is a great convenience to be able to take half a post-chaise, without being burdened with the other half which you do not want, and with the still greater burden of paying for it. I have often wondered that post-chaises with one horse have not been established, for the benefit of persons who, from necessity or choice, travel alone.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11.—I set off at six on a lovely morning, alone, to climb the Simplon, in a good carriage drawn by two horses; the tints of morning are more light than those of evening; the rising sun shed a most delicate rose colour over the snowy Alps. The char was surrounded with leather curtains; but I turned up the petticoats all round, and saw every thing very comfortably. The road is uniformly about nine yards in width; it is excellent, as good as any thing of Macadam's, and is interesting as a work of art; but there is nothing very striking to those who have seen the other passes: if the road over St. Gotthard be completed, it will be a more wonderful work. The drainage of the road is well managed; there is always a good ditch on that side where the ground rises higher than the road, neatly paved—it must be a considerable expense to keep it clear in some places: the road is every where well kept. At about a mile apart are little houses of refuge, which at a much less expense, and without pretension, answer more effectually the purpose of the monastery on the Grand St. Barnard. A little beyond the summit is a large unfinished edifice, commenced by Napoleon, and intended for an hospital. These solitudes must have been once busy scenes; for when the operations were carried on with the greatest spirit and activity, three thousand workmen were employed upon them, and one hundred and seventy-five thousand

pounds weight of gunpowder were consumed in blasting the rocks—a great quantity of men and ammunition to be applied to civil purposes, but in a military point of view, a very trifling force. If all the men and all the powder exhausted in the last thirty years had been applied to purposes equally useful, the road over the Simplon would no longer be esteemed a mighty work. If these powerful agents had not been occupied in beneficial operations, but had merely abstained from mischief, from waste and destruction, it would be no easy problem for the political economist to calculate how much the wealth of nations would have been augmented.

The rocks and mountains are formed of granite slate, or slaty granite; a desperate punster said it is a nice place, a *gneiss* place. The water is constantly oosing through the stones; some of the galleries or tunnels are continually dripping: there are waterfalls and water streaming from the rocks on all sides. I remarked many black sheep grazing. From the top is seen the shining little town of Brig, which seems so close under you, that you might pitch a halfpenny into it. At the top is the barrier, a turnpike, where a heavy toll is paid; and at the top, the driver put under the wheel, by way of drag, a rude piece of wood; and with this sabot, or wooden shoe, we slid down into Italy.

The view disappoints most travellers, who expect to see from this great height Italy extended before them, the whole leg as far as the toe, and Vesuvius smoking in the middle, like the chimney of a house; whereas they can see nothing but a narrow valley. At the village of Simplon I found a good inn and a civil landlady; she seemed quite happy, being occupied in making a poultice, and applying it to a hand which the owner had hurt. I saw here for the first time a filthy trick, that is common in Italy: they are too idle to put corks into the bottles of wine; consequently, in a short time the neck of the bottle for several inches becomes quite full of flies; when I poured out some wine into my glass, perhaps a hundred drowned flies came out with a small quantity of liquor, like currant sauce for roast pig; I complained of this to the servant; with a dextrous jerk she at once threw on the floor all the flies and a little wine from one bottle, and placed it again on the table. The Italians never drink either of wine or water, without first emptying the neck of the bottle with a sudden jerk; rejecting at once all the flies in the gross and a small quantity of the tincture, and drinking the remainder without disgust.

Whilst I was at dinner two Englishmen arrived from Italy; one of them, a gentleman farmer, railed most furiously against the country and the people, chiefly because they polluted the walls behind the churches:

he declared that he was covered with a cold sweat, when he thought that there were people who could treat the house of their God in this manner; and that he was glad to have got out of a country, where he was afraid the Divine Vengeance should overtake him. Without attempting to excuse these abominations, I could not help thinking, that the good man was a little too sensitive on this point.

The Italian side of the Simplon is more striking than the other, but still inferior to the valley of the Reuss. At Isella I entered the territories of the King of Cyprus, and consequently of the Cyprians, whether fair or unfair; his douanier, or collector of customs, was very civil. The King of Sardinia styles himself on his coins, "Car. Felix d. g. rex Sar. Cyp. & Hier." Solomon himself was only king of Jerusalem, neither of Cyprus nor of Sardinia, still less of the Marmots, as this monarch is styled by his Genoese subjects. In the dark I came to the town of Domo d'Ossola, and at a comfortable inn I enjoyed good coffee and fine fruit.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12.—I effected a junction with a mild Englishman, whom I found at Domo d'Ossola; we mounted a char with one horse, and passed through a pleasant country, amongst fields of Indian corn and millet, and vines on trellises, by a most excellent road. The growth of the vines, the belfries, and the low roofs,

and some other particulars, showed us that we were in Italy. We followed the course of the river Toce, which we crossed twice, the valley widening by degrees; we passed some fine quarries of white marble, and came suddenly on the Lago Maggiore, at Fariolo. We did not stop there, but went on a little further to Baveno, where we put up. After dinner we walked by the margin of the lovely lake: it was a most delicious evening; there was a calm softness in the air, a transparency and purity in the light and colours, which I had not experienced on the lakes of Switzerland, or in any place that I had hitherto visited. I slept for the first time on a rustling bed, made of the thick husks in which the ears of the Indian corn are swathed. Some insect which I have never seen, nor ever heard before or since, kept up during the night a ceaseless ticking.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13.—We took a boat to the Borromean islands. The outward appearance of the palace on the Isola Bella is unfavourable; but on entering it we found many good rooms, floored with a beautiful stucco, and many good pictures. The basement story is in the rustic or grotesque style; the effect is excellent; in the heats of summer it must be a cool and agreeable retreat: in the quiet lake under the window the quiet fish (many of them are of a large size) glide to and fro. The family were all at prayers in the chapel.

The gardens of Babylon, of Alcina, and of Armida, are here realized; ten terraces, rising one above the other, built on arches, and founded on piles, are a great work, and of a happy effect; it is thus characterized in the inscription:—

Vitalianus Comes Borromæus,
&c. &c. &c.
Informibus scopulis substruens et extruens
Dignitatem otiis, majestatem deliciis
comparabat. 1671.

The myriads of lemons that covered the walls were nearly ripe; there were some shaddocks also, and we descended to a little grove of orange trees; most of them were of a remarkable size. It was delightful to enter for the first time into a grove of laurels; the real bay, the laurus nobilis, grew over our heads into a great tree, and the young ones sprung up from the old stools: we almost expected to find the ancient bards and heroes, "Inter odoratum lauri nemus." There is a good collection of exotics; the gardens are kept perfectly neat; three men and twenty-five women are constantly employed: at this season the latter must have full occupation in picking up the falling leaves. The fine pyramidal cypresses, as it were ever-green poplars, have a singular and pleasing aspect.

The Isola Madre is a larger and more natural island; there are some trellises with lemons, but it is chiefly a garden, somewhat in the English style, with laurels

and cypresses. There is a large house, or small palace, half furnished and uninhabited; it would be pleasant to occupy some rooms in it during the summer months, with a Calypso; we amused ourselves in guessing, as the boat quitted the place, which rock the old maid Minerva would choose to throw the modern Telemachus from into the lake, in the capacity of a Mentor; a catastrophe which would assuredly happen; for the gods have a strange delight in disturbing persons who seem to be quietly settled. Calypso of old complained that they were troublesome fellows, and intolerably jealous:—

Σχετλιοι εστε, θεοι, ζηλημονες εξοχ' αλλων.

They are not less morose in these matters at present than they were thirty centuries ago. The day was delicious—the lake lovely; the view from Laveno is even finer than from the opposite side; more of the lake is opened to the sight. We had reluctantly given up the colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo at Arona, his native city, and the pleasure of sitting in the nose of this hero of Christianity, and taking a pinch of snuff there.

At Laveno, an Austrian collector of customs took a pair of old shoes out of my bag, opened the paper that contained them, picked and smelt at them; contemplated my razor-strop; and having asked me two or three times if I had any thing that ought to pay duty,

at last suffered me to depart. I have been told that the Austrians turned back an unlucky traveller from the frontier, because a pair of shoes were accidentally wrapped up in the Morning Chronicle: we were fortunately not plucked at this examination.

We procured a carriage and horses, and fixed the price after some debate, and drove through a pleasant country to Varese. We saw some ugly women of the country eat the largest and most wholesale supper, and in the grossest manner I ever beheld, to the great entertainment of myself and the great annoyance of my companion. The sofas in this district are lofty, extensive, and luxurious.

Friday, October 14.—We walked through the narrow streets of the little old city of Varese; the church of St. Victor is handsome, and another is prettily painted. We could not delay long enough to visit a place venerable for its religion, and celebrated for the view which it commands, Madonna del Monte; we saw it only at a distance. We continued our journey in an open carriage, and passed through an agreeable country to Como. The inn, the Angiolo, is certainly on the lake, but only on a small part, which is within the walls of the city; no good view of it is to be had from the house. I saw, in several parts of this city, little places like a corner cupboard in an oldfashioned house,

with shelves, upon which were not long ale-glasses, with spiral lines of white in the stem, punch bowls, or china tea-cups, but skulls, each of which was labelled, as it were, thus: Nathan Brown, butcher, Whitechapel; Hannah Jones, relict of Simon Jones, of St. Martin's-lane, tallow-chandler; Ruth Lloyd, spinster, daughter of Baruch Lloyd, of Red Lion-street, cheesemonger; the Rev. Joel Bogglethwaites, curate of St. Giles's; and so forth: this is assuredly the most disgusting piece of superstition I ever encountered. The town is ugly and nasty, the cathedral fine; I was struck with the Latin inscriptions, in which the Italians excel; they are not thick, dull, and flat, like the stuff which our schoolmasters brew to hide under the first stone of St. Pancras church, or of London bridge, but clear, bright, and up.

I tasted for the first time a good ripe fig; the inside was a red sweetmeat, not like a bit of rotten cucumber, as with us; as different in short from our figs as the inscriptions of the Italians from the heavy Latinity of our clumsy pedants. We were regaled also with a delicious little fish, a sort of herring, caught in the lake. We strolled after dinner to a suburb, where was a church, which we entered; it was lighted up—we saw nothing there out of the common course; a stupid old priest was blundering over what he had read every day for forty or fifty years; some children were gabbling the

responses as loudly and as quickly as they could, and a schoolmaster of inauspicious air was praying away, and boxing the ears of his scholars. We returned to our inn, and heard a boy sing under the window the beginning of the opera of Figaro extremely well. After listening for some time, in spite of ourselves, to the often reiterated declarations of some Englishmen, that they would travel thirty leagues on the morrow, we retired to rest.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15.—We took a boat with three paddlers to the Villa d'Este, once the residence of the late Queen Caroline, a spot well known to fame and to infamy; it might truly be named the palace of lies; it is a place to be well satisfied with, but not to be coveted. There is a long suite of rooms, some in the rustic style; a large garden with trees and flowers, but there is too much knick-knackery; the most offensive piece is a glaring sham castle upon the hill behind; so truly detestable, that an English gentleman would not sleep upon the premises until he had entirely demolished it; or, what is precisely the same thing, that a retiring tradesman would fall in love with it, and purchase the place for its sake. The villa is rarely, if ever inhabited; it is the property of Torlonia, the banker-duke at Rome.

The voyage to Pliny's villa is charming. The situ-

ation is delightful; it is approachable only by a boat; "altissimus iste secessus," the deepest retirement, it was fitly termed. The house is a stack of rubbish, with long passages, dark halls, and open courts; there are pyramidal cypresses, mouldering steps and terraces, and a waterfall; the famous fountain and a woody hill rising steeply behind. The letter to Sura, in which Pliny describes the fountain, is painted on the walls, on the one side in the original Latin, on the other in an Italian translation. His reasons for the phenomena are amusing, because they differ from the style and tone which the wise men of the present day assume, when they would impose upon the public.—"Fons oritur in monte, per saxa decurrit, excipitur cœnatiunculâ manu factâ: ibi paulum retentus in Larium lacum decidit. Hujus mira natura: ter in die, statis auctibus ac diminutionibus crescit decrescitque. Cernitur id palam, et cum summâ voluptate deprehenditur. Juxta recumbis et vesceris; atque etiam ex ipso fonte (nam est frigidissimus) potas: interim ille certis dimensisque momentis vel subtrahitur vel assurgit. Annulum, seu quid aliud, ponis in sicco: alluitur sensim, ac novissimè operitur: detegitur rursus, paulatimque deseritur: si diutius observes, utrumque iterum ac tertio videas." The description of the situation of the fountain is correct; we drank of the water, but time would not suffer us to judge of the correctness of Pliny's report,

by placing a ring on the dry margin, by watching the gradual wetting, the final covering, the uncovering, and slow desertion of it by the water; still less by a longer observation of the reiteration of the subtraction and adsurrection of the cool liquor at certain measured intervals. We are disposed to smile at the solutions which are proposed by Pliny, but it would be difficult to account in a satisfactory manner for phenomena that still raise a question, "altissimâ eruditione dignissimam;" his illustration of the narrow-necked bottle, ampulla, is at least ingenious.

The old woman who showed the villa (she must be nearly as old as Pliny the elder) told us that the place was on sale. An old man of one hundred and three, who was rowed by his son, a youth of seventy-five, had stationed himself at the landing-place, as a good post for halfpence; in which respect at least it seemed that old age had not impaired his judgment; he repeated incessantly, "I have many years! I have many years!"

The villa Tanzi is a good house with pleasant gardens; but they are injured by plaster castles and batteries, painted to resemble brick, and bristling thickly with quakers, or wooden cannons; in England we leave these dread-inspiring playthings to yellow admirals.

I observed this morning, for the first time, the olive; I plucked a small branch, and wore it at my button-hole all day, like Noah's dove. It was not

possible to see this sacred tree for the first time without emotion; by dint of often repeated daily journies to discover at last this offspring of the earth, the hoary olive with its berries,

"Prodere cum baccis fœtum canentis olivæ,"

was a real triumph; it brought before my eyes Athens and its tutelary virgin goddess, and recalled many bright passages of the Greek and Roman classics: to-day at least I have not lost a day. I regretted exceedingly that, because of the lateness of the season, and still more on account of the shortness of the time which remained, and in which I had to accomplish so many important objects, I could catch such an imperfect glimpse only of these beauteous lakes; I had been compelled to omit altogether the pretty little lake of Lugano; I had seen much less of the Lago Maggiore than I wished, and of this lake I had viewed only the right leg: the Lago di Como is justly said to resemble the figure of a man; at Belaggio the body and both the legs may be seen at once, and I lament that I did not seize upon a day to visit that point of land at all risks, and in defiance of all consequences.

Our driver entertained us on our way to Milan by reading to himself a book of poems—such is the custom of the country; a voluntary or involuntary ignorance of which might declare, that we were strangely familiar with our post-boy, and assert of a lady in the

like situation, that if he were not her lover, he would not venture to use such a gross and extraordinary freedom. We had a good and cheap dinner at Barlassina, and entered Milan in the dark, full of great expectations; as we rolled smoothly along the streets, we experienced the advantage of the peculiar pavement; large smooth stones, like our curb stones, are introduced at a convenient distance for the wheels to run upon. The soldiers at the gates took our passports, and eyed us with as much suspicion as if we had come to take the city from them; the Austrians seem to consider Italy as stolen goods.

I remember that I used to see sometimes, when I was a boy, a long white greyhound that had stolen a shoulder of mutton, and buried it in the garden; I was struck by the slinking look of the animal; and I also remember that the wife of a respectable linen-draper, who knew of his crime, and chanced to be in a moralizing mood, once said to me, "See there, that is guilt; what a guilty look he has!" The dog certainly seemed to look upon all mankind as having a special mission to punish him, and to regard the cook, not as a nice tidy girl, who, when her labours were over, washed and cleaned herself against tea, and who dressed plainly and saved her money, that she might send a one-pound note, now and then, to her old mother—not as a useful servant, who skilfully prepared meat for

the enjoyment of others—not as a Christian having a soul to be saved—not as a British subject, whose life could not be taken away without the intervention of two juries—not as a citizeness, possessing a sacred and indefeasible right to a full, fair, and free representation, whether actual or virtual, and to be taxed thereby to the utmost—not as a portly person, the crumby object in which all the soft wishes of the coachman were centered—but as the abstract enemy of his loins, whose only end in life was to stave in his ribs with the handle of a brush, or to transfix him with one of the largest spits. In like manner the white Austrian regards the curious traveller as a person who will, some day or other, have a hand in turning him out of Italy, if not in hanging the puritanical looking emperor.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16.—The duomo, or cathedral, strikes forcibly at first sight, because it is built of white marble, and because of the consequent sharpness of the sculptures. I was disappointed with the full view of the west front; the Roman doors and windows are blots upon its Gothic face; but when it is seen from the proper point, (the archway to the south-west, where a sentinel stands,) the effect is magical; but, from a distance it is not great, and cannot be compared with the cathedral of Strasburg. The interior is rich

with paintings, statues, altars, and tombs: workmen were employed upon the roof, which was painted so artfully, that it was difficult to believe that it was not in reality carved and fretted, and in completing the party coloured pavement. Cathedrals are never finished; for which, as far as respects Italian priests, Burnet gives an uncharitable reason in his travels: "The work will not be quite finished yet for some ages, that being one of the crafts of the Italian priests never to finish a great design; that so, by keeping it still in an unfinished state, they may be always drawing great donatives to it from the superstition of the people." These remarks are of course only applicable to the Catholics, and by no means to the priests of reformed religions; the ministers of dissenters, as we well know, have an abhorrence for gifts.

The cathedral was soon crowded with a large congregation, and the service commenced: there were more men present than I had seen hitherto; and I even observed one man at confession, a religious exercise which is usually confined to the softer and more repenting sex. We descended to the subterranean chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, which has been lately completed at a vast expense, and is composed entirely of embossed silver and brocade: it is like the boudoir of a living beauty, rather than the chapel of a dead saint. The priest, who officiated on this occasion as

our guide, was the sleekest person I ever beheld. Oh! the butter, the eggs, the jelly, the cream, the chocolate; oh, all ye soft and nourishing things, that this man must daily and hourly consume!

We visited the public walk, where was a military band, and a considerable assemblage of Milanese. Some females wore hair-powder; I saw many women with fine expressive faces; but their complexion and skin were so coarse that, like the fresco paintings, they looked well only at a distance: my companion, who had not yet recovered the fright which the ogresses at Varese gave him, attributed this defect to excess at supper.

We walked round the walls, and complained that the view of Milan from thence was poor, being deficient in towers and steeples, which give a noble appearance to a city; we came to the church of our lady of the passion, S. M. della Passione, a handsome building, painted with good effect, and reposed ourselves there for some time with pleasure. The great theatre alla Scala being shut for repairs, we went in the evening to the theatre Cannobbiano; we found a full house, an opera, some skilful singers, especially a female, whose voice, however, was not very pleasing: and although a ballet-master of high renown had died about six months before, the ballet was well danced.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17.—We ascended the duomo; the staircase is good and easy, and conducts to long and remarkable perspectives of pinnacles, buttresses, and statues. The roof of a handsome building usually reminds us of human infirmity: it is constructed of paltry slates, or of ugly lead; but this is formed of large slabs of white marble, accurately joined, and is in keeping with the rest of the noble structure, of which it is the ornament rather than the disgrace. Napoleon did much to complete the great design, which even at this time has not been perfected. The view from the tower, except the distant Alps, extends over a country as level and as fertile as the plains which are seen from the top of York Minster. The buildings are flat, the tiles ugly, and there are no buildings spiring up, so that the aspect of Milan is not majestic.

The gallery of paintings at the Brera. formerly a college of Jesuits, contains many treasures: St. Peter and St. Paul, by Guido, is justly renowned; Abraham dismissing Hagar, is esteemed the masterpiece of Guercino; in a picture by the father of Raphael, something of the peculiar manner of the son may be discovered: to write down the bare names of all the works of merit in this collection would be a considerable task; to describe them were to write a history of painting. The saloons for the gallery of antiquities in this palace are handsome. The botanical garden is pretty good.

The design and execution of the Circus, built by Napoleon, are remarkable; it brings to mind the ancient amphitheatres, but it is somewhat shallow; and from this deficiency in depth or height, the effect of the seats rising, row above row, for a vast distance, which, when they were covered with crowds of spectators, must have been very sublime, is in a great degree wanting.

The triumphal arch, commenced by Napoleon, at the beginning of the road over the Simplon, is built of white marble, and covered with reliefs; it is therefore beautiful, but in other respects I did not find much to admire; it is in an unfinished state: whether it will ever be completed is at least doubtful. Why should a man, who could do great things, erect triumphal arches to himself? he might have safely entrusted his glory to the care of others; it would have been more secure with them than in his own keeping: but of this, and of many other truths equally evident, the uneducated soldier was ignorant.

The Ambrosian Library does not seem to have a vast number of books, but it is rich in manuscripts: they showed us a Virgil, transcribed by Petrarch with his own hand, on vellum; the writing is neat, but it resembles too much that of an engrossing clerk. There are some fine paintings; many drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, and other masters; and the original cartoon

of the school of Athens, by Raphael, in black and white chalk—it is in good preservation.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18.—We visited the famous fresco of Leonardo da Vinci, the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, painted on the wall at the top of the refectory of the suppressed convent of our Lady of Graces: it is much injured, and as it were utterly destroyed; yet we could see fine heads, and a fine dramatic effect. The cupola of the church of S. M. delle Grazie is from the design of Bramante, and is therefore worthy of study. The church of St. Alexander is rich and beautiful; that of the Madonna presso S. Celso, is perhaps still more so, and of higher celebrity. We wasted half an hour in going to see an ugly picture by the worst of human painters, David, of Napoleon crossing the Alps, and some other ostentatious trumpery, got up in praise of himself by that spoilt child of blind fortune, the Corsican Imperial Artilleryman.

I met with a tall gaunt cicerone in the duomo, who explained every stone in the building, and told me the subjects of all the large pictures of the life and exploits of St. Charles Borromeo, many of which would have been perfectly unintelligible without the assistance of my long-backed friend; the festival of this saint is to be celebrated at the beginning of the next month; these paintings are suspended in regular order between

the pillars for that solemnity; we were so fortunate as to visit Milan at a time when we could profit by whatever edification is to be derived from contemplating them.

The life of a saint is a strange one, and some of his feats were very whimsical; I did not find a representation of the mental reservation of St. Charles, for which the Jesuits panegyrize him, and which is thus related:—"This saint expressed great charity towards two famous robbers on the highway, who were pursued by some officers of justice; they asked the saint whether he had seen these two criminals passing that way. No, quoth he, they did not pass this way: he had at that time his finger in his sleeve, through which, his meaning was, that the robbers had not passed; and the officers giving credit to his words, ceased from pursuing them, by which means they had the opportunity to make their escape."

Several old cardinals' hats are hung up in the church; that must be a carnal mind which can contemplate the twelve tassels on each side of a cardinal's hat without thinking of the twelve apostles. I was induced to see the sacristy, where three priests showed me many embroidered garments, silver statues, much plate, and real or artificial jewels; some reliques of the apostles, of which they were weak enough to be ashamed, for they did not tell me of what they consisted, and some

reliques of the dresses of the Blessed Virgin, of which they appeared to be proud; there were six or seven pieces of brocade and satin enclosed in crystal cases at the end of the branches of a silver stand, like a candlestick; the patterns of handsome old-fashioned holiday gowns, except the one at the top, which must have been a morning dress, for pickling and preserving, and household works, for it was of a most economical kind; it was a gingham that had been bought in a cheap shop in Holborn for fourpence or sixpence a yard.

We visited a church, that is said to have been a temple of Hercules, and near it in the street we viewed a range of ancient columns. We visited the old cathedral, which is interesting for many antiquities, and more especially as it is said to be the Basilica, in which the celebrated bishop and father of the church, St. Ambrose, officiated in the fourth century; a person less disreputable than many of the fathers of the church, being a lawyer, a gentleman, and a person of some learning and eloquence: he was a great champion of the church, and maintained successfully against a very distinguished man, Q. Aurelius Symmachus, the prefect of Rome, the famous contest about repairing the altar of Victory, which was in fact a mode of trying the great question, whether the heathen religion should be restored. He gained for the church on this spot a glorious

triumph, by refusing admittance to the Emperor Theodosius, and fairly excluding him from this very cathedral, and shutting this very door, as it is said, in his face, when he attempted to enter for the purpose of receiving the sacrament. Taking advantage very artfully of the emperor's unpopularity in consequence of a massacre which had occurred, in rashly endeavouring to put a stop to an insurrection in Thessalonica, he stoutly insisted upon repentance; the lordly saint having satisfied himself that the contrition was sincere, or having sated his appetite for secular power, about a year after admitted his imperial penitent to a participation in the mysterious rites, for which he still longed.

The ladies of Milan have lately fitted up in an expensive style, by subscription, the chapel of the sister of St. Ambrose, St. Marcellina, in this church: I sincerely hope that the fair saint will repay them soon in such a manner as will be most agreeable to all.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19.—We were detained at the gate about our passports, in going out of the city on foot: we took occasion to scold the fellows. At nine we got on board a good boat on the fine canal which leads from the Lago Maggiore to Milan, and from thence to Pavia; it is wide and good; but between Milan and Pavia there are eight locks, and most of them have a great fall of water. Our party consisted

of an old lady, who was reading the Donna Desterrada, a romance, which she said was as old as Rome; and a family returning to Pavia from a visit to an aunt at Milan. The father and mother read their breviaries pretty steadily, the two daughters were employed in knitting; they justified in one respect at least the reserve, the "contegno riservato," which the guide-books attribute to the ladies at Pavia, as their distinguishing characteristic; the mother scolded her daughters perseveringly, for having walked with their father the preceding evening in the streets of Milan in the twilight; they excused themselves by saying, that they were so much wrapped up that they could not be known: but this did not pacify the old lady.

However extensive the knowledge of the father might be on other subjects, it was not great in geography; amongst many absurdities about England, he remarked, that it must be a high gratification to walk down to the sea-shore, and to look across the sea at Gibraltar, and to reflect that it belongs to the English.

We arrived at three, and were detained some minutes at the gate for our passports; the people were scolded, and deservedly, for they had our passports again from the inn; and in quitting Pavia, I was again detained by a dunce who could neither read nor write, but who required me to write my name and description in a book myself.

The museum of anatomy is most admirable; whilst we were considering the various objects, an Italian lady and gentleman entered; I expected certainly to see her withdraw, when she found that the collection was more excellent than select; she was a calm, grave, good-looking woman of thirty-five, and examined every thing minutely; when the keeper of the museum pointed out to her, as to a scientific person, the most secret of nature's mysteries, she drew near, and contemplated them with a quiet and profound attention.

The unfinished cathedral is large and handsome: its belfry, or tower, stands at a distance, and there is a house between them to keep the peace: I like this independence in a tower; the devil take the church, it seems to say, here stand I! The aspect of this crazy old city, the ancient capital of the Lombards, is interesting; and the vestiges of this Scandinavian nation, called, from the extreme length of their beards, Longobardi, as their historian, Paulus Diaconus, himself a Lombard, and doubtless bearded like a billy-goat, informs us; a people who, as the same hairy writer tells us, governed with so much equity and moderation, that most other nations envied the happiness of those who lived under them: the names Luitprand and Hildebrand, Clodisvinta and Helmichild, are a little out of the common way, to say nothing of Gaitelgrima,

which is said to have been "nomen fœminæ apud Langobardos;" would it not be charming to find amongst the reserved females of the Langobardic metropolis, a lovely nymph of the latter name, and tenderly to address her—my dearest Gaitelgrima?

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20.—We drove in an open carriage to the Certosa, a church and convent of the Carthusians, near Pavia; the country on all sides is sandy, and quite flat, but fertile and well wooded; so fertile indeed, that it is called the garden of the Milanese. The outside has the appearance of a mosque rather than of a church: the west front is carved in a surprising manner; its excessive richness astonishes: the inside surpasses all that one can dream or imagine of costly decoration. The roof is painted with various patterns, the walls with fine frescos; there are oil-paintings in all the side-chapels, and the numerous altars are inlaid with precious stones set in white marble, or richly carved in relief; the transept, choir, and especially the high altar, are adorned in like manner; and statues and monuments abound. If any thing is unworthy the edifice, it is the pavement; if it were well tessellated, it would be perfect. This church is also interesting historically; for Francis I. of France, after his defeat at the battle of Pavia, came here to surrender himself. It rained a little as we returned; I had not

experienced the inconvenience of a shower since I quitted Geneva.

The university of Pavia is a spacious and noble building; the museum of natural history is very good. As it was the vacation, we could not find the other keepers to show us the remaining collections: we stumbled by chance upon the hospital—there are one thousand eight hundred beds; every thing seemed clean and well arranged. There are many tall brick towers, in which the ancient nobility were besieged by one another in the good old feudal times; they must be of considerable antiquity; yet the holes of the scaffolding still remain. The church of St. Michael, in which the Lombard kings were crowned, is, both within and without, a specimen of pure Saxon architecture, which is the rudest and most clumsy mode of ornamenting a building; the relief is so small, the profile so flat, that it produces an appearance of meanness; there is nevertheless something handsome in the general effect.

In the south transept, in a glass case, there is a metal image of the Saviour on the cross; the inscription on the wall records, that when a neighbouring monastery was suppressed, the image was removed hither; and that an inscription on the image relates that it was made by Agbarus, king of Assyria, the year in which Christ was

crucified. Agbarus, alias Abgarus, alias Agabarus, alias Abagarus, was a king, or toparch, of Edessa, a small city of Arabia: he is called indifferently by any of the four names, but Agbarus is usually preferred, because, it is said, that word, or one nearly similar, signifies in Arabic potentissimus, and was a common title of the kings of Edessa. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, relates that this prince, labouring under a grievous distemper, incurable by human skill, having heard of the miraculous cures performed by Jesus in Judea, sent him a letter, entreating him to come to him and cure his disease; and promising him in his small city a secure asylum from his enemies: and that Jesus in return vouchsafed to write him a letter, in which, though he refused to visit him, he promised to send one of his disciples, who should heal his distemper and bring him salvation.... Eusebius inserts the letters, and adds, that after the ascension of Jesus, Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, sent Thaddeus, one of Christ's seventy disciples, to Edessa, who, having converted Agbarus to the Christian faith, miraculously cured him, and performed many other similar wonders. This story Eusebius gives on the evidence of the public records of the city of Edessa, in which those transactions were preserved from that time to his day; the letters he assures us were taken

from the archives, and were translated word for word from the Syriac.

Is the inscription on the image in Latin, Greek, or any other language? and how would its credit be varied by the language? I presume that a nearer inspection would not be permitted; a proof that, in the opinion of those who have the care of it, it would not bear examination. My companion, who made some inquiries on the subject, informed me that it was stated to be made of silver; he bravely took a copy of the writing on the wall, in defiance of all inquisitive observers, and kindly supplied me with it.—

Agabarus Assiriorum Rex
Hanc prodigiosam imaginem fecit
Anno quo X P S. mortuus est.
Sic hoc sacrum inscribebatur simulacrum
Cum in Sanctæ Mariæ Theodotæ delubro colebatur
Anno autem M D. C C J C Soluto annexo Monasterio
Ad hanc insignem Basilicam translatum fuit.

To digest such a story as this respecting the image, the assistance of a most courageous faith is necessary; it is extraordinary, or, in the language of the office, præterordinary:—

Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Præter rerum ordinem.

The bridge over the Ticino is a good bridge for all purposes but to look at; it is exceedingly ugly. The Ticino here is a goodly river, and apt to increase in

floods to a size that must be inconvenient to his neighbours: I looked at him with the interest of a father, or of a nurse, for I had seen him rise a tiny stream from a little lake on the St. Gotthard; he has the great merit of bringing the chief supply of water to the lovely Lago Maggiore, through which he flows, and having passed under the ugly bridge, he goes to swell the Po. From the opposite side of the river the ancient capital of the Lombards is fully seen, but it appears to be but a shabby place.

The unjust and cruel fate of a learned and excellent man, at a period when learning and virtue were rare, is one of the sources of interest in Pavia: we inquired after the tower in which the Consul Boethius was put to death at the beginning of the sixth century, but the persons to whom we applied were not able to direct us; and we would have visited his tomb in the church of St. Augustine, but we were informed, that that church, and a great many others, had been suppressed.

Few works have attained to greater popularity than the five books of this man, of consular dignity, on the consolation of philosophy; it is a production of extraordinary excellence and elegance; it was the great classic of the middle ages, and has been justly styled "a golden volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarism of the times, and the situation of the

author." The patriot and scholar laments in prose and verse alternately his imprisonment and misfortunes; when suddenly a female appears to him; "visa est mulier," says Boethius, "reverendi admodum vultus, oculis ardentibus et ultra communem hominum valentiam perspicacibus;" her ardent and perspicacious eyes remind us of Dante's Beatrice, the expression "reverendi admodum vultus," as we have unfortunately polluted and misapplied the epithet very reverend, denotes only with a face like a dean, of a rubicundity "ultra communem hominum valentiam." The female is Philosophy, and she tries to soothe and console the unhappy captive by argument and confutation: she uses prose and verse equally, and the latter she sings; "Hæc cum Philosophia, dignitate vultus et oris gravitate servatâ, leniter suaviterque cecinisset." The consul, like any other man who presumes to dispute with a lady, of course has the worst of it; he is not hen-pecked like some, or chicken-pecked like others, but fairly philosophy-pecked; and he is at last duly confuted and comforted. Such is the catastrophe of the work; the judicious Le Clerc, who has criticised it, wonders that the author does not answer the question he had proposed, "Si quidem Deus est, unde mala?" Other, and even theological writings, are attributed to Boethius; I have not examined the evidence upon which he is charged with the latter; but without strong proof, it is

exceedingly difficult to believe, that a mind capable of producing a volume not unworthy of the leisure of Plato, could also discuss the mystery of the Trinity, or condescend to moot the question, "Quomodo substantiæ, in eo quod sint, bonæ sint, cum non sint substantialia bona?"

His book, De Consolatione Philosophiæ, has had the singular fortune to be translated by two English monarchs, and in both instances, under circumstances somewhat similar to those under which the author composed his work: our Alfred, at a time when his distresses compelled him to seek retirement, made a complete translation of it into the Saxon language; and Camden relates, that Queen Elizabeth, during the time she was imprisoned by her sister Mary, translated it also into English.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21.—I quitted my kind fellow-traveller with regret, and set out alone in a little open carriage at six, on a fine but cold morning, and crossed the Ticino, and soon afterwards the Po, by a bridge of boats; I was glad to salute that classical river. The country is sandy and quite flat, but very fertile; the distant Alps have a pleasing effect. At ten I came to Voghera. The market in this small city was crowded with country people and their mules. The unfinished cathedral is large, modern, and handsome. I saw many

fine women for so small a place. After two hours' rest we started our steed again; the country was still flat, fertile, and pleasant: in most of the white mulberry trees that skirted the road, was a man, woman, or boy, gathering the leaves, and putting them into a sack or basket.

We passed Tortona, but did not enter the city. At five we came to Novi: it has churches and a market-place; the pleasant hills in the vicinity give it a cheerful appearance. I was informed that a person who is not an admirer of fortifications, is not repaid for making a circuit to take in the fortress of Alessandria della Paglia, or Alexandria of the Straw; which is thus nicknamed, because, through scarcity of wood, the inhabitants heat their ovens with straw.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22.—I rose at the unnatural hour of four, and got into a good roomy carriage drawn by three horses, with four other persons, the servants of a nobleman of Turin, and a boy three years and a half old; and thus commenced travelling in true Italian fashion, by vetturino. The road was hilly and extremely dusty, the land bad, and producing a great quantity of chestnuts: as we approached Genoa we found handsome country-houses—but for the absence of green fields and the presence of dry rivers, which in summer are large tracts of bare shingles, it would be a

fine country. From the top of a hill I first saw and saluted the much-sung Mediterranean with pleasure, although I have too much reason to be dissatisfied with that sea. It is said that the Italians are temperate, and by no means great eaters—there are surely some exceptions: I have seen Italian women devour most frightful suppers. I remember once observing in a coffee-house in London, an Italian singer of great comic powers, dealing drastically with a loin of pork, in a manner peculiar, energetic, and almost miraculous.

As soon as it was light this morning, the boy of three years and a half old, who was called a delicate child, ate cakes and sweetmeats for an hour; he then took to bread and cheese and the legs of cold fowls, and afterwards to hard pears, and washed them down with a good glass of wine: so far from being fatigued, he kept asking for bread, and, pointing to the chestnuts on the trees, said that they were good to eat. At ten we had a breakfast à la fourchette; as it was a meagre day, some of the party abstained from flesh—the boy served on both sides with credit; he ate meat with the feasters, and fish and eggs with the fasters; and after this meal he found out two Spaniards, who were busy with a fowl and sausages, and partook of their fare. During our afternoon's ride, he did not refuse comfits and fruit; and when I asked him if he was hungry, if he would like a slice of cold meat, some cheese, and a hard boiled egg,

he always answered yes, and seemed disappointed that it was only a question of idle curiosity.

The view of Genoa from the light-house is striking. I was pleased with the joyful meeting of our Italians with their relations, especially of two sisters; one had walked out of the city, above a mile, to meet the other, and she ran by the side of the carriage till it stopped; they kept kissing hands to each other heartily, and seemed beside themselves with joy. Are we not guilty of stifling too much these good feelings?

I put up at the hotel of the Four Nations—this sign is common on the Continent, as well as the Three Kings: I have not met with either of them in England. The Three Kings are undoubtedly the three magi, or wise men of the East; and the Three Crowns, which is also a sign, are the crowns of the magi: as every thing is Scriptural, the Four Nations are the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans—the four great monarchies, or kingdoms, of the prophet Daniel; who was perhaps greater as a prophet than as a historian. There was a violent rain and furious storm during the night.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23.—I slept for the first time under a mosquito net—I felt like the lion, in the fable of the lion and the mouse; and I longed for some friendly mouse to gnaw the net, and set me at liberty.

I set out at nine with a guide to see the city; I had great difficulty in making my guide speak Italian—the innkeepers and their servants prefer French, either that they may show their learning, or because they think that the traveller who speaks Italian, means to pay in the Italian style. On entering Italy I made a vow, or resolution, never to speak a word of French, rather to go without what I wanted; and I adhered to it most rigorously.

The Strada Balbi, with its three fine palaces, is very noble, as well as the Strada Novissima and the Strada Nova; they join together, and form one handsome street. The view from the terrace in the gardens of the Doria palace is charming; on a summer's evening it must be an inconceivably delightful spot. The palace is interesting from the historical recollections of Andrew Doria, the father of his country and the restorer of its liberty—the Washington of 1528; who, if he did not refuse a proffered crown, was at least too magnanimous to yield to the vulgar ambition of making himself a king. The church of the Annunciation is handsome within, and is adorned with good frescos; there was a great crowd to hear the military mass; the martial music had a fine effect: the soldiers are neat and clean; I was told that they had learned of the English troops to keep themselves clean. I visited a large palace with a noble collection of pictures, and

another with a fine saloon of gilded marble, which delights the French, and therefore cannot be in a good taste—but it is certainly excessively rich and handsome. The Garden di Negri has a charming view, and all the terraces, grottos, bowers, and belvideres of an Italian garden. The cathedral is ancient and ugly, built in black and white stripes, like a magpie. An elegant church has two good pictures, one by Rubens, the other by Guido; another church has some remarkable reliefs, and many have excellent frescos.

The church Carignani is large and plain; white stucco appears cold and bare to eyes that have just been gazing on the warm paintings of the other churches: there are some good pictures and large statues; one of St. Sebastian, by Puget, is much admired, but he is neither standing nor hanging; I do not like misplaced idealism; if a god has feet he should stand upon them—I cannot admire a saint, hero, or god, who walks through the streets on his hands, and picks his teeth with his toes.

From the promenade on the old walls, and from the pier, and from the top of the church Carignani, we obtained excellent views of the city and of the port. Many olive-trees grow around the city; and immense fig-trees are found in the courts of many houses and palaces: I saw the beautiful fruit of the arbutus exposed for sale on the stalls: it is said to be unwholesome,

that only a few can be eaten with safety. The women are not handsome; but the white veil which they wear on their heads is becoming. The houses are extremely high and the streets surprisingly narrow; they are paved with large stones, with a narrow path of clinkers in the middle for the horses. The roofs of the houses are of an agreeable hue, being all covered with a light-coloured slate, which adds much to the beauty of this superb city. The figs are excellent; when opened they are of a bright pink, which I take to be the sign of a good fig. I found the fish good and fresh; small John-Dorés, and a little white fish, which, but for its tiny black eyes, would pass for pipe-macaroni. Fish ought to be scarce here, if we may believe the proverb, which gives such an unfavourable character of Genoa;—Mountains without wood, a sea without fish, a people without faith, and women without modesty. "Monti senza legno, mare senza pesce, gente senza fede, e donne senza vergogna."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24.—Of all the troublesome places for a passport, this is one of the most troublesome: they made me go in person to the police—then to the governor, and pay the fellow five francs—then to the English consul, which was unnecessary—then to a wretch of a Tuscan consul, who lived on the second floor in a little back street; and in imitation of his

betters, the garreteer made me pay two francs more—it was then necessary to send my passport to the governor again, and finally to the police: the whole affair took up much time, and was a great nuisance. If the worthless animal who at present is styled King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, were, as is much to be wished, only and actually monarch of Jerusalem alone, he could not treat travellers with a greater or more stupid illiberality.

Having at last obtained my passport, I visited a palace which contains some excellent pictures; four admirable Guidos in one room, especially the Cleopatra. In another palace, new and handsomely furnished, and highly perfumed with frankincense, were some exquisite paintings in good repair; two long narrow landscapes by Titian are considered great curiosities. In the royal palace is a superb production of Paul Veronese—Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Christ. The arsenal contains, as usual, some muskets; something that might be the work of an English blacksmith, but it is said to be an ancient rostrum; it was found in the sea in cleaning out the harbour; it has been fixed in the wall; and an inscription says, that the Genoese have dedicated it to the naval glory of their ancestors. It is not above a foot long, and, as has justly been observed, it would perhaps never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a

place as the haven. The garden of the house, where some English consul or minister had lived, is steep and pleasant—the view from the summer-house at the top of the garden, is delightful; the day was very fine; that it was agreeable to sit in the open air on a marble bench, is a good criterion of the climate.

The poor-house is an immense building; in the chapel is a round basso-relievo, in marble, of the Madonna supporting a dead Christ; the heads only, and the hands of the Virgin, are given—but it is simple, natural, and affecting; and the skill with which the hair of Christ is expressed, is creditable even to Michael Angelo. We met a sedan chair coming from the poor-house with a girl in it, who had a most doleful face, and a woman was following her on foot; we asked the matron, an ungracious person, what the girl had been doing? she answered generally, that she had been standing naughty, *stava cattiva;* in what posture she had been standing we could not learn, or what they were going to do with her. In the kitchen they were ladling out soup, thick with cabbage and vegetables, into basons of the colour and texture of flower-pots, and they put into each a little morsel of paste, which a woman was preparing in a mortar. I approached the mortar to see what it was, when a middle-aged woman, in a religious habit like a nun, came to me, and said, that the paste was to flavour the soup, and that it con-

sisted of cheese and garlic pounded together. She then began an encomium on garlic, and said that it was a wholesome and indeed a wonderful thing, for if there was any wind upon the stomach it enabled it to come up; of which, with more simplicity than grace, she gave a practical illustration,

> "In notes with many a winding bout,
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out;"

adding, triumphantly, "There, I could not do so, if I did not eat garlic". She next led me to a sort of cloister, where a number of young women were sitting, and told me that they belonged to the house, but that it was not like a convent, for I might marry any of them I chose. I asked how many of them I might have; she said only one at once, but if she died I might have another. I observed, that I could do as much as that in my own country, and retired. I confess I did not feel tempted to take either a wife or a cook from that establishment.

There are but few public institutions at Genoa; most of the lions are private property. There is a certain shyness, the attendant upon dishonesty, in the Italians; although they are cheerful and good-tempered, they are far less chatty and sociable than the English; but I cannot believe that they are such great rogues as they seem to think themselves; why then this shy reserve?

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25.—At the early hour of half-past four, I was roused for the purpose of executing, within the day, a journey of some thirty miles. I went to seek my vetturino; and when we were just on the point of departure, three young Germans, who were to occupy the inside of the carriage with myself, unluckily raised the question, whether the price was to be paid in *lire* or francs; it would make a difference of one-seventh part, and it led to a long dispute. At last all parties were unanimous in referring to the master of the carriage, with whom the bargain had been made; the simple Germans believed that he would decide against himself and for them, if the interests of justice required it: I have often observed that this is one of the ways in which men are most easily duped, in agreeing to refer to the decision of an unjust and partial tribunal. At last the silly suitors returned, and praised my penetration, for the decree of the Lord Chancellor was, as I had predicted, in favour of francs; they were however satisfied with the determination, because he had agreed to take a certain sum for the present, or *buona mano;* in this also they were tricked; because, as that is entirely voluntary, they had the game in their own hands; and if they thought that they were imposed upon as to the price, they might have indemnified themselves amply out of this fund, and have avoided all dispute and loss of time.

We did not set off until half-past eight; a Spaniard, who was to occupy the cabriolet, had the never-failing resource of his cegars—he smoked away the four hours with perfect composure; I am unhappily no smoker: and as I happen to know exactly the value of time which is spent in judicial inquiries and decisions, and how usefully it is employed; that in the few cases where every thing is not predetermined and arranged beforehand, it is much better to take a pair of dice, or a halfpenny, and to settle the point in dispute in a moment, upon principles equally rational and more satisfactory; I was, I confess, somewhat impatient; and wished sincerely that the golden simplicity of the Germans had been fairly exhausted in the proper period of the world, the golden age; for in this age of iron, in Italy and in Genoa, it appeared to be exceedingly out of place.

Whilst I was waiting, I was told that the wind was fair, and the day was fine, which was perfectly true, and that we should soon be blown along to Leghorn—this was less certain; and as I am not fond of trusting myself to the sea, I was especially unwilling to "wander in that perilous flood" at this season, and in a felucca. We crossed a dry river, and followed a fine road close upon the sea-shore; the country was very beautiful—olive trees in profusion, and in the gardens orange and lemon trees covered with fruit. We took a slight repast in the middle of the day, at a poor inn, and slept

at Sestri. I found the temperature warm and comfortable; but the little Spaniard, who had been accustomed to the climate of Seville, complained bitterly of the cold; he anticipated with horror, the thoughts of passing a winter in Rome; and declared, that the inclemency of the climate would kill him: an Italian sky is proverbial, amongst us northern nations, as breathing nothing but the soft gales of Paradise.

My German companions treated me all day with extraordinary respect, in consequence of a ludicrous mistake; they had asked the vetturino of what rank their companion was to be; he said a high lord, *un alto signore*, he did not exactly know what, he believed an *abate*. How the man took this notion into his head I cannot comprehend, unless it was, that he saw me when I was at dinner, after a walk of nine hours; and he judged of my quality from my appetite, which, in his opinion, could only be found in such unsophisticated purity in the jolly abbot of a rich monastery. However the notion originated, the good Germans believed it all day; and it was not until I chanced to say that I was an Englishman, and one of them asked if we had still abbots in England, that the matter was explained, to the great diversion of all the party, both lay and ecclesiastical.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26.—We rose at an unnatural hour, and slowly proceeded to Borghetto, or, as it is nick-named, Porchetto, the little pig, a filthy and piggish place, where we dined. After dinner I set off to walk to Spezia: the distance is twelve Italian or geographical, therefore, nearly fourteen English miles; I had advanced within half a mile of Spezia before the carriage overtook me; the vetturini travel a little faster than it is convenient to walk, but not much; a little law enables the pedestrian to keep a long time in advance. The new road goes to the left, and consequently leaves the sea, and passes inland, through a solitary country covered with woods of low chestnut-trees; it is laid out on scientific principles, executed in a handsome and expensive style, and when completed will be an excellent road. For a long time Genoa has been, for so large, so rich, and so important a place, the most inaccessible spot in the world; this road will facilitate the intercourse with Florence, Leghorn, and the south; on the north the new road over the Bocchetta connects it with Milan and Turin, and the northern nations. On turning the corner by an old olive-tree at the top of the hill, I came suddenly upon a noble view of the fatal gulph of Spezia, and of "the remorseless deep:" the day had been wild, but the evening was calm and fine; the country is beautiful; the Appenines on the left were white with snow like Alps.

Where should a poet fall asleep, but at Spezia? where should he continue to slumber, but in Rome?—It was dusk when we arrived in Spezia, at a clean comfortable inn, the Two Moors.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27.—We commenced our journey at four; the moon and stars shone so bright that it was light as day; for a short distance we passed by the very edge of the treacherous sea, which was smooth as a mirror. When day-light came we found the ground quite white with the hoar frost; it was extremely cold. We crossed the Magra, and soon afterwards entered Sarzana, where we breakfasted on coffee, figs, and eggs fried in oil—the Italian version of eggs and bacon, which, if the materials be good, is an excellent dish. We met some peasant girls with extremely minute hats. We walked about the city, which is neat; the cathedral is a handsome building; the marble altars in the transepts are well carved. Our appearance excited some curiosity, and even disturbed the gravity of a funeral in the cathedral. The Spaniard wore a laced jacket, fastened with points instead of buttons; and his head was smartly tied up in a coloured handkerchief, like a French woman. Of the three Germans, two had blue shirts, the other a brown one, with red leather girdles about their loins; of one the flowing locks were surmounted by a small

skull-cap of red velvet: I wore, what perhaps seemed the most outlandish garment of all, an English drab great-coat and a travelling cap, like the other two Germans. The people of the city stared and followed us; at last a tobacconist came out of his shop, and said to me with a civil but somewhat pompous air, "Pray, sir, are you not Greeks?" I answered, "Yes, we are; and I am Homer, the father of poetry." He did not appear to comprehend my reply, but bowed and retired.

We stopped to look at some object, when a woman of a certain age, but still handsome, whose eyes must have made sad ravages amongst the hearts of the shopkeepers of the place, said to me, for I was lagging behind, "It is a fine day," or something of the kind, and immediately afterwards, "My dear sir, (caro signore,) pray tell me what you are?" I inquired, "Do you really wish to know?" She answered, "I am already dead with anxiety." "Then, cara signora," I said, "know, that the little man with the embroidered coat is a Spanish apothecary, a good man, and, I believe, clever in his profession; the other three are Germans, for in Germany the students, and in England the butchers, wear those shirts; and I am an unfortunate Englishman." "A thousand thanks! a thousand thanks!" she hastily said; and ran away to swell the triumph of beauty, and to tell all over the city a se-

cret, which all the dignity and all the authority of the tobacconist could not draw forth, but which had been instantly yielded up to the irresistible power of her charms.

We passed Massa, a neat little town, most agreeably situated; the neighbouring quarries of white marble at Carrara are said to be worth a visit, which we could not afford them: we observed fine pieces of white marble applied to the most ordinary purposes. We arrived in good time at Pietra Santa; we explored the neat town, which contains, besides many pretty women, a handsome cathedral and baptistry: after supper we took a cup of coffee in the Café di Dante, an imposing title, and a stern patron for a place of amusement.

In a double-bedded room, the little Spaniard occupied the other bed, I was amused by the singular manner in which the stranger from the banks of the Guadalquivir disposed himself for rest—having carefully put his hair in papers like a woman, he lighted a cegar, and getting into his nest, quietly smoked himself to sleep, and thus wafted his fancy in a cloud back to his native Andalusia.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28.—I had been told by many travellers, that in Italy it would be imprudent, on entering an inn, to order whatever I wished for, and to trust to the honesty of the innkeeper; that the bill

would not be extravagantly unreasonable; but that it was necessary to make a previous bargain for such accommodation as I might desire. The great pleasure of human life is to trust and to be trusted; and this practice was so odious in my eyes, that I was determined to use the course that I had hitherto followed, and not to make a special contract until I was once grossly imposed upon.

This morning at four o'clock I thought my hour was come, and that I must henceforth be a regular higgler, and agree beforehand for the price of my bed and of every morsel I was to put into my mouth. When I asked my landlady what I was to pay for my entertainment, she named a sum that was nearly double the rate at which a traveller, who wished to be well treated, ought to pay: I said to myself, "Now I must begin to make bargains,"—and laid the money quietly on the table; she took it up and went away.

There was some delay in harnessing the horses; I remained at the table sipping my coffee until I was called: in about twenty minutes the woman returned, and laying down some money before me, was going away; I said to her, "What is the matter—what is this money?" With the air of a penitent making restitution, she answered, "The account will stand better thus," and went down stairs. I found that she had returned about half the sum I had paid her: I

thought that this should go for nothing, and that I was absolved once more at least from the unpleasant necessity of driving a bargain. I related this adventure to many persons who had travelled much in Italy; they said it was very remarkable, that they had never met with any thing of the kind, and that they never saw again a piece of money, great or small, that they had once parted with.

If any conduct will inspire honesty, it is the appearance of confidence, for persons will frequently cheat those who manifest distrust, and spare others who seem to confide in them; thus men, who venture boldly into the lion's den, generally come out unhurt. If I were asked whether I would therefore advise any one to pay the lion a familiar visit, I would say, "No, because too much would be staked;" but when the question is, whether five or ten shillings is to be paid, the traveller, who desires to see men and manners, must elect either to make sure of his five shillings, or to risk them occasionally for the sake of a moral experiment; as for our amusement we play at cards for small sums.

The morning was cold, the ground white with the hoar frost. When the horses stopped at a small public-house to bait, we walked over a considerable hill, from the top of which we had a good view of the coast, and what was at that time a novelty, some pastures and

marshes near Viareggio; the sides of the hill were darkened by the ilex. We sat upon a wall until the carriage came up; and soon after we had mounted it, we crossed the Serchio by a bridge at a short distance from Lucca.

We found many large canes growing on the banks of this pretty little river, which the Italians use for many purposes; the women often spin with a distaff of the most simple construction possible: the ancient distaff, from which the fates have eternally drawn the varied thread of human life, cannot be less artificial—it is in fact a piece of one of these canes, about two feet in length, rudely broken off, with the flax at the top.

Through cold, hunger, and fatigue, I fell asleep; when I awoke I saw Pisa before me. I was captivated with the calm beauty of Pisa; and I was treated there with so much real kindness, that I had only to regret that it was my lot to visit it once only, and for a very short time.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29.—The Lung'Arno is fine, but the Arno is muddy; in the Italian landscape grass and large trees are wanting, and the rivers are either quite dry or muddy. The custom-houses are exceedingly annoying in this little state; for fiscal purposes they shut the Porta della Spiaggia at five o'clock in the evening; and having locked, bolted, and barred

the gate, they leave it; so that all access to the city from the country on that side is as completely precluded as if the city were invested by a besieging army, which is an enormous inconvenience; and this most monstrous piece of tyranny is perpetrated because the person, to whom the stupid Tuscans passively submit themselves, does not choose to hire a gate-keeper, to prevent his being cheated in the toll of a turnip or a carrot. All day long the soldiers are employed at the gates in stopping the market-carts and counting the cabbages, or in thrusting iron skewers through the baskets of manure, which boys or asses carry out of the city; when I passed the gates in a calèche they made me stand up, and peeped under the seat.

I entered several quiet churches in this pleasant still city. I looked for Ugolino's tower, the Tower of Hunger it is called, but I was told it had been pulled down. The leaning, or falling tower, the cathedral, the baptistery, and the Campo Santo, stand together on a grass-plot, and have a fine effect; it would be difficult in any other city to find another constellation of four such handsome buildings without any eye-sore.

I like the tower; whether it be in good or in bad taste, I like the tower; it is circular; seven stories of arcades are surmounted by a belfry, and all of white marble; the four lower stories lean more than the three upper, which adds to the deception, as there is a bend in the

middle, as if the tower were breaking in the fall: whether the inclination is to be ascribed to art, or to the sinking of the foundation, has always been disputed; it is easy to find arguments in support of either supposition. It is of comfortable ascent by one hundred and fifty-three steps, and commands a delightful view; it is a hollow cylinder, and the appearance of the interior is perhaps even more extraordinary than of the exterior; it resembles a well, or the bent shaft of a pit, cut through a fine stratum of white marble. It was mentioned as a ludicrous act, that an architectural amateur had come from America for the sole purpose of seeing this campanile; but I confess that it did not strike me in the same light; if the beautiful building took his fancy, as much as it captivated me, I do not think that it would repent him of his voyage.

The cathedral boasts of bronze doors, curiously wrought in relief with the history of the Old and New Testament, by Bonanno, an ancient statuary; paintings, marbles, mosaics, bronzes, a large silver altar, a finely carved marble pulpit, and in short every object of devotional luxury or magnificence. The performances of St. Rainerius, the patron of the church and city, are depicted; many of them would be ridiculous in any one but a saint—in him they are full of unction and edification.

The baptistery is a circular building, remarkable for riches similar to those of the cathedral, and for a very extraordinary echo.

The burial ground, or Campo Santo, is a noble rectangular cloister of marble, which not only surrounds some earth brought from the Holy Land, a most comfortable bed for a dead body, but has its walls painted in fresco, with various subjects of Biblical and Pisan history, by Giotto, Andrea Orgagna, Memmi, and other great masters; and a vast assemblage of statues, busts, sarcophagi, reliefs, inscriptions,—antique, modern, and of the middle ages,—many of them of distinguished merit. It is at once a burial ground, a picture gallery, and a museum of antiquities; if it be ever freely opened to the public, it must be an instructive and agreeable lounge; if it can only be visited in company with a guide, it loses much of its value and interest.

One fresco is remarkable, because a figure in it has supplied a proverb, a rare merit in a painting: the subject is the well-known passage in the history of Noah, which has given rise to the slave-trade; to all the discussions on the subject, and to the renown of Mr. Wilberforce; when the patriarch, to prevent any ill effects from the dampness of the earth, treated himself to a glass of wine, and, unfortunately for the sable posterity of Ham, filled his glass too often: the three

sons are conducting themselves in the manner that history relates, and a pretty young woman, I suppose the wife of one of the sons, is covering her face with her hand, but evidently peeping through her fingers; hence the proverb, "la vergognosa del Campo Santo," the modest woman of the Campo Santo, is applied to ridicule mock modesty. I should conjecture that the painter was friendly to the slave-trade; and in order to give the unhappy Africans the fairest possible title in both lines to a black skin, he ingeniously meant to show, that the wife of Ham was equally guilty, although in a more feminine manner, with her husband.

The botanical garden, or Garden of Simples, as it is called, is pretty good; I saw there a small cedar, the only specimen of that noble and singular tree that I remember to have seen in Italy.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30.—I saw in progress the engravings of Mascagni's anatomical plates; they are on a large scale, minute and elaborate, and, as I was informed by a distinguished anatomist, extremely accurate; when complete, they will be a great acquisition to the student. The ingenious person who superintends the execution of them, seemed deeply impressed and penetrated by the notion of their importance; he ran on into long discussions, and explanations, with a volu-

bility which would have been more intolerable if it had been less tiresome, for it was surprising as a specimen of the relentless in boring; he had gotten however one joke, whether he had accidentally invented it himself, or some one in pity had given it him, I could not determine, but it appeared to make him very happy, for he wrapped himself up in it, and hugged himself in the conceit of its exceeding facetiousness; it was this, that the great anatomist had represented all the various parts without the skin, except two, one I remember, was the eye in the male subject, the other was some part, I forget what, in the female.

I took a walk in the country, and saw in a vineyard a snake, at least a yard in length, with a green back; he lifted up his head and looked at me; but as an Englishman is now no curiosity, he lowered it immediately, and calmly continued his rustling course.

At the instance of a friend, who has studied much, and practised a little, the agriculture of the country, I was induced to look at one of the ploughs, and to hear it explained by a countryman: the plough is clumsy, but I believe not heavy, and I am informed it is efficient; it is doubtless very simple; it consists of three pieces of wood only, and in their names I was told that I should recognize Virgil's plough: the countryman called one piece something like *buris;*

another *dentale;* the *dentalia* of Virgil, my friend triumphantly said, and found in it the *duplex dorsum,* which has puzzled the commentators; the third part he called *stegola,* which may be a diminutive of *stiva.* Here follows the much agitated passage descriptive of the plough:—

"Continuo in sylvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri;
Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo;
Binæ aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso.
Cæditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,
Stivaque, quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos."

Georg. l. i. v. 169.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31.—I was driven quickly in a calèche, drawn by one horse, along a good, level, uninteresting road, to the emporium of salt fish, Leghorn. I found the town better than I had expected; the square is large and well built, as are also some of the streets. In the cathedral they were singing, burning incense, and ringing a bell as usual, but there was nothing attractive. Elba may be seen at a distance from the shore, and some other islands. There is an English burial ground full of cypresses and marble monuments. Men were employed on the walls in making ropes; they did not carry the tow in their aprons as in England, but at the end of poles; one of which resembled a distaff with flax upon it magnified;

it requires a much greater familiarity with ropes than I can pretend to, to be a competent judge of the advantages or disadvantages of this method.

The number of Jews was so great, the smell of salt fish so strong, and the coachmen and boatmen so much more troublesome than they commonly are, even in Italy, that I left the place with real pleasure. Leghorn appeared to me to be one of those cities where the only enjoyment of the traveller is the reflection that he will most probably never enter it again; but I confess that I am strongly prejudiced against disagreeable persons and places. Yet I have heard of English, and of a superior caste too, who have resided long there, and have become attached to the spot; but perhaps it would be difficult to find on the surface of the globe, a situation of which men would not in general grow fond by a long residence; this Tuscan sea-port and its vicinity may have advantages which gradually disclose themselves; it would be extremely unfair, from the cursory visit of a few hours, to decide positively on a subject, which can only be fully ascertained by a longer experiment, and that I confess I should be exceedingly unwilling to make. I was glad to return to Pisa; it had fresh beauties in my eyes; the Lung'Arno was a charming contrast to Leghorn.

National and local peculiarities are most striking in trifling matters. I went in the dark to put a letter into

the post, and I felt not an unseemly wooden slit, but a comely marble hole. There were great crowds before the confectioners shops; and cakes were exhibited in the windows exactly similar to the twelfth-cakes in London; it was the eve of All-Souls, or of All-Saints day; it is as well to eat a good cake for the sake of all the saints and of all their souls, and because the dead are not alive, as on account of the epiphany; they are both very good reasons for eating good cake; on such a subject, a much worse reason ought to satisfy a much more scrupulous person than I profess to be. In England, we celebrate all-hallows eve, or nutcrack night, as this vigil is called, by eating apples and cracking nuts; we disclaim and reject all worship of saints; but as they never did us any harm, if the apples are good and the nuts sound, and we feel inclined to eat them, we indulge our taste, and kindly suffer the departed worthies to take whatever credit they may think redounds to them from the due performance of these ceremonies.

The climate of Pisa is uniformly mild and warm; in the summer, perhaps, hot and stifling; but sickness steals in every where; I think I heard more of consumptions in Italy than in England: my landlord at the Ussero told me that he had lost his wife by that disease, and had been afflicted by it himself; but by adhering rigidly to the rule of eating once only in

twenty-four hours, and by some other self-denying precautions, he had got the better of it. The climate appears to be unfavourable to the constitutions of English children; I was informed, that amongst other inconveniences, they are liable to the discomfort and risk of having the measles several times.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1.—It was a beautiful morning; I set out at seven in a calèche, and passed through the pleasant village of Pugnano: it is agreeable to see on the walls of the houses lemon trees instead of our pears. What is gained in one way is lost in another; it had struck me what fine gardens might be had here, but I was told that it is hardly possible to water them enough: that excellent vegetable the red beet cannot be produced; the white can be grown, but it is very indifferent. From the number of ditches made for the purpose of irrigation, it seems that there is as much trouble to get the water on the land here as there is to get it off in other countries. The vines are trained on polled poplars; it would be good to poll a poplar, and train a vine in its head in a garden in England, as a memorial of Italy; if the vine would not bear grapes, it would at least have a pretty appearance.

We came suddenly upon the famous Lucca, a stately walled city in a plain watered by the Serchio, and surrounded by mountains; a city famous for its

oil, and for Castruccio Castracani, who is known to many, because his life was described by Macchiavelli, and to all, as the hero of "Valperga;" all previous knowledge whets the appetite and sharpens the curiosity; and as I had read that instructive novel, I had an additional motive to survey the city; I took an hour for the purpose, which proved to be two or three.

The churches were hung within and without with black cloth, charged with white skulls and marrow bones; and there were many people in them singing and praying for the dead. There are many handsome churches; the western fronts are of white marble, and formed of several stories of arcades. There were good paintings, and altars rich with silver plate; some churches were hung with Genoa velvet; instead of a door, a large, thick, heavy mat was suspended at the entrance. I walked round the city upon the walls; the walk is wide and planted with trees; the view on all sides is fine. I saw many pretty women here; at Pisa it is difficult to find one.

Little states will always be extremely stately; in going out of the city, a man at the gate handed me a pen and ink, and as white paper is dear, and a book dearer, a bit of blue paper, such as that in which a grocer wraps half a pound of brown sugar, that I might write my own account of myself in my own way; I suppose the government cannot afford to pay the

salary of more than one man, who is able to write, and he was employed in his duties as chancellor. "By her snow may we be made white!" is an inscription in one church on an altar of the Blessed Virgin; it is a conceit, but perhaps a pretty one: "Ut ejus nive dealbemur!"

I passed through a pleasant country to Pistoia, and I met many pretty country girls on the road; as they generally wore a black beaver hat like men, I was reminded of Wales. I reached Pistoia at five, and was immediately led through handsome wide streets to several churches; in one the host was elevated just as we entered; my guide dropped down on his knees as if he had been shot, and the fine organ struck up a triumphant strain. I had not eaten since six in the morning; it was now almost dark; I was tired and faint, but I was led hastily from one scene to another; it was like a dream: it never rains but it pours. at some other time these sights would have been a great treat, now I only sought food and repose.

I was taken into a hospital for women; there was room after room, and bed after bed on both sides of the rooms; they were generally occupied. The air was good, and things were cleaner than they probably would have been at the homes of the patients, but not so clean as a hospital should be. A fine little girl, who was running about the wards, was amused to see

a stranger there; she laughed aloud, and, following me, tried to draw my umbrella from my arm, whilst I passed a bed, at the foot of which were placed a scapulary, and a vessel of holy water; an old woman had received the extreme unction, and was waiting for death; they said she was dead, but I heard her cough under the clothes. Such the one had been, such the other would be; how much is done and suffered between the two extremes.

After seeing some more churches, as there was nothing to eat at my hotel, I was conducted to a *traiteur's*, a cook's shop; the fire was out, and there was no one but a youth in black, like a lawyer's clerk—it seemed as hopeless to apply to him, as to go to chambers in the Temple and call for a dinner. He placed on the table some wine, more drinkable than usual, and bread, for which the city is famous. I supposed that I must wait a long time—I therefore took out a book to pass an hour—before I had opened it, the common soup appeared—three cold roast sparrows followed, slender fare, but they were savoury, and helped the good bread down—then came—then came the quarter of a boiled capon, so large, so juicy, so white, so tender, that it was quite an event; the very liver was in itself a blessing—then some fried pigs feet; but in eating these, I can never forget that they stood all their lives in a sty: they offered some other dishes, which I de-

clined: I paid a small sum for an unexpectedly good dinner.

When I returned to the inn, I found all the people on their knees, with some priests praying for the dead; I afterwards had some conversation with one of the party; his discourse was such as I should have anticipated from the attitude and society in which I had seen him—it forcibly reminded me of the writings of some of the dead. In walking hastily through the streets of Pistoia, I had been much struck by the beauty of the women; I heard from others, especially from a person who had resided there some time, and upon whose judgment I can rely, that many females of a surprising loveliness are to be met with in that city.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2.—I rose at six; we found the gates shut, and a crowd of people waiting to be let out; in about ten minutes they opened a wicket, and it appeared that as many had been waiting to be let in: when they had crowded past one another, the gates were opened, and some market carts, which had been detained, were suffered to enter. I do not pretend to understand warfare, but this shutting of gates appears to be a foolish thing, and gives much trouble for no good purpose. The cities are surrounded with ugly dead walls, which impede the view, the exit, and the entrance, and prevent a free circulation of air;

and, except at Lucca, they are too narrow to make a good walk. The soldiers who are employed for the police, and to keep the gates, or even the inhabitants, could always repel the attack of a small number of persons, and a large army would not be kept out by such walls as the Italian cities would oppose to them. It is an absurd relic of barbarism; but often in a most senseless practice may be found some collateral good; by shutting the gates early, people are compelled to keep good hours; and as they are not open before sunrise, painfully long journeys are prevented.

I passed through a flat country, and through Prato without knowing it, as I did not observe any city sufficiently large to contain ten thousand inhabitants: perhaps the extraordinary and almost incredible profanation, and astounding misapplication of wafers, by the nuns of the convent of St. Catherine, as related by De Potter, in his Memoirs of the Bishop of Prato and Pistoia, Ricci, has infected the air of this city, so that it offuscates the mind of the traveller, and hebetates his powers of observation, and thus hides Prato, unwilling to be seen, and blushing for the scandals of its nuns.

I arrived at Florence without knowing it, and thinking that it was Prato; I told the driver, therefore, to take me to whatever inn he pleased—as I supposed, to bait and breakfast; he took me to a dim

place, full of vetturini; and, in spite of me, would carry my baggage into a bed-room, which led to an explanation: I immediately rectified my mistake, by ordering my bags to be transported to the Four Nations, and transplanting myself to that hotel. The pompous air with which my passport had been examined at the gate, and with which I was told to stand up, that they might peep into the seat, had not undeceived me; for I had experienced the same impertinence in the most paltry cities; but as soon as I saw the Lungo l'Arno, I recognised the beautiful Florence, and remembered an engraving which I used to look at when a boy, and especially the marble bridge, with three elegant arches; the most graceful bridge I ever saw. I cannot decide whether it is better with the three large shields over the centre of the arches, or would be better without them. To determine the curvature of the arches of the bridge of the Holy Trinity, is a problem which has always continued to exercise the mathematicians, and has never received a satisfactory solution; it is not merely a question of scientific and useless curiosity, but a matter of important and practical utility, because the curvature of these arches affords the flattest road-way, and greatest water-way, with the least quantity of material, of any stone bridge that was ever constructed. It is, in other words, more of a bridge than any other in the world; and as it is also the most beautiful, it is

a striking illustration of the theory—that in proportion as any thing is itself, and essentially answers the end proposed, it is beautiful. Every curve has been chosen for these three arches; they have been shown, by ingenious persons, to be elliptical, catenary, and cycloidal; and a patriotic Englishman maintains, that they are manifestly Gothic pointed arches, of the time of Henry VII., and that the shields, or ornaments at the vertices, seem intended, by the architect, only to veil his obligations to Gothic science.

The first visit of a traveller is to the post-office; however attentive his friends may be, however well he may have pre-arranged his times of arriving, he will, for some reason or other, generally be disappointed. It is a great disappointment; but he who travels, travels to see sights; in this he will be sometimes gratified, in all other things he will most probably be disappointed. How little of a journey is employed in seeing, how much in packing and unpacking, in going from one city to another, or from one part of the same city to another part; in changing money, in bargaining, in waiting for others; about passports, or with custom-house officers: and when you have the sight actually before your eyes, you are tormented by beggars, by rain, wind, or dust; by volunteer guides; or if you take one of the regulars to defend you against other assailants, by his impertinence he will not let you look at it in the

right way, and teases you with some petty history of how some king or emperor, some conqueror of Spain, the Duc d'Angouleme, or the Duke of Wellington, once saw it; and what this person, who could not possibly understand it, said thereupon. If travelling really were what it is supposed to be, but what it certainly is not, the seeing of remarkable things, it would be most delightful: but as it is, if taken in moderation, it is improving.

I was tired, and therefore only wandered about in a desultory manner. I remarked that few of the buildings, and I think not any of the churches, were finished; the city, although beautiful, for some reason disappointed me. I walked out of the Roman gate, and turning to the left, ascended a steep hill by a long and remarkable avenue, consisting of the ilex and the cypress, planted very close together; they were in general fine trees, and the avenue was quite entire; at the top is a palace, and a view over the city of Florence. I saw a fowler under one of the trees, who was attempting to decoy small birds to some limed twigs, in a strange manner: a little owl was tethered by the leg with a long string, and kept hopping and beating on the ground, the man hid himself behind the trunk of a tree and made a chirp, like a little bird; several sparrows drew near, and looked at the owl, and seemed half inclined to take a peck at him, but they did not perch upon the twigs whilst I was present:

perhaps, as I stood openly at a little distance, and looked on, I thereby prevented the complete success of this singular mode of fowling, which, I have no doubt, from the foolish conduct of the little victims, is often effectual. I do not think the olive is ugly, as is the general opinion; there is a finish about all slow-growing trees and evergreens which is pleasing.

The Italian bricks are thinner than ours; therefore, they are more like the ancient Roman, and perhaps are better baked. If the painting on the walls of a room is not well executed, it is displeasing to me, because it reminds me of a theatre, and of a country theatre,—and of discomfort: a theatre seems the most comfortless place in the world, and players the most uncomfortable people: but if it be well done, in good taste, with delicate colours, and due regard being had in the shadows, to the manner in which the light enters the room, it has a cheerful and excellent effect, especially if the subject be arabesques. Representations in perspective are rarely successful, because the perspective is only just and agreeable, when seen in one point of view; in all others it is not proportion, but deformity.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3.—I have heard it remarked, by a good judge of pictures, that the landscapes in the back grounds of the paintings of the

older masters, the predecessors of Raphael, are excellent; I treasured up the remark, which was new to me, in my heart, and resolved to look at these productions, with the view of forming my own opinion on this point. I visited the celebrated gallery. The effect of mingling pictures with statues is good, and ought to be imitated in all public galleries. The locking and unlocking some of the rooms is a piece of coquetry to keep up curiosity; it is, doubtless, a powerful excitement, but it is an artifice unworthy of so fine a collection. So much has been written about the Venus, and so much stuff is hourly talked about her, that the stranger visits her with an appetite already palled. The statue has been broken in pieces, which are not neatly joined together again. The hands and the head are said to be modern; the head is certainly insipid: with the grace, modesty, dignity, and general expression of the attitude, I was not much struck—but the form I praise: in the bosom, which is large, the feet, thighs, legs, back, and shoulders, I thought that I observed peculiarities of form, which I had not seen in other statues; and that these peculiarities were all merits. The Apollino is graceful, and in excellent repair. The Fornarina of Raphael is the wickedest-looking woman I ever saw. I tried to discover in three Correggios, the peculiar merits of that painter. I admired a fine Claude; and many other good, and

some perfect paintings. I was attracted by a grand wild boar, two dogs, and many other antique statues, especially Fauns and Satyrs. Bacchic subjects are always pleasing and interesting; the fine arts are essentially Dionysiacal.

The Florentine architects affect to give their churches, what Homer thought a fitting attribute of a house, darkness, *ανα μεγαρα σκιοειντα*: the unfinished cathedral, an immense building, seems suited for deeds of darkness; it resembles a Druidical grove; the gloom is striking; but paintings cannot be seen at all; statues but little. In this, and in some other churches, I observed, for the first time, that the great altar is placed within a circular inclosure. No cathedral, scarcely any large church, has been entirely finished; at Florence they are in a peculiarly unfinished state. The west front of the cathedral, which was designed to be covered with marble, and that of many other churches, reminded me forcibly of the remark of Burnet, "that they looked as if they had been flead." The Campanile, a beautiful and lofty square tower, close to the cathedral, which was built from the design of Giotto, covered with coloured marbles, black, white, and red, reminded me of the comparison of the same traveller, "That it looks as if it were in livery." An octagonal church of St. John the Baptist, the baptistery of the city, has, doubtless, great merit, externally and inter-

nally; but it is just such a temple as the magpies would build to their black and white deity, if a feathered Giotto, or a Brunelleschi, were to be hatched amongst that chattering nation. Santa Maria Novella, the Annunziata, the Spirito Santo, S. Lorenzo, and the Santa Croce, have various beauties: the last church is the Westminster Abbey of Florence, and contains the monuments of the illustrious dead.

The bust of Michael Angelo, on his tomb, is spirited, and must be a good likeness: the monument of Alfieri, by Canova, has its admirers; but, in my opinion, the huge mound advancing into the church, is a mere nuisance, and the party most concerned is, as usual with Canova, sunk into a medal; a giantess, who has nothing to do with the matter, usurps his place. "Idleness," says the copy-book, "is the root of all evil;" it is certainly the root of this evil: to make a good statue of the deceased, requires time and trouble; to make a statue of Italy, of Tragedy, of Fame, of Poetry, but little; as no one has seen these ideal personages, the dissimilarity cannot be detected. In a monument erected in honour of a chancellor, most persons could judge, whether the statue were a good likeness of the late eloquent lord; but if a weeping John Doe, or a Richard Roe in tears, bearing the visage of the departed, engraven on his ring, or his seal, were introduced; or an Equity, disconsolate as

Rachel or Niobe, and attached to life only by a little lock of his lordship's hair, or wig, the composition might defy the individual peculiarities of criticism. Persons who prefer good butter to bad, here, as at Pisa, buy it of the grand duke, who has a dairy-farm.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4.—The Pitti Palace is in the rustic style of architecture; it is ugly and jail-like; a good large palace might be hewn out of it. There are pictures innumerable, and fine ones. The portrait of Leo X., by Raphael, is the perfection of the art; one regrets that such exquisite painting should have been thrown away upon such ugly fellows as are there represented; on the contrary, in the neighbouring picture, by the same master, of the Madonna della Seggiola, the countenance is so beautiful, that, as was observed by a foreigner, with a freedom, perhaps, reprehensible, if it had been a mere human transaction, St. Joseph would stand fully excused, for having taken to himself such a lovely creature at second hand.

The true wonder of Florence is the collection of anatomical models in wax, at the Spegola; their number, beauty, and perfection, are astonishing. All the various systems of the animal economy are exhibited with perfect accuracy, as large as life, and are shown as well as by the most careful dissection: nothing shocks the senses; on the contrary, a certain beauty

of imitation and gracefulness in displaying and disposing the parts and limbs, is even pleasing. Some other animals, as well as man, are shown; the anatomy of the cock and hen are well represented; of the lobster, cuttle-fish, silk-worm, and of some fishes; and of the gradual growth and progress of the chicken in the egg. It is open every day, freely, to all persons. Some Austrians, private soldiers, were looking at the cuttle-fish; one of them asked me, what it was: he did not understand the Italian name; I knew enough of his language to tell him it was the Ink-fish, Tintenfisch; with great glee he immediately inquired, if I could speak German: to be able to speak the language of the country is always a powerful bond of union; but it is, perhaps, no where so great a recommendation as in Germany. I was disappointed in the celebrated representations of the plague; the figures are very small; the whole consists of only three little glass cases; absolute rottenness and rapid decay are well represented; but some intrusive allegorical figures of Time, who ought to be committed as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, greatly injure the effect. A human head, partly dissected, and in a putrescent state, the work of the inventor of this art, Zumbo, is the most extraordinary and the most successful of all the numerous pieces of wax-work; the colouring is marvellous; no imitation can be more perfect.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5.—I found on the Continent many holidays that are not kept in England; this day at least is an English holiday, which is not kept abroad; I saw no preparations for bonfires; I met no Guys; no boys asked me for coppers to help to burn the Pope. It is said that the only honest tradesmen here are the Jews, who are therefore unpopular amongst other dealers; these unfortunate people fall between two stools—in England they are hated because they are not honest enough—in Italy because they are too honest. Their mode of dealing is, perhaps, always the same; it only appears different when compared to different things; contrasted with that of all other nations, it seems to be dishonesty; but with that of the Italians, it is honesty. It is said that there are no Jews in Scotland; that that is the only country in the world from which they cannot extract a livelihood: the Jews can live upon as little, or less, than any other people; but not upon less than a quarter per cent.; if the average profits of trade fall below that rate, the Hebrews withdraw; a Jew must have his quarter per cent.; and not finding that in Scotland, he cannot live. Others explain the phenomenon differently; they say, that the children of Israel derive their nourishment from second-hand clothes; that this trade is in many countries attended with great sufferings and hardships, but that in Scotland, from the peculiar habits of the people, it

would be so intolerable, that even Abraham himself could not follow it for a fortnight.

A gigantic size injures the effect of a work of art; the famed Niobe is too large; her face is beautiful and expressive: to judge accurately and fully of this celebrated composition, more time is required than a hasty traveller can afford. The form of the daughter, whom she tries to shelter, is, perhaps, too much that of a woman; certainly, that part of her which is most conspicuous, is rather womanly than girlish. Some of the sons are well executed; they appear as if stung to the quick.

Italy at present is not the land of music; I have heard less singing in the streets than in any other country; and the little I have heard was of a much worse quality: the music in the churches is extremely monotonous; I have generally found bad voices and bad performance: nothing can be less dignified or imposing than the religious ceremonies, or conducted in a more ungraceful and slovenly manner. Florence swarms with priests, black, white, and grey; it is said that the grand duke, as well as his family, is extremely pious. The Tuscan wine is never good, the best is barely drinkable; it is not clear and bright, being made in dirty casks and vats, and has commonly an unpleasant taste.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6.—To-day, or rather to-morrow, is the first day of Michaelmas term; I feel that I have no business to remain long in Italy. I admired, in the cloisters of the church of Annunziata, a fine fresco by Giotto, of the birth of the Virgin, containing many charming female figures; the holy family of Andrea del Sarto, and some other excellent works. We walked up an extremely steep hill to Fiesole; we passed the farm of Dante, and the house in which the party, who told the tales in the Decameron of Boccaccio, are feigned to have assembled, and which has no other merits than a good view and these recollections. In visiting the scenes of fictitious events, it is difficult to avoid falling into the error of the simple attorney, who being told that a great collector of Spanish works had got Don Quixote's library; he forgot that the romance was not a history; that all that could be meant was, that copies had been procured of all the works that Cervantes describes as forming the library of the knight; he likewise forgot that, even supposing all was true as related, the books had been burned; and remarked, with an ingenuousness worthy of Sancho himself, "I wonder if there is any of the Don's handwriting; a marginal note, or even his name, in any book, would be invaluable; how I should like to see what kind of a hand he wrote!" The hill is steep; the view from the top is good; a view of Florence, of

the vale of the Arno, and the surrounding hills; the forms are fine, but to an English eye the colours are unpleasant; one sees only fallow fields, tinged grey with the olive; refreshing green is entirely wanting. My companions, who are warm admirers of Italy, admitted that it is inferior to Highgate and Hampstead.

The finest views abroad can never be approached: lovely lakes are blocked up, as at Geneva and Como, by the vilest of buildings; on the top of this hill a monastery is so placed, that a partial view only is to be had; and the few moments we could enjoy that partial prospect, we were infested by the inauspicious presence of a sulky monk: the few moments that can be torn from passports, custom-houses, vetturini, and darkness, from sleep, and the other necessaries of life, are in Italy always embittered by the odious presence of some offensive beggar, lay or ecclesiastical. The lurid sluggard came to ask us to see his monastery; to beg, at least by his looks, or to spy, or for any purpose, save the only legitimate one, to have his head broken by one of the party, and to be kicked down the hill by the rest.

The view from Fiesole is deficient in water; whatever of the Arno is not dry, is a muddy little stream; it also wants variety; it consists entirely of olive grounds, sown thickly with white villas. The waiter at my hotel wished me much to have my hair cut, and recommended

a barber to my attention, because he had been at Paris, and was a *bravo;* according to our sense of the term it would signify, not a good fellow, but a very bad one; a man who would cut your hair, and then stab you with the scissors—shave you, and cut your throat with the razor.

The papal government has in all ages been eminently distinguished for insolent pretensions, and has showed them equally in the most unimportant matters, and in the most momentous affairs. I received my passport to-day duly prepared for Rome; the ministers of all other governments, great and small, had been content with a common stamped seal in ink of various colours, red, black, blue, or green; the Pope's nuncio alone had the impertinence to affix a seal of red wax, to take a distinction, and to show that his kingdom is not of this world. Had all the potentates and impotentates, through whose dominions I passed, presented me with an ounce of sealing-wax, my passport by this time would have weighed several pounds; in that case, I presume, the arrogant little priest, who officiates as consul for the celestial empire, would have compelled me to carry to Rome in my pocket a cake of resin, like the filthy appendage to a commission of bankruptcy, and other parchments under the great seal.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7.—I saw some frescos in chiaroscuro, by Andrea del Sarto, in the little church of the barefooted Carmelites, Scalzati; they represent the life of St. John the Baptist; they are much injured, but full of spirit and of merit. The modern paintings in the Academy Delle Belle Arti, do not give a high idea of the state of that art at present in Florence; there are some very good casts and a gallery of pictures of the earliest masters, which is exceedingly interesting, as well as some cartoons and drawings by great men.

I had now recovered from the fatigue I felt when I arrived in Florence, and began to be impatient to visit Rome; I accordingly made arrangements with a vetturino for that purpose. Notwithstanding the difference of climate, for one great coat that is to be seen in England, five are found in Italy, especially amongst the common people; but the Italians sit less over the fire than the English, indeed they avoid it as unwholesome. Strangers cannot fail to remark the peculiar manner in which the Italians wear their great coats, and not unfrequently their coats and jackets also; they disdain to put their arms into the sleeves, but merely throw the great-coat lightly over their shoulders; the peasants appear to have a sort of pride in showing by how small a part it can hang on; and at first it seems difficult to believe that they have not some button, or peg, on the nape of the neck or shoulder; for to the

eye it, appears sometimes as impossible that the coat should retain its position, as that it should hang against a wall without one of these supports; an experiment, however, shows that it is not difficult; and with a little practice, even one of our scanty great-coats may be worn in this fashion; the full double-breasted Italian garment much more easily, because the weight of the parts that are intended to wrap over before, overbalances the weight of the back; it will hang, therefore, for ever, upon any point of support, however small; in a very scanty garment, the weight of the back having no counterpoise, tends to pull it off. A coat of coarse cloth, and such is usually to be found in Italy, is more favourable for this experiment, because its rough surface takes hold of whatever is beneath, and will not suffer it to slip down. This manner of carrying a coat is more picturesque than the transalpine fashion; it is also more beneficial to the wearer, because a garment worn loosely is most effectual in warding off the cold, that is, in retaining the animal heat. The dislike of an Italian to put his arms into his sleeves is very remarkable; it seems as if these suspicious people had the fate of Agamemnon continually before their eyes: that renowned chieftain, as is well known, was received by his wife on his return from Troy with a warm bath: when he came out of the bath, a tunic, with the sleeves sewed up, was presented

to him, and whilst his arms were thus hampered, he was struck out of the book of life. An Italian appears to suspect treachery in his sleeves, that if he were to trust his hands in them for a moment, his wife and her cavaliere servente would suddenly cleave his head with a murderous axe, as wood-cutters serve an oak:

——Ὅπως δρυν ὑλοτομοι,
Σχιζωσι καρα φονιῳ πελεκει.

Or, as the hero's shade described the transaction, the cavalier would dispose of him as a man has been known to slaughter an ox at the manger:

——Ὡς τις τε κατεκτανε βοῦν επι φατνῃ.

We sometimes see an Irish labourer with his coat in this fashion. A great coat is a common dress amongst the lower order of Irish: from the moral habits of the wearers it has won the appellation of a wrap-rascal. By these persons it is often used to hide the rags in which their indolence arrays them. The dress of the Italians, however coarse, except of beggars by profession, is rarely ragged.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8.—The more one contemplates the anatomical figures, the more wonderful they appear; I would gladly visit them every day for an hour, until I fully understood the wonderful structure of the human frame. It would be a great advantage to be accompanied by a person who was already con-

versant with the subject: it would greatly facilitate the acquisition of this interesting portion of knowledge; but it is not absolutely necessary, because each piece of wax-work is illustrated by a corresponding diagram; and wherever this fails, its deficiency might be supplied by a good book. It is said that the figures are imperfect: nothing is perfect. If the errors were pointed out by those who have detected them, the same wonderful skill that made the models could alter what is amiss, remove what is redundant, and supply omissions. Those who have obtained their information by actual dissections, are fairly entitled to compensate themselves for their disgusting labours, by sneering at all other and more facile modes of becoming wise. It may be true, that to make a surgeon these alone are insufficient; but I do not wish to become a surgeon; I would operate on no man, I would amputate nothing: let all my friends enjoy their limbs in peace for me. I do not undervalue galleries of paintings and statues: all public means of instruction are precious, but such a collection is at least as useful as a museum of antiquities. It would be desirable that a wealthy government should employ competent artists, either in copying these figures, or in modelling others of a similar kind from nature; and, above all things, when the work was completed, that they should be exhibited at all times, to all persons, and with the same laudable facility as

these are; for a talent wrapped in a napkin, and buried in the earth, is worthless and useless. I have observed that, in anatomical collections, all the spectators, both ladies and gentlemen, anxiously inquire, since a certain irreparable loss, after the carotid artery.

The base of the Venus de Medicis is inscribed:—

ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΩΡΟΥ
ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΕΣΕΝ.

Is the base as old as the statue, the inscription as the base? If it be, and if the statue were formed in a good age, so good a sculptor, especially if he were an Athenian, ought to have been able to spell *εποιησεν*; and why did Cleomenes, the son of Apollodorus, whether he be the person of that name, of whom Pliny writes in his Natural History, l. 36, c. 5, or some other, attempt to inscribe *fecit*, and not the more modest imperfect *faciebat*, *εποιει*, which was usual to denote that the artist was making, but did not finish a work; which, however excellent, is not so complete as it might be? Can the lapidary critics, the men learned in stones, tell us what made the good Athenian at once so ignorant and so conceited?

Wine may be too cheap for jollity: where the best wine is three-pence a bottle, there is no hospitality in giving it, and no one thinks of finishing the bottle, which is a great principle of jollity, any more than of emptying the water-bottle in his bed-room: he takes a

glass, or two, or three, or none, and leaves the rest with perfect indifference. When a gentleman helps himself in England to toast and water, or table-beer, neither Mr. President, nor Mr. Vice, how jocund soever these officers may be, roars out thus from the top of the table, or from the bottom, "Come, fill fair! No heel-taps! No day-light!" So it is where wine is as cheap as small beer. The minimum for jollity ought to be, perhaps, one shilling a bottle for gentleman's wine: let the plebeian warm his veins with coarser liquor at a cheaper rate.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9.—I rose early, and packed up my things, for the rogue of a vetturino had promised me to set off this morning for Perugia: he now declared that he had agreed for Thursday. We had much disputation and scolding: I had already lost one day in waiting for him; but as I found that I could not do better, I at last consented to lose another. In the course of our dispute, he said that he would swear that he would never go out of the room if he had not agreed for Thursday; he was much annoyed at my laughing at his oath, and he said that I would not swear that he had engaged for to-day; which I would not, as swearing (although I have not the honour to be a Quaker) is not my habit in transacting business. I was sorry I did not notice the exact terms of his oath: I have no doubt that the equivocation was

curious and ingenious. The more swearing the more falsehood; truth is not incoi sistent with a simple assertion; an oath is an invitation to use deceit and evasion: it was the invention of those who sought to deceive, or who had deceived so often, that they could not hope to be believed without some new expedient: it was a confession that the sense of justice had no force, but the apprehension of the consequences of a terrible imprecation might possibly act upon the vile deceiver. It was a base substitution of cowardly fear for honesty; and a degradation of the mind of man, a courageous and moral being, to the state of the timorous brute, that flies before the goad, and crouches under the lash.

Having done all in my power to quit Florence without delay, I paid another visit to the gallery with a clear conscience, and saw two interesting rooms, which I had not found open before. The walls of both are covered with portraits of artists: in one room is a fine antique marble vase, in the other the famous hermaphrodite, which I think is the most beautiful statue I ever beheld: the body and limbs in every part, with one exception, appear at first sight to be decidedly femimine; but upon gazing for a time, something of the male proportions is discovered in every part, and opens gradually like the sun breaking through a mist. It is an elegant solution of a difficult problem. It would be a great effort of art to succeed in the converse of the proposition—to make a statue as decidedly male to

the same extent, but which, on examination, should gradually develope female proportions. However astonishing as a triumph of genius, this work is not an agreeable subject of contemplation: it is a beautiful monster, for whose mixed nature it is impossible not to feel a certain antipathy.

The imperturbable and perennial good temper of the Italians compensates for many defects: it must be a great blessing to all persons in a state of dependence, such as children and servants; and it is a vast advantage in the softer sex, who, in a certain island, are unfortunately too often inclined to be a little hard upon us. At five, when I sat down to dinner, it was raining heavily; I went to visit a learned and excellent friend at six; it was a beautiful star-light evening; and at eleven, when I returned from no "Imaginary Conversations," it was dark and wet. I think during my short stay, I had experienced changes of weather equally sudden; and I am told that the climate of Florence is very changeable.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10.—I rose at five; it was dark; Sirius and Orion were reflected in the Arno: at six I went on board my vettura; my companions were a native of Perugia, his wife, and daughter, a little girl of four years of age. The day became gloomy; the roads were muddy. Foreign carriages are not more

favourable for a view, than foreign houses; the windows of the latter are often eight feet from the floor of the room, like the windows of a prison; and such as are given in the plates to Don Quixote and Gil Blas; or, at best, they are so contrived, that it is impossible to see any thing, when seated in a chair: and the carriages, by reason of the construction of the overhanging roof, are well adapted to enable a traveller to pass through a country without seeing any thing of it. Our course was through pleasant regions; hilly, with arable land, shaded by vines and olives.

We dined at noon, cheerfully, in a shabby little town, called Figline; we passed through a similar country to a little place, of which I did not catch the name, where we arrived in the dark; the night was stormy, with violent rain. Our handmaid, who wore a black beaver hat, with a majestic plume of black, ostrich feathers, the pride and glory of the females of Tuscany, was named *Assunta*, assumed, in honour of the assumption of the Virgin; as some are named *Annunziata*, announced, on account of her annunciation, as the interview with the archangel Gabriel is called. I had in my bed-room a pot of holy water, and two pictures of saints, to scare away the nightly demons.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11.—The day was gloomy; we rose abominably early, as usual. We passed

through the town of Arezzo; the streets through which we drove were narrow; I saw nothing interesting; but as it was the native place of Petrarch, I took off my cap, as in a church, in honour of the lover of Madonna Laura.

We continued our immense fatigue to a later hour than usual, and came to a poor inn near Castel Fiorentino. I walked up the hill, and into a filthy little town, which is built on the narrow ridge of a steep hill; the smell of salt-fish reached to heaven; it was market-day; the streets were filled with mules and mulish people, who rudely stared at a stranger; I saw nothing in the market but salt-fish, and a small supply of bad vegetables. I descended to the inn, which was at the foot of the hill, and I found, as it was a meagre day, that a meagre dinner only was to be had.

We pursued our journey to a village, the name of which I could not catch, where they said that Hannibal defeated the Romans; it was dark when we arrived, and dark when we quitted it; we saw neither Romans nor Carthaginians. We passed the night at a rude inn; the people, however, were civil; the supper was meagre in the strictest sense. A meagre day is really an act of devotion, if self-denial constitutes devotion, where there is only fresh-water-fish, or sea-fish, not of the best and freshest, or salt-fish; where they are not well dressed, and without sauce, and where vegetables are

scarce and bad; cold boiled tench, with oil and vinegar and cold boiled cauliflower, with the same sauce, are less satisfactory than the worst fowl, steak, or chop. When fish is of the first quality, and got up in the best style, it is excellent food, but not otherwise; like poetry, it will not admit of mediocrity. Where things are different, names differ also; that of my fair companion was *Altavilla*, her daughter's *Giulietta*, the Juliet of Romeo and of Shakspeare, and she spoke of her sister *Clelia*, a name of romance.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12.—We rose earlier than ever; and by the light of the bright stars, proceeded on our way, passing through a country which was formerly thoroughly wasted by Hannibal, as Livy writes, "Annibal, quod agri est inter Cortonam urbem Trasimenumque Lacum, omni clade belli pervastat; quo magis iram hosti ad vindicandas sociorum injurias acuat." The city of Cortona I had not time to visit; it is said to have many monuments of antiquity, and the works of Pietro da Cortona, and of other masters.

At sun-rise we came suddenly upon the beautiful lake of Thrasimene: the leather curtains were suddenly rolled up; and I contemplated with pleasure a lovely morning, reflected in these celebrated waters. I gazed upon them with silent and sincere delight, and

forgot the present in contemplating the remote past; and as we crept along slowly by the edge of the lake, I was absorbed in obscure indistinct reflections, for such only can we form of the times of Flaminius and Hannibal.

The ancient warriors, both Carthaginians and Romans, were suddenly put to flight by a modern hero, a brave soldier of his holiness, who asked for my passport, and told me to descend, that the luggage might be examined. I obeyed with a very ill grace, and the trunks of my companions underwent a long and rigorous inquisition. The lady had put on her head a new hat of the largest size, and of the finest straw, adorned with three long white ostrich feathers, to avoid the heavy duties, and thus to import at a cheaper rate, into her native city, a splendid sample of Florentine elegance. I amused myself by reading a long manifesto, or proclamation, against prohibited books, in a spirit worthy of the darkest of the dark ages; there was also a large press, inscribed "prohibited books;" I felt great curiosity to open it. They tormented my little sacks, unfolded every parcel, and pryed into every corner; my two or three books were severely scrutinized; a German dictionary and a book of roads were examined, as if they had been the productions of Martin Luther, or of Lady Morgan. To give the devil his due, I must confess the fellows were very civil; as I had nothing to

lose, I was quite the contrary; and they did not ask for money, a demand which, though of small importance in itself, is an indubitable proof of a shabby mode of doing business. Having lost much time in these absurd investigations, we mounted our carriage, and continued our ride by the side of the lake; and then quitting it, crossed a pleasant hill, and came to Mangiano, where a scanty, but not a meagre dinner, relieved us, tired and famished.

In a paltry church they were celebrating a Catafalco of nine days, for the benefit of the dead; in the middle of the church was a stage or scaffold, the Catafalco, of four degrees, with abundance of lighted candles on each degree, or story; and at the top were two wax-work figures of a large size, one like a Roman soldier, the other a child crowned with roses; a priest was saying mass, and the church was crowded with people.

We went into a little coffee-house, to take a cup of such coffee as the place afforded. In looking over the Gazette of the Lake of Thrasimene, or a newspaper with some such title, savouring of the Punic wars, I found an instance of the more than Punic faith, and the same crooked policy, of the court of Rome in little matters, which formerly distinguished it in great ones. There was a long discussion about executing some robber contrary to alleged promises; and a laboured justifi-

cation of the see, stating that some bishop had interfered, as a mediator of grace and favour only.

We arrived at Perugia about four o'clock in the afternoon; we met such swarms of friars issuing from its gates, black, white, and black and white, Dominicans, pied, like magpies, that it was evident we were no longer in the dominions of a mere earthly monarch, but of "your most humble man's man, Emperor Peter." I was frightened by the accounts of the exactions practised at the Post; I went therefore to the Crown, a comfortable and reasonable inn. I did not find one English name in the book: but they showed me a journal, which had been left there by a young English lady, to see if I knew the hand. I looked at it, to satisfy them that I did not. It was in the writing of a young person; the only sentence which I read, said, that "the walls of Perugia are remarkably strong."

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13.—Perugia is built on a steep hill; but some of the streets are wide and handsome, especially the Corso. The general appearance of the city is striking; the inhabitants have plenty of house-room, of walls, and arches, for it is thinly inhabited. The gate of St. Peter is ancient and noble, and that called the Arch of Augustus is a fine old gateway. The cathedral, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is heavy; the church of the Dominicans is heavy and dark: the

church of St. Peter is rich and finely painted; and abounds in pictures by Raphael, especially his early works and first fruits; the admirable productions of Pietro Perugino, the master of Raphael, and of the pictorial grandfather of Raphael, the master of Pietro: a large convent of Benedictines is annexed to this church. The view from the folding doors behind the altar is so beautiful, that it brings to mind the painful reflection—This is one of the lovely things I shall only see once, which is, perhaps, worse than not seeing it at all.

I met many pretty women in the streets; the Corso was much crowded at dusk, but I was told that all the Perugians had gone to pass the day in the country, as it was the feast of St. Martin. The wine of this district is white, sweet, and better than any I have met with in Tuscany.

Whilst I was at dinner, I heard a woman scolding most tremendously; it was the only thing of the kind I had heard since I left England; the objurgation was so loud and so long, that it drove all the women out of the kitchen: they took refuge in the hall, where I was dining—the chambermaid, her daughter, and a good-looking girl, a daughter of the house as they say, for the children of the landlady are called in all countries, a son of the house, or a daughter of the house. They seated themselves in a row on the table opposite, and told me, that of the four children of the house,

the youngest, a boy of ten years, who was his mother's favourite, had been punished by his father for some misconduct; at which the mother was enraged, and had delivered, with extraordinary vehemence and pathos, the oration which I had heard, to the father, who preserved as strict and as respectful a silence as the pots and pans on the walls.

Travelling in Italy is a solitary thing; there are no tables d'hôte, no public conveyances, no one is to be found at the inns: the Italians are very courteous; but the men are, without exception, the shyest people in the world; and the women, who are not shy, are more guarded, and looked after more strictly and closely, than amongst any other western nation.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14.—I quitted Perugia at eleven with a vetturino; I had no companions; we descended a long steep hill, and crossed the Tiber by the bridge of S. Giovanni. It began to rain, and it rained so hard as we passed the church of Madonna degli Angioli, a large building with a cupola, in honour of the spot where St. Francis died, that I could not descend to view the interior without great inconvenience. As we ascended the hill, the rain fell in torrents, with hail, thunder, and lightning; and as we entered the city of Assisi, the water was running through the streets like a mill-stream. We drove into the cloisters of the con-

vent; I was received by a monk, who had been in Malta and Egypt, and was on board an English ship at the battle of the Nile. He showed me the upper church; it was painted by Pietro Perugino, Raphael, and other great men; but the frescos are so much defaced as to be hardly visible; the rain and wind were beating against the windows of painted glass, which seemed on the point of being driven in by the frightful storm. The lower church is painted by the same great artists, and their works are in good preservation; but it was too dark under this hostile sky to see them with any advantage. Beneath is a little chapel, lately fitted up in a handsome manner, in which the bones of St. Francis had been found, and were again deposited.

As we were descending to the tomb of the saint, the Franciscan said, "The English are the deliverers of Italy; England was the hammer that broke in pieces the power of France; she was the only country that would not acknowledge the little Corsican corporal as an emperor." I confess, that at that time, and in that place, I felt somewhat ashamed of the compliment.

The monk introduced me to the general of the religion, or order; they were kissing his hands, and treating him with great and kingly reverence. He wore a shovel-hat, like an English prebendary; as it was a new one, he had stuck an old one upon it to shield it from the rain. I suppose I was to have been

presented, to have exchanged bows, and to have retired; but on seeing the two hats, the Tale of a Tub came into my head: I remembered that Peter used to "take three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head, three story high," and called to mind the engravings in which he is represented thus attired; I suddenly said—that the general only wanted another hat to be Pope. The words were hardly out of my mouth, when it struck me that I had made a most indecorous speech; but I said to myself, I need not mind the Franciscans! It seems that they had not read the Tale of a Tub; for they all cried out with one voice, "The spirit of prophecy is upon him," and congratulated the general on the omen.

> "I would, the college of the cardinals
> Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
> And set the triple crown upon his head;
> That were a state fit for his holiness."

Instead of turning me out of the convent, the delighted general made me sit down on a cold stone in the cloisters, whilst he stood on my left hand, and talked to me for at least half an hour in strict confidence, and in the most tiresome style imaginable. This I suppose was the highest human honour; if St. Francis himself were to rise from the dead, he could only sit on the right hand of the general, in prodigious glory;

who then possibly would mount the third hat, and be as magnanimous as Robin Hood's beggar:—

"He had three hats upon his head
Together sticked fast,
He car'd neither for wind nor wet,
In lands where'er he past."

He told me all his reasons for refusing the pontificate, if it were offered to him, unless it should be necessary for the interests of religion to accept it; how, why, and to what extent he was weatherwise; and what he did when he resided at Rome. The old man had lost all his teeth; it was extremely difficult to understand him; I found that I made sad mistakes in my answers, but he did not seem to mind them; and his conversation was of such a nature, that one answer did nearly as well as another. He was a visitor, as I understood, and did not reside there; indeed there was a basket near him neatly tied up, and two bottles, I presume for a *viaticum*.

In the sacristy I saw three women, I suppose ladies of Assisi, conversing with the monks; they were plain, but not very terrible nor unreasonably old. Whether the famous wife of snow has been miraculously preserved, and still remains the cool and calm widow of a fervid saint; or whether she was dissolved, either in the arms of her beatified lover, or subsequently, I

did not learn: I did not even venture to inquire for the spot, which had been the scene of an amour so extraordinary, and surpassing all the amorous exploits of gods or of men; which is therefore justly cited as a proof of the omnipotence of love:—

"Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood—
—'Twas he that made St. Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her."

I mounted my carriage and quitted the Sacro Convento; according to the old general's prediction, the evening proved fine. The country was pleasant; I observed some tolerably large oaks. I arrived at Foligno in the dark, and soon afterwards sat down to supper in my solitary inn, l'Abergo Imperiale. By degrees one learns to tolerate the Italian soup, or *minestrà*, which is eaten twice a day; it consists of a large quantity of bread, in which case only it is called soup, *zuppa;* or of *pasta*, that is macaroni, vermicelli, or some similar paste; or sometimes of rice, boiled in very little water, with no perceptible tinge of meat, and flavoured with a small quantity of strong, often rank, cheese grated. After a long journey it warms and refreshes; which is not saying much for it, because under such circumstances,

any warm nourishment will produce that effect; and perhaps I may add, that nothing so cheap is so bearable. Our luxury has made two words perfectly distinct and separate, which were originally one and the same in our language, as they still are in the Italian; soup and sop, *zuppa;* and in the Spanish, *sopa.* The first soup was a mere sop; bread has always been the principal, and almost the only, food of the southern nations; to warm the chilly traveller, or labourer, to spare his teeth, and to hasten the filling of his stomach, as much boiling water was poured upon the hard, dry bread as it would take up; it was then mashed; and to make it less unpalatable, a spoonful of oil, a little salt, pepper, red or black, and onion, or garlic, was added: this is the chief food, and the soup of Spain; in that country sometimes, but in Italy always, as a further addition, a small quantity of grated cheese is sprinkled over it. Whenever a few ounces, or inches, of meat were boiling for the frugal meal, it was usual to take some of the liquor from the pot to pour upon the bread, rather to save the trouble of warming water in another vessel, than through the hope of adding any thing, by such feeble assistance, to the strength of the mixture. In Spain, boiled meat is less common, and soup is frequently made in its native simplicity. In Italy, a morsel of boiled meat is always served up afterwards, and the water has consequently a slight

tinge of flesh. This is the humble origin of the rich French soups and of our still richer Mulligatawny, and turtle soup, actual or mock; the word soup itself is now defined by Johnson thus: "Strong decoction of flesh for the table."

The use of grated cheese is universal in Italy: this sauce has at least the recommendation of great antiquity; it was one of the ingredients in the mess, which a woman, like the goddesses, prepared for Nestor: she grated into it goats milk cheese with a brazen grater:—

——— Γυνη, εικυῖα θεῇσιν,
Οινῳ Πραμνειῳ, επι δ' αιγειον κνῆ τυρον
Κνηστι χαλκειῃ.—*Iliad* Λ. v. 637.

After supper there is nothing else to be done but to go immediately to bed, according to the sorrowful custom of the country: as soon as it is dark they go to bed, because the rooms are not fit to sit in, and because they do not know what to do with themselves.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15.—As my vetturino wished to get other passengers, I was not disturbed at an unreasonably early hour; I had time to take the refreshment of a cup of coffee; and it was light enough to visit a celebrated work. It is in a small church, in a small convent, called delle Contesse; it is not a large picture; it seems to have been painted on wood, and has been much injured. The young St. John at the

bottom of the picture is the oddest little figure imaginable; he is more like a shrimp half picked, than any thing human or divine. My vetturino procured three officers of the Pope's guard to fill up his carriage; it is but justice to say, that they had two swords amongst them and only one umbrella. They were civil young men; one had been at the military school at La Flèche for five years under the government of Napoleon; another had begun to study English under a French abbé, and to read the Vicar of Wakefield; the book which, by reason of the easiness of the style, is always first attempted by foreigners.

The valley of Foligno is agreeable; it is watered by the Clitumnus; this region was the delight of the Latin poets, and Pliny has described it well and agreeably in the eighth epistle of his eighth book. At the post, called Le Vene, is a little ancient temple sacred to the sources of this river; "adjacet templum priscum et religiosum." About the middle of the day we reached Spoleto; and after a very summary collation we walked about the steep town to look at its antiquities: a gateway, before which Hannibal is said to have retreated, is as ugly as that general himself, when he looked down with his last eye from the back of his last elephant:—

> "O qualis facies et quali digna tabellâ,
> Cum Gætula ducem portaret bellua luscum!"

A Latin inscription on the gate, which is better than the gate itself, records the event. We visited an aqueduct still in use, over a deep ravine, well built of brick; with pointed arches; and an old and ugly cathedral, with some frescos by the painter Lippi, whose tomb, inscribed with the Latin verses of Angelo Poliziano, is also there. They boast that the present Pope is from the neighbourhood of this city. In descending the Somma, one of our hind springs broke, but the vetturino mended it with a chain. We arrived in the dark at the Post at Terni, a filthy inn. It was full of Italians, the victims of vetturini like ourselves; they were supping in great discomfort. Scenes such as this, obscene feasts in cold comfortless halls, make the tired traveller doubt, whether pictures, churches, statues, and a landscape a little different from that of his own country, are a sufficient compensation for his toils and privations. The vetturino declared that he had not promised to wait for me, that I might visit the cascade; but, as he found me inflexible, he at last submitted.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16.—I was called at half-past four; I accordingly got up in the cold and dark to be highly delighted; and before it was light, I proceeded on my excursion in a *biga* alone. It became light as I approached, and when I arrived at the fall

it was a beautiful morning. As all schemes and establishments labour under the defect of a want of money, so all waterfalls are ill supplied with water; this, however, is an exception. I attributed the large stream of the Velino to the late abundant rains; but I was told that it is always full. The scenery is remarkable, the height prodigious, and the effect of the returning spray marvellous; it would be a delightful thing to contemplate in peace this extraordinary and eternal monument of Roman draining, without guides or beggars. But peace, cleanliness, and truth, are denied to all who travel in lovely Italy; and fantastical persons are apt to be annoyed at the absence of these three graces. After having viewed the cascade from several stations, and satisfied, or rather dissatisfied, all claimants, I returned to the river Nera, which receives the Velino after its fall, and carries its waters with its own to the Tiber.

"Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini."

We followed the Nera to Terni, which place is surrounded by the divided river, and was therefore formerly named *Interamna*; it was the native place of Cornelius Tacitus, "Interamnates eum municipem suum fuisse gloriantur;" and it still possesses some fragments of antiquity. I took a cup of coffee, and continued my journey with two of the life guardsmen; the third remained at Terni. We were dragged up a

steep hill at Narni by two grey oxen with long horns. At the foot of considerable hills persons attend, who let a yoke of these powerful and laborious animals to draw a carriage to the top of the hill; they march in front of the horses, and are fastened by a long rope, which passes under the pole; by their assistance the horses ascend a mountain without fatigue; and being fresh are able to continue their journey, in consequence of this judicious economy of their strength.

At Otricoli we took a very light collation; and as it was extremely cold, made a cheerful wood fire, which was indeed the only cheerful thing in the place. I observed that they were laying heaps of manure to the roots of the olive trees. The great flocks of white goats on the sides of the mountains had a pleasing effect amongst the shrubs, which were chiefly ilex, box, juniper, and other evergreens; the goatherds had shaggy breeches of goat skin; at a distance, and amongst the bushes, they looked like Satyrs. In the afternoon was a furious storm, wind, rain, hail, thunder, and lightning; the hail stones were large and covered the road. I crossed, the second time, the most celebrated of rivers, the Tiber; he was flowing as of old,

"Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ."

In walking up a hill immediately afterwards, I saw the cyclamen growing wild in abundance; I gathered one of the pretty reflex flowers to remind

me of our gardens. It was dark when we reached Cività Castellana; I could not therefore comply with the direction of a friend, which I had written in the margin of my itinerary, "to walk round the suburbs." Our inn was less detestable than last night; but dreary and comfortless. Our vetturino said modestly, that he had wished to sup at another table, but as the waiter had placed a cover for him with us, he would join our party, and would first wash his hands. This remnant of the simplicity of the golden age, when there were no distinctions of rank, still lingers here: the washing of hands, I presume, is an innovation; certainly it is not of an older date than the silver age; I cannot believe that, in the primitive state of innocence, dirt was considered a sin; for sin was unknown: or when the rivers ran with milk, and yellow honey dropped from the rocks and oaks, that the trades of comb-makers and soap-boilers were exercised: for these considerations, innocence is less pleasing to me, than perhaps it ought to be; and because monks and nuns, the most innocent of mankind, have, notwithstanding their purity of soul, bodily a most impure odour. I slept soundly in the land of the ancient Sabines; where, if any where, simplicity and single-tongued candour ought to be found.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17.—I was glad to find a coffee-house open at four o'clock this morning, and to get a cup of chocolate; it being the custom to set out on journeys at such early hours, these places are generally open by times, which is a great comfort, at least to me; for to rise at four, and to travel till noon without any food, gives me a cruel headache. As we were going out of the city in the dark, a long wall was pointed out to me, as being the fortress in which many persons, I think my informant said about two hundred, were then confined, for entertaining, or expressing, opinions unfavourable to the government: I was told that they were all persons of respectability. How long will this last?

We arrived at Baccano before noon, at a filthy inn: there was nothing to eat; but my companions bought two fowls of the vetturino, which he had purchased on the road to sell with a profit in Rome. They were immediately committed in execution into the custody of the cook, who gave each a chop on the head, and then cut the throat, but did not cut the head off. He threw them on the floor, and three hungry cats came and licked their blood: they were then dipped in boiling water; the feathers torn off quickly; they were drawn and washed in cold water, and spitted. He raked the wood ashes upon the hearth, and hung the spit over them, so that the fowls were roasted from below: a

blind man came and turned the spit; and the cook from time to time poured oil over them as they were roasting, from a vessel like a tea-pot. The soup with which our feast commenced, was supposed to be extremely rich; because, in addition to the usual ingredients—a little cheese, a little water, and much bread, it was augmented by the gizzards and livers of two fowls. As if to illustrate the squalid poverty that reigned, and the little advantages which it was thought worth while to take, my companions complained loudly, that all had not been put into the soup; this complaint gave rise to violent and angry discussion; the tureen was at last taken away, and brought back again with a few more crumbs of gizzard and liver in it. No scene, except perhaps some in the Spanish novel of Lazarillo de Tormes, ever presented such a lively picture of hunger as this altercation. Having satisfied the sacred demands of justice, we proceeded to appease the still more importunate claims of the stomach. The large bowl of sopped bread was soon emptied; the two gentlemen of the guard, happy in the full enjoyment of their rights, praised the soup, as being the concentrated essence of meat. Next came the fowls, to the murder of which I had been a witness almost under the walls of Rome; I should have been very much shocked, if I could have gotten any thing else to eat; but as I could not, I devoured my share with an excellent ap-

petite; they were tough enough, but a chicken may have a worse fault than being too fresh; I have often met with fowls, old inmates of the larder, that had a much more foul defect. When we had picked, and whilst we were polishing the bones, the master of the hotel came to us, and humbly made an apology; he said, that he had been in the wrong, we in the right; that we did well to demand our own; that when a person demands his own, he may well be bold; *i. e.* a man who claims the gizzard of his fowl, which another has unrighteously secreted, is something more than man, for he may reasonably expect the assistance and special interposition of heaven, to aid the justice of his cause.

I found the wine in the Papal States better than in the rest of Italy; not muddy, but clear, bright, and drinkable. After dinner I set out on foot; the north, or tramontane wind, was piercingly cold: I ascended a hill; and at the distance of sixteen miles, saw, for the first time, Rome; which for many ages so many persons have seen for the first time, from the same place, with various, but always with strong feelings: strangers of all times and of all nations—

> "From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
> Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
> Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool,"

have been attracted, or compelled, to draw near to that great centre of military, civil, and spiritual authority.

I have heard much of the ugliness of the Campagna, but I think it is somewhat picturesque. We passed a ruin called the sepulchre of Nero; and by the Milvian Bridge crossed the Tiber a third time; and continuing our course along the Flaminian Way, we soon entered the eternal city by the Porta del Popolo.

END OF VOL. I.

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